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Alfred

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VOL I.

LONDON:

PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY SEARS, 29, CHARTERHOUSE SQUARE;
BERGER, Holywell Street, Strand; STEILL, Paternoster-row; STRANGE,
Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

1831.

2004. 243. 12

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PREFACE.

WE have now arrived at the conclusion of the first volume of our NEW SERIES; and we have to return thanks to numerous subscribers—numerous beyond the most sanguine expectations which we entertained on the commencement—and to numerous, zealous, intelligent and friendly correspondents.

All Editors *profess* gratitude; we most deeply feel it; and, we shall not stop at mere profession, but prove the nature of our feelings by the increased exertion of our abilities to instruct in some portions of our work and to amuse in all.

In our next No.; which will commence the Second Volume, our readers shall find abundant evidence of our having both the determination and the means to realize the promise we recently made in a notice to correspondents; viz. to render our work “equal to any and superior to most works extant.” We shall *review* and *extract from* expensive works; our “GLEANINGS” shall be from fields bearing no common harvest of rich thoughts, and we shall bring familiarly before our readers the veritable realities of the mighty of by-gone ages and the gifted and the celebrated of our own times. Confining ourselves less strictly to the merely diverting we shall bring our readers more familiarly acquainted with things present; with the events of a time pregnant with mightiest and most *astounding* changes; times when the human mind seems to soar above the limits assigned to it and imposed upon it by its bondage-house of clay and frailty; and the very peasant has means of both profitable and delightful study infinitely beyond those possessed by the royal and pedantic, but, *nathless* witty and acute James, the first of England and Sixth of Scotland. Let it not be supposed, from what we have said above, that we have any intention or desire to enter upon the stormy sea of politics. Such intention, or such desire, we do not harbour. To the fierce

and the ambitions we leave the bitter battling, and the turmoil, profitless or profitable as they may chance to find it, of political warfare.

We seek but a shady nook, a favourite poet, and a kindred mind to participate with us the delights which we derive from them. We are an animal of a quiet and contemplative turn; and we propose to make our extensive reading and our not unfrequent meditations subservient to the duty we owe to our publisher and his very numerous subscribers. Not that we are quite satisfied as to the number of those, our worthy friends, great as we can conscientiously affirm it to be. What literary Alexander, in fact, every yet was satisfied with his conquests? In that matter we are as unreasonable as a coquette, the more we have, in truth, the more we desire. We have a large circle of readers now and we confidently reckon upon a large accession to it during the progress of our second Volume. But we shall never be quite satisfied with our circulation until we can persuade our eloquent contemporary Dr. Bowring to do us into *Finnish*.

And that word, by the way, reminds us that we are becoming preposterously prolix. We did not, at the outset, intend to disfigure half the foolscap; but what *were* we to do? *Intending* to improve our work could we do less justice to ourselves than say so? Knowing how much the *S. B.* owes to its subscribers could we be so rude or so, at least apparently, ungrateful as to neglect to thank them?

Our correspondents, too, are we to part from them at the close of a Volume which they have so liberally helped to fill, without a 'God be wi' ye!' or a 'wish ye merry Christmas?' Not we, indeed; we had rather write till Christmas 1832! We thank them all sincerely and heartily and we wish them health, and much inclination for contributing to Volume II.; which we again, and finally promise, shall be *equal* to *any* and *superior* to *most* periodicals extant.

W. T. H.

December 1831.

Sorap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 1.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1831.

Price 1d.



See page 4.

THE RESURRECTIONISTS.

A TALE.

Well Doctor, said a hearty old gentleman to his companion (as they sat smoking their pipes, and quaffing their ale by a clear fire,) let us have a merry tale to keep up our spirits—Some anecdote of your youth will do. I will, was the instant answer of the good-natured physician, and he immediately commenced.

When student at the Glasgow College, having occasion for a subject for dissection I together with two others were chosen to add to our profession of surgery that of resurrectionists, and our adventures on two

occasions I will relate to you: one particularly dark night we started in high spirits towards *Govan* church-yard. When we entered, all around us was truly the silence of the grave.

Well, to work we went in good spirits, for we soon found the desired spot; and so secure were we from interruption, that we allowed the man that we had appointed to keep a look out (his name was Bob Pattison, and his anatomical enthusiasm extended to the very work that we were now about,) to take a hand with us in getting

A

up our prize. We sat on a tomb-stone while we made our arrangements, so as to save time whenever we might get our *subject* properly sacked, and to enable us to escape speedily, if any thing should happen ; but as their did not appear any cause for this fear, we took a drop of brandy, and laying aside our coats, began to dig. Nay, so comfortable were we, that Bob Pattison even lighted his cigar at our dark lantern ; and you may smile as you please, but three merrier fellows than ourselves never before sat round a grave at midnight.

We had just got the loose turf carefully removed from the grave, and had shovelled out a few spadesfull of earth, when an unwelcome beam from the watery moon, now just beginning to peep forth, shot an indistinct cloudy gleam between us and the black sky, and disturbed the security of our utter darkness ; at the same instant I, who was rather more cautious than my companions, casting my eye by chance towards the road, distinctly saw a figure moving slowly on the outside until it stopped at the gate of the churchyard.

"Heaven preserve us ! we're watched," said I to my companions, after a moment.

"Devil may care," said Bob Pattison ; "if they'll only give us ten minutes more to get this old fellow up, that's all I want."

"Silence a moment," I said, in a whisper, "until we see what that can be. Our perseverance may be dangerous."

The figure stopped, and seemed to be looking over the gate.

"There is only one," said Pattison, as the moon-beam darkened into gloom ; "carry on, boys !"—and they set too again.

They flung out a few spades-full more earth ; and the moon at that moment shining out again, discovered the figure moving, and, to our astonishment, it passed through the little stile, and walked a few steps into the churchyard.

"If it be a ghost I'd give a crown to see it," said Pattison, as we stooped and secreted ourselves behind a tombstone.

"By heaven," said I, "it is Wee Watty ! I know his shape as he stands between me and the moon ; besides I can see the piece out of the leaf of his hat."

"If it is Watty," said the other, "we had better take care of ourselves ; he'll raise the whole village upon us in five minutes. It must be he, for there is not a man in Govan would venture into the churchyard, at this hour, but himself."

The figure, after a few moments, seemed to turn round and move off, and the darkness returning, we heard his foot distinctly on the footway outside.

A consultation was now held by all of

us, as to what we should do ; for we knew if Watty gave the alarm, even should we have got our booty up, and all things smoothed, there would be no such thing as passing with it through Govan. We moved instinctively towards the road, after the figure, and for a few moments stood listening. Hearing nothing, two of us returned to the grave, while the third kept watch, and even walked a little way outside into the village.

We had scarcely got well to work a second time, when our companion came hastily to us, with word that he had just heard a knocking at one or two doors in the village, and had seen a man with a lantern running up the street. We now considered that we were fairly observed, and that our only plan was to fill up the grave as quickly as we could to save appearances, and trust to our own courage, and the darkness of the night, for escaping to Glasgow. We were not mistaken. In five or six minutes we heard voices outside, and before the grave was filled up as we found it, lanterns started up at every corner, and we seemed to be completely surrounded.

"This business is become rather a grave one, after all," said Pattison, as we crept upon our hands and knees, among the graves, towards the church, among the pillars of which we expected to hide ourselves until the people of the town, several of whom were now coming in with lanterns and weapons, should disperse.

"What the devil shall we do ?" said the other, who carried the sack, in great consternation, as we held a momentary council of war behind the church.

"Fly *you* at once," said I, to the last of them, "into the next field ; you may get off singly by taking the road if you can ; Pattison, I think, ought to manage for himself. As for me, I will take my chance here for a little, until I find an opportunity of bolting by the side of the Clyde ; meantime, boys, we meet, as soon as we can escape, in the lane above, to take our passage home in the old gig."

"Is the brandy out ?" said Pattison determinedly.

"No ; there is still a tolerable drop left. But they're coming this way."

"Never mind, give us a tift," said Pattison, taking the brandy, and drinking heartily. "Now ! I'll fight my way out of this scrape, Wee Watty and all ;" and without another word, he darted out in the face of the valiant villagers, while the other sprang across, and was soon successful in getting behind the watchers and so on to the high road.

"Here they are ! here they are !" shouted

the voice of Watty himself, as Pattison darted out like one of Jamie Harvey's rhetorical figures, from among the tombs; and two fellows, in an instant, sprang upon the forward youth. Pattison had nothing to defend himself with, except the folding handle of the spade, but up it went, and two or three cracks were given and taken in an instant.

"Gie me a grip o' the rascal!" shouted Watty, "I'll do for him!" and he sprang upon Pattison.

"Mind your ain affairs, little chap," said Pattison, letting his shovel handle drive at Watty; and having succeeded, in the moment, in keeping the whole party at bay, he sprang through the midst of them, and out upon the road, and was off in an instant.

I was so amused with this scene, which I witnessed from the station I had taken in a niche of the church, that I quite forgot my own safety, and hardly thought of it until I saw both my companions off. When the roused villagers, found that one of the depredators upon their beloved churchyard had slipped through their fingers, and knowing that there was one more at least hid somewhere about, they determined to make up for their negligence in losing Pattison, by their vigilance in securing the remaining offender. Putting themselves, therefore, under the command of Wee Watty, who delighted in an adventure of this kind, they were forthwith disposed of on the roads and about the churchyard, in a way that rendered my getting off towards Glasgow no easy matter.

To make matters worse, they drew round the church, at the back of which I had planted myself, with their lanterns, so as to drive me forth; and having nothing left wherewith to defend myself, I was forced out in their sight, darting down on that side, where I had taken refuge, towards the Clyde. The villagers set up a shout on seeing me break cover, and in two minutes I was hemmed in, between the Clyde and the churchyard, on the only side by which I could pass up to Glasgow.

The cautious rascals, with Wee Watty at their head, knowing that they had me completely in their power, unless I went back several miles, or tried to make way through the hedges, and cross the fields in the dark, and that even then I must have fallen into their hands, as I returned by the main road, drew a rope across the green, between the ferry-house and the Clyde, so as effectually to intercept me; while Wee Watty and another, armed with sticks and lanterns, came downwards to catch hold of me. I had no other way but to creep down among the stones by

the water's edge; for the Clyde rolled black and deep beside me; but when, as the searchers drew near, I found that this was the very place where Watty suspected me to be, and that they held up their lanterns, and searched every corner with scrupulous strictness, I was forced, at the risk of my life, to descend cautiously, and seek concealment by immersing myself, or diving under the water. I now began to be really afraid, either of being drowned, or of falling alive into the hands of the incensed villagers, which would have been nearly as bad; for having lost the time for escaping at first, I positively had not now courage to try to fight my way.

I called to mind the dreadful situation of baron Trenck, in the fosse of the castle of Magdeburgh, as he describes himself, while the night-watch was going its rounds; as I stood, like him, up to my neck in the Clyde, holding by the stones, and struggling with the current! while the men paced up and down on the bank above me, and held their lanterns nearly over my head swearing what they would do if they could find me. The cold and terror were positively dreadful!

After remaining in this situation for about half an hour, I managed with prudence to slip past my pursuers in the dark, and got clear off to Glasgow; where my companions had arrived long before with the gig; having given me up, and left me to shift for myself.

On the second occasion, however, we had better success.

On the appointed night, all things being ready, we rose at three; took our sack and implements, and our bottle of brandy, full to the cork, and off we set, on a cold sleety morning, feeling sure of success. There never was any thing more neatly and cleanly effected than the way in which we got to our ground. We walked in the churchyard as secure as if we had been in the cloisters of Glasgow College; and we found the earth as soft as if we had been digging in a flower-pot. Then sir, we got the dead one up so pleasant and comfortable, that I was quite in love with him; and he went into the sack, I declare, just as if he had known his duty, and wished to make himself quite agreeable.

Well, Sir, when we had filled up the grave, and laid on the turf again, as smooth and beautiful as a swansdown tippet, we just placed our prize by the wall, and sat down on a stone to make ourselves happy, with a considerable pull at the brandy bottle. Cheese and bread we had too, Sir; and there we were, in a delicious churchyard, with our valuable silent friend by our side, as happy as kings, and as merry as

grigs, when—confound the thing! a great ill-looking blacksmith, that lived opposite, quite disturbed and disconcerted our happiness.

The coarse black rascal, had it appears, been at some wedding, or other spree, somewhere about Mr. Oswald's of Shieldhall, and was coming home with some of his drunken friends, when his eye caught a glimpse from our dark lantern, by the light of which we were incautiously enjoying our refreshments.

"I'll be hanged," said the man, as he looked over the gate, "if thae doctors are not a-foot! I saw a peep o' light just beyond Mrs. Mair's monument this very instant."

"Hoot, man, ye're fou!" said his companion, "ye see double; it's only spunkie."

"Deevil a spunkie," said the smith; "I saw it as clear as the smiddy fire. Never trust me, but I'll be at the bottom o't;" and he at once rushed into the churchyard.

"Here's another unlucky business;" said I, taking up the sack and its contents, and making off towards the other open stile of the churchyard.

But the smith was neither blind nor deaf, and both saw and heard us making our retreat in the dark; and the fellow seeming to have become more acute from the drink he had taken, at once made for the opposite passage out, to cut off our retreat; so we were obliged to betake ourselves, with our charge, to our old quarters, at the back of the church.

"Cheer up, old fellow," said Pattison, clapping heartily the shoulder of our stiff friend in the sack; "there's nothing to oppose us but a drunken blacksmith as yet; and if we can only keep out of the way of Wee Watty, we'll get up to Glasgow immediately, all three, like gentlemen."

I don't know whether it was the brandy, or whether it was that we had our subject so properly set beside us, that made us feel so happy; but, although we had to wait a good while under the church, we still expected to come off victorious. The morning, however, had now so far advanced, that we began to feel rather uneasy, for the working people were already stirring; besides, the smith we feared was not yet laid. What in the world were we to do? There seemed no other way but to try to escape across the Clyde, with our charge, upon the ice, although the thaw had almost broken it up; the water was now flooding down upon its surface, and the attempt was perilous in the extreme. However, what with the brandy we had taken, and what with our joy, at having captured our prize, we soon determined to risk it; and

we and our "corpy" forthwith launched upon the swimming ice of the Clyde.

We had not gone three steps before the creaking of the ice under us, from bank to bank, was positively appalling. Notwithstanding this, splash we went on, dragging our dead friend after us, while the ice gave way with us at every few steps; until, missing our way, owing to the darkness and our anxiety, and swerving downwards towards the mouth of Kelvine, down went Pattison through the ice, and was up to his neck in a moment.

"Hold on by the body, for mercy's sake!" he shouted out to me; and, fortunately, I held firm by our *subject*, and so did he, although my heart went thump against my side, with the apprehension, every moment, of going down myself. However, the dead body actually saved Pattison's life; for I dragged by it, while he held on at the opposite end of the sack, until I pulled him out; thus, struggling and splashing over breaking ice, we worked on, until we got firm footing on the surface of Kelvine, and, as the devil's bairns will have the devil's luck, at length all of us, dead and alive, got, like Jonah, safe to dry land. We did not desert our dead friend until we got him comfortably deposited in the outhouse of an old acquaintance on whom we could depend, near the village of Partick, and then returned wet and fatigued to Glasgow.

We ought to have gone and taken some rest after this perilous night; but we were so proud of our prize, and so anxious to see what sort of bargain it might turn out to be, after all our trouble, and the hazard we had run, that we determined to get out the gig, and return to Partick immediately, for our valuable deposit. Without any delay we at once got into the vehicle; and proceeding back, placed our sack and its contents safely under our feet, in the gig and home we went, with flying colours, to Glasgow.

By the time we returned, the whole of our associates were assembled, about or in the lecture room, to see what sort of a subject we had obtained at last; and, I confess, I myself was as anxious as any one could well be, to know who it was that had been our companion through so many troubles. In came the body, and off went the sack over his head, like the changing of a shirt. "What are you staring at?" said the operator, as Pattison and I gazed, in mute astonishment, when the countenance was exposed, and the eyes of the dead man, still half open, seemed to stare upon us.

"By heavens!" exclaimed Pattison, who was first able to speak, "it's Watty!"

"It is Watty himself! by all that's

amazing ;" said I. " For mercy sake, gentlemen, close his eyes, that he may not see us : and tie him to the table, or he'll be sure to get up, and run off."

It was, indeed, the real Wee Watty at last ; who, having caught an inflammation, by over-exertion, among the curlers, had died suddenly, and fell at last into the hands of those very doctors whom he had so often successfully defeated.

SMUGGLERS' GLEE.

Wild as the bird, the smugglers fly
To distant parts for gain,
And like the eagle's is their eye
When scudding o'er the main.
Let others boast they're lords on land,
As great as lords can be,
The smugglers are a nobler band—
They lord it o'er the sea.
Let winds blow high, or tempest wage,
Or treach'rous quicksands draw ;
They heed not more the ocean's rage,
Than customs, or the law.
Wild as the bird, the smugglers fly, &c.

Swift o'er the waves the smugglers fly,
Nor fear the rocks or sea,
Beneath the cliffs at night to lie.
And land their cargoes free.
Sometimes upon the briny wave
They float like corks about ;
And whilst they try their freight to save,
Their lives are placed in doubt.
Then on the shore, with wistful eye,
Their comrades true are found,
Who quickly on the coast descry
The boat which runs aground.
Swift o'er the waves the smugglers
fly, &c.

Bold o'er the waves the smugglers fly,
As merry as can be ;
Their canopy a cloudy sky,
Their home a boat at sea ;
And now the thund'ring cannon's roar
Proclaims a foe's command ;
They run before the wind ashore,
And anchor on the strand ;
But soon another foe they meet,
Whose glittering arms display'd,
Forbid the hope of safe retreat—
It is " the coast blockade."
Still o'er the waves the smugglers fly,
As merry as can be ;
Their canopy the azure sky,
Their home a ship at sea.

Exeter Gazette. *WARWICK.*

ET CETERA.

There is a personage in English literature who seldom fails to make his appear-

ance in the generality of our works, whether those of the philosopher, the historian, the novelist, the poet, or even the editors of our national press ; indeed a publication would be deemed incomplete were it to appear without his august presence, so great a value is set upon him by all classes of society ; he is the sine qua non of an author, the attendant satellite of genius, the whipper-in of the literary race-course. That the name of this character may no longer be kept secret, I beg with the greatest deference to observe that it is ' Et cetera !' or, as more laconically expressed, ' &c.'

To illustrate this case more fully, I shall give a few examples of the surprising ubiquity which marks the extraordinary individual I am treating of, and leave it to be judged whether he must not be of some eminence in Great Britain. Is there a grand review ; His Majesty attended by ' &c.' (though I have not been able to discover the rank which the latter holds in the army, perhaps that of aid de camp), is highly gratified with the order and discipline of the troops. Does the title page attract our attention ? we find the author has written an entertaining volume or two called ' &c. &c.' Is a magnificent rout given ? we may always see this fastidious-formed creature. He is to be found either in the busy haunts of the city, or in the seclusion of the country ; a constant member of the highest circles, and of the most plebeian revelling ; and the theatre often boasts of my Lord Such-a-one, the Duke of So-and-so, and our friend ' &c.' among a crowded and fashionable audience, when we find that he has been taken to Bow Street, that very morning, along with Jack R. and Jem T. for picking pockets ! He pokes his nose into every corner, from ' the high palace to the dirty hovel !' In short he seems to be possessed of the famous wishing cup, which in days of yore graced alike the head, and transported the body, of the renowned Fortunatus ! He frequents bible societies, or gambling houses ; masquerades, or methodist chapels ; conversaziones, or common halls ; Tattersalls, or the tabernacle. He is mentioned among the arrivals at our watering places, and as regularly is he transported among the departures for Botany Bay !

Having thus endeavoured to describe the manifold situations in which ' &c.' is to be found, I shall conclude this article by requesting further information respecting this multifarious and almost inconceivable personage.

JULIOS.



LOGAN, THE INDIAN.

Logan, the celebrated Indian chief, who had long been a zealous partizan of the English, and had often distinguished himself in their service, was taken prisoner, and brought before the General Assembly of Virginia, who hesitated whether he should be tried by a court martial as a soldier, or at the criminal bar for high treason. Logan interrupted their deliberations, and stated to the assembly, that they had no jurisdiction to try him; "that he owed no allegiance to the King of England, being an Indian chief, independent of every nation." In answer to their enquiries, as to his motives for taking up arms against the English, he thus addressed the assembly:

"I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and I gave him not meat? if ever he came cold or naked, and I gave him not clothing? During the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his tent, an advocate for peace; nay, such was my love for the whites, that those of my own country

pointed at me, as they passed by, and said, Logan is the friend of white men. I had ever thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cressap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, cut off all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbour the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

This pathetic and affecting speech touched the sensibility of all who heard him. The General Assembly applauded his noble sentiments and immediately set him at liberty. Every house in Virginia vied with each other which should entertain him the best, or show him the most respect; and he returned to his native country, loaded with presents and honours.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

"I say he was a Tartar," said an old Pensioner, turning round the quadrangle of the building—"I say he was a Tartar."—"Then you're mistaken, Harry; he was a lad who did his duty, and saw that every one did theirs.—I allow that he was strict but always a sailor's friend," replied his companion. "Aye, aye, tarring a rope's end, or rope's-ending a tar, 'twas all the same to him; his cats were often fed, Tom."—"That's poor wit, Harry; I sailed with him, Captain and Admiral, some years, and ought to know a little about him."—"Well, well, messmate, let's here;—there's old James has just dowsed his

coach-whip (pendant,) and gone out of commission; and Keith has got a lift over the standing part of the fore-sheet. I've sailed with 'em both, but I'll not say more till you've told me of Seymour."—"Why then d'ye see, where could there be a stronger attachment shown to our officers, than when we arrived at Spithead during the Mutiny? Ah, Harry, you old cartridge! you was then in that rebel ship the Triumph; but howsomever I won't blow you up. You must know Lieutenant Q — was commanding officer when the delegates came on board. 'Well my men,' said he, 'what do you want here?' — 'We want to speak to the ship's com-

pany, Sir,' said the foremost. 'Oh, certainly, certainly,' replied the Lieutenant. 'Here Boatswain's Mate, pass the word, and walk forward my men.' Well Harry, you old rogue, didn't we all muster on the fore-castle, and listen to their lingo? aye, that we did. And says our spokesman, says he, 'Mayhap, gemmen, you have had bad treatment, and are dissatisfied with your officers?'—'Yes, yes,' said the leader 'you're right.'—'Then all we have to say is,' said our spokesman, 'that we are not. We like our Captain, like our officers, and like one another; and so gemmen, good day.' There was reasoning for you, you old swab. Ah, Harry, you ought to have been taken in tow for a mutineer; and now I'm in the line, I'll tell you more. D'ye see every order was exposed publicly for the ship's company to read, so that every man fore and aft knew what he had to do. This was his plan: 'Do your duty, and no one shall wrong you; neglect it, and I'll punish. Among other orders, there was one, that no man should sing out, either in pulling a rope or any other duty, but all were to be silent as death. One day we were mooring ship, when some one sung out, at the capstan, 'Hurrah, my boys! heave!' The Captain heard it—'Send that man on deck directly.' The officer immediately picked him out, and he was ordered aft under the sentry's charge. As soon as the ship was moored, the hands were turned up for punishment. Well, up we goes, and their stood the Captain with the articles of war in his hand; by the bye, I don't think he was a lord then. Howsoever there he stood, and the officers around him in their cocked hats and swords. The gratings were lashed to the larboard gangway, the quarter masters ready with their foxes, and the boatswain's mates with the cats. 'Come here, my man,' said the Captain. 'Was it not my orders that there should be silence fore and aft?'—'Yes, Sir.' 'And why did you disobey?' 'It warn't me, Sir; I never opened my lips.' 'Are you sure this was the man that sung out at the capstan?' said the Captain, turning to the officer. 'Yes, Sir, confident; I removed him instantly from the bar.'—'Indeed, Sir, Mr. ——— is mistaken; I never spoke.' 'Are you certain, Mr. ———?' 'Yes, Sir, quite certain.' 'Strip then.' It was complied with. The poor fellow was seized up—hats off—the article for disobedience of orders read—and 'Boatswain's mate, give him two dozen,' was heard. The tails of the cat were cleared, the arm was lifted up, and the blow just falling, when a man rushed from amongst us, caught the uplifted arm, and called out,

'Avast! avast! d—me it was I that sung out at the capstan!' and in an instant his shirt was over his head, and his back bare. 'Stop,' said the Captain. 'Come here, my lad. Why didn't you come forward before?' 'Because, Sir, I was in hopes you would have taken my messmate's word, for he never tells a lie, axing your pardon; but when I saw him likely to suffer for me, no by ———, I couldn't stand that.' 'And did he know it was you?' 'Yes, your honour, he knew it well; I was along-side of him at the bar; but he scorned to flinch.'—'Cast him off, and pipe down,' said the Captain. But oh, Harry, if you had seen the two bare-backed dogs stand and look at each other for more than a minute, without moving, and then walk off together; but I can't describe it, though I've got it all in my heart as strong now as I had then.'

"And what became of the officer;

"Why the Captain slued round to him, and ———"

Here they again turned the quadrangle; all was hushed, and I sought my pillow.

AN OLD SAILOR.

GLEANINGS

FRENCH PORCELAIN.

From the year 1810 to the year 1814, a beautiful piece of porcelain, called "The Tablet of the Marshals," which was placed in the museum at Paris, attracted the attention of all the amateurs of the arts. The painting upon it was considered to be Isabey's master-piece. It was a monument to the glory of the warriors who contributed to the triumphs of the memorable campaign of Vienna. In the midst was Napoleon on the throne; from which emanated rays, bearing the names of the various battles fought before the victory of Austerlitz. Between these rays were the portraits of twelve of the French marshals. On the restoration of the Bourbons, this magnificent work was expelled from the museum. It is now the property of an individual at Paris, who has offered it for sale.

CURIOUS METHOD OF SPLITTING ROCKS.

In the granite quarries near Seringapatam, the most enormous blocks are separated from the solid rock by the following neat and simple process. The workmen having found a portion of the rock sufficiently extensive, and situated near the edge of the part already quarried, lays bare the upper surface, and marks on it a line in the direction of the intended separation, along which a groove is cut with a chisel about a couple of inches in depth.

Above this groove a narrow line of fire is then kindled, and maintained till the rock below is thoroughly heated, immediately on which a line of men and women, each provided with a pot full of cold water, suddenly sweep off the ashes, and pour the water into the heated groove, when the rock at once splits with a clean fracture. Square blocks of six feet in the side, and upwards of eighty feet in length, are sometimes detached by this method. Such a block would weigh nearly 500,000 pounds.—*Herschel's Natural Philosophy.*

NEWS FROM THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

We subjoin a few extracts from the Canton papers of July last. It would seem that even within the pale of that despotic country, symptoms of insubordination and disorder have shown themselves. Hunts and Cobbets and similar missionaries of the demagogue school, have reached even China, and who knows but what the next arrivals may bring us an account of the *inflammatory* proceedings of some Celestial "Swing?"

Chinese "Swell Mob."—The Pwan-yu Magistrate reports that the students attending in Canton examinations for degrees are "gathering like clouds" in the city; and that all sorts of bad people, thieves, pick-pockets, and disturbers, assemble to prey in various ways upon young men. He, therefore, admonishes all householders to be careful to whom they let their apartments, for if it be proved that they are dens of thieves, or receptacles for stolen goods, the houses will be seized and given to the head informer, while the owner will be well punished in his own proper person.

Celestial "Donnybrook Fair" Scene.—On the 6th intercallary fourth moon, 36 prisoners were brought to Canton from the Tung-Kwan district, being the ringleaders of two parties who had fought with *military* weapons in *private* warfare. And in the village Chun-tsun, in the Shuntih district, more than "a thousand vagabonds" had been fighting with spears and fire-arms—killing, on one side only, thirty-six persons, and severely wounding more than twenty.

An "Untoward" Event.—The Magistrate of Kae district, Ize-chuen province, being abused by a man, who also struck one of his lictors, ordered him to be *put into an empty coffin*, and the lid closed down upon him. Whether the Magistrate adopted this novel mode of punishment in ignorance of its consequence, or with a malicious desire to kill the man, does not appear; but it so happened that the man

died under the process, and his Worship, the Magistrate, has been dismissed the service, and sentenced to a hundred blows, and transportation for three years.

The following alarming notice has been sent to a respectable tavern in Old Town-street, Plymouth:—"Mr. Y——. Sir, having *smoked* that you have a *tobacco-box* in your house, *worked* by *machinery*—This is to inform you, that unless a *stopper* is placed on it, we shall set *fire* to the *tobacco*, and become *tobacco stoppers* ourselves—Swing and Co."

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Juliet's tomb is still shown at Verona, and the inhabitants insist on its identity, assigning to it the date of 1303. It is a plain, open, and partly decayed sarcophagus, in a desolate conventual garden, once a cemetery. According to the tradition, *Romeo* was of *Vicenza*, and between the two cities there yet remain the ruins of a castle, said to have been that of the *Montecchi* (*Montague*) family, and a chapel belonging to the Capulets.

TO THE READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS OF THE OLD SERIES OF THE SCRAP BOOK.

The proprietors in presenting a New Series to your notice feel assured you will not refuse that aid and support toward their undertaking which you so liberally betowed upon the proprietors of the former Series; when they inform you it is their intention to render the present Series far superior to the last, both as respects choice-ness of articles and the embellishments.

The proprietors very materially rely on the aid of contributors, and will feel greatly obliged by receiving pieces from any of those persons who have been kind enough to contribute to the old Series.

Each number will contain two engravings, sometimes three, which will be found far superior to any hitherto published,—of this the proprietors think there can be no doubt, when they give the names of Cruikshank, Harvey, Chatfield, Jarvis, &c. &c. as the draughtsmen, the engraving of whose designs will be under the superintendence of Mr. M. U. Sears.

Letters post-paid to be addressed to the editor at 29, Charterhouse Square.

London: published by Sears, 29, Charterhouse Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES

No. 2.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1831.

Price 1d.



BLACK DENNIS,

“Well, any how, we have a roof to shelter us, thank God—to say nothing of the sod o’ turf, and the boiling pratees—and the master gave me a good quarter o’ tobacccy this morning—so now Norry, lay by yer spinning, and let’s have our bit o’ supper.”

“With all the joy in life, Mick—and thank God, too, that my husband comes home to his wife and childer, and lays out his, ‘*thirteen a day*’ in making all comfortable.”

Mick Leahy looked affectionately at his wife—and well he might. She was clean and industrious—cheerful and contented;—the mud walls of her cabin were white-washed—a glass window—small but unbroken—looked out on a little garden, stocked with potatoes and cabbages, and

hedged with furze. No labourer in the country had thicker stockings than Mick Leahy—they were of his wife’s knitting; no whiter shirts were on the town-land than Mick Leahy’s—and they were of his wife’s spinning. No finer children knelt to receive the priest’s blessing on a summer Sunday than Mick Leahy’s; and proud were father and mother of them. Norah had the good fortune to be brought up by the priest’s mother; and as she was a rich farmer, and one who prided herself on being “above the common,” every thing in her house and on her farm were cleverly managed. She had been left a widow with two sons, and devoted her life to increase their property. Poor woman! The eldest died soon after the youngest had taken priest’s orders, and so the hope of

seeing her children's children in possession of what she had laboured for, had gone from her for ever. She had, however, one consolation: Father Connor was beloved by Protestant and Catholic, and avoided all party discussions;—party-people, indeed, said he was “luke-warm”—“a nobody”—“wanted energy,”—and so forth; and one of his rich parishioners, a rough blundering fellow, called him “the Protestant Priest.” Father Connor little heeded their sneers, or their reproaches; but, mounted on his pale grey horse, who knew where to go, and where to stop, as well as his master, journeyed from cabin to cabin, the minister of consolation and peace.

It was well for Norah that Mrs. Connor took such pains to make her a clever housewife, for when she married Mick they had nothing but their earnings to depend on—having never saved any thing, because never having had aught to save, being both under the age of twenty; moreover, they married against the priest's mother's consent—not that she had any objection to Mick, who was honest and industrious, but she wanted them to wait until they had something to begin the world with. This, however, they did not think necessary;—“they could work after, as well as before marriage—and why not work together—where was the differ?”

“The differ,” however, was soon felt, when Mick was of age and a father on the same day. Poor Norah felt that it would have been “no hay” with them, had not her old friend, Mrs. Connor, kindly given her a new wheel, a stone of flax, a young pig, and a feather-bed;—judicious presents!—as they excited industry, and afforded comfort. Mick had no earthly fault—at least, that Norah could discover—except the one which, I verily believe, is born with every Irishman—a love of whiskey; he always maintained that it did him no harm, but good to every living thing from Adam. However, he took an oath against it, to please Norah, the priest, and the priest's mother; and hence arose Norah's thanks—heartfelt and sincere—that her husband came home with his thirteen every day, to his wife and childer.

“God help all poor travellers!—it's bleak and bitter weather;” thought Mick, as he lit his pipe, and took his seat on the settle under the wide chimney. “I wish some unfortunate *cratur* had a share of the chimblly corner, for there'll be neither hedge nor ditch to be seen by morning; if it snows on this way.”

“It does my heart good to see little Mary bless herself when she lays her head down for the night,” said Norah, coming

out of their only bed-room—which was, nevertheless, in neat order. “And then, Lanty has the Ave-Mary and all, so pat;—ough, Mick honey, 'tis sweet to look at childer—and very sweet to look at one's own childer—but it's bitter—bitter to think, that one day, may be, they might come to sin and shame.”

“No child of mine, Norah, said the father, proudly, “shall ever come to sin or shame.”

“Whisht, Mick, whisht!” said the meek mother; “we are all born to sin, you know—but God keep away shame! All we can do, is to pray for, and show them a good pattern.”

“Then that's true, and spoken sinsible, like my own Norry,” replied the father; “and the blessing of God will always be about you and yours; at any rate. What *agin* to the wheel!—Well, ye're never idle—I'll say that for ye.”

Bur—bur—went the wheel, and the turf sparkled—but still the storm increased and even shook the little cabin, which seemed almost beneath its vengeance.

“Was there any signs of fire-light in that hut on the far moor, as ye passed it?” inquired Norah.

“None, as I see,” replied the husband.

“Do you know, Mick, I niver could make them people out; there's the three of 'em lives upon nothing at all—as I could think of; they niver beg—they niver work. Lanty met the child this morning picking bits o' sticks near the Moor-hedge, and he tould him his daddy was dying, and his mammy not much better—so Lanty brought him home, and I gave him plinty to ate, and as many pratees as he could carry away—and a morsel o' white bread; and to be sure he ate, the *cratur*, as if he starved; but was so shy and wild—like a young fox-cub—that I could get nothing out of him.”

“Of all the men I ever see, in my born days, that man has the black-heart look. The wicked one, Heaven bless us! set his mark between his two eyes, or he niver did it to any body yet.”

“Hush, Mick!—is that the wind shaking the windy, or is it a knock at the door?”

The knock was distinctly repeated, and Mick inquire who was there. A female requested admission for a moment;—a tall woman enveloped in a long blue cloak, entered; and when in the cottage, threw back the hood, which had quite covered her face: it might once have been handsome, but want and misery had obliterated its beauty, and given an almost maniac expression to eyes both dark and deep;—the hair was partly confined by a check

kerchief—and the outline of the figure would have been worthy the pencil of Salvator,

“Ye don’t know me—and so much the better; but I am wife to him that’s dying on the far moor, and I want *you*, Mick Leahy, to go to Father Connor, and ask him, for the love of our Saviour, to come to the departing sinner, and hear confession; and, if he *could* give him some comfort”—

“Sit down,” said Norry, kindly, shrinking at the same time from her visitor. “’Tis an awful night, and a long step to his reverence’s; but Mick will do a good turn for any poor sinner—yet I wonder ye did not call to himself, and ye passed close by his gate coming here.”

“Me call on a priest!” half screamed the woman; “Me, the cast away! the thing that’s shunned as soon as seen!—Me!—but do not look so at me, Norry Leahy!—do not. You were kind this morning to my starving boy!—ye sent food to my miserable cabin! Do not—do not! Now, when he’s dying!—he that was my young heart’s love;—bad as he is, Norry, he is still my husband.

“Asy, asy,” said Mick; “I do not care who he is! Sure we’re all sinners, and God is good: he may get better.”

“No, no, I do not wish him that; he has nothing to live for: the ban is on him; and if he was known, even here, he would be torn in pieces.”

(To be continued.)

THE WITCH O’ THE BRAE.

A’ the witches langsyne were humpbackit
an’ auld,

Clad in thin tattered rags that scarce kept
out the cauld,

A’ were blear-ee’d, an’ toothless, an’ wrink-
led, an’ din,

Ilka ane had an ugly gray beard on her
chin;

But fu’ sweet is the smile, and like snaw
the bit bosom,

An’ black are the e’en, aye, black as the
slae,

An’ as blooming the cheeks as the rose’s
sweet blossom,

O’ the bonny young witch that wons on
the brae.

They might travel at night in the shape of
a hare—

They might elfshoot a quey—they might
lame a gray mare:

They might mak the gudewife ca’ in vain
at her kirn,

Lose the loop o’ her stocking, or ravel her
pirn,—

Put the milk frae her cow, an’ mae tricks
as uncannie—

As queer and as deil-like as ony o’ thae,
But o’ a’ the auld witches e’er kent by
your grannie,

I could wager there’s nane like the witch
on the brae.

’Twere a sin to believe her colleagued wi’
the deil,

Yet for a’ that she casts her enchantments
as weel:

An’ although she ne’er rode on a stick to
the moon,

She has set the auld dominie twice aff the
the tune.

Aye, an’ even Mess John ance or twice
gae a stammer,

But brought himsell right wi’ a hum and
a hae!

An’ a’ body says it was just wi’ some
glamour

Frae the twa pawkie een o’ the witch on
the brae.

No a lad i’ the parish e’er gets a night’s
sleep,

There’s no ane maks a tryst that he ever
can keep:

Ilka lass far an’ near fears she’ll die an
auld maid,

An’ the piper and fiddler complain o’ dull
trade;

For although tailor Rab night an’ day has
been busy,

Yet there’s nae been a waddin these sex
months and mae:

An’, they say, it’s a’ for that trig winsome
hizzie,

The bit bonnie young witch that wons on
the brae.

She ne’er passes the mill but the dam aye
rins out,

For the miller forgets what he should be
about.

Neither mason nor sclater can ane work a
turn,

An’ whene’er the smith sees her, some
shoe’s sure to burn,

An’ the serjeant ne’er speaks o’ war, fame,
an’ glory,

An’ the droll drouthy shoemaker, Sandy
M’Rae,

Never sings a queer sang now, or tells a
queer story,

For they’ve a’ felt the power o’ the witch
on the brae,

The thin student, puir chield; ower the
linn lap yestreen,

An’ wud sure hae been drown’d, but by
gude luck was seen,

An’ he says that the witch drove him thus
to despair,

For she took his last poem to paper her
hair.

Like the rest, I was put in a gay eerie
swither,
I had nae peace at hame, an' ne'er kent
whare to gae,

But, to end baith my sang an' her witch-
craft thegither,
I will soon be the warlock that wons on the
brae.



HASTINGS CASTLE, SUSSEX.

The origin of this castle, which is now in a very ruinous condition, is unknown. That the castle is very ancient, is certain from many circumstances, but the ignorance of its origin is by no means a satisfactory proof of its antiquity. It is situated on a hill to the westward of the town of Hastings. Its original figure seems to have been an oblique spherical triangle, with the points rounded off. The base of the triangle, or south side, is formed by a perpendicular cliff, 400 feet in length, and fronts the sea; the east side is a plain wall, without tower or other defence, 300 feet long; and the wall which forms the remaining side of the triangle, is about 400 feet long. The whole area occupied by the castle is about an acre and a quarter in extent. The walls are in some places eight feet thick, but are nowhere entire, and the gateway, which was on the north-west side, has long been entirely demolished. A little to the westward of its site, are the remains of a small tower, in which is a circular flight of stairs. Still farther west, are a sally-port, and the ruins of a square tower. Behind the east wall is a ditch about 60 feet deep, and 100 feet wide at top.

Some years ago, orders were given to excavate within the walls of this castle. In the course of their work, the men arrived at a flight of twenty-six stone steps, winding round a stone column under ground. At the bottom of these steps was a doorway, the stone frame and the iron locks and bolts of which were in perfect preservation. Digging towards the sea from the bottom of the steps, and opposite to the doorway, the workmen discovered a vault, containing stone coffins, in which were the remains of persons of more than ordinary stature. The bodies were in excellent preservation, and the teeth in the jaws were sound, and as perfect as though they had been but just interred, although they must have lain there several centuries. A well was also discovered, at the bottom of which some human bodies were mouldering. Near the foundation, the remains of a draw-bridge were discovered, whence it seems that the present castle was erected on the ruins of a more ancient one.

Near this castle is the spot where the battle was fought between Harold and William the Norman, in which the former lost his life, and the latter gained a crown.

PRIMITIVE RUSSIAN ASSEMBLIES.

When Catherine Alexowna was made empress of Russia, the women were in an actual state of bondage: but she undertook to introduce mixed assemblies, as in other

parts of Europe; she altered the women's dress, by substituting the fashions of England; instead of furs, she brought in the use of taffeta and damask, and cornets and

commodes instead of caps of sable: the women now found themselves no longer shut up in separate apartments, but saw company, visited each other, and were present at every entertainment. But as the laws to this effect were directed to a savage people, it is amusing enough to see the manner in which the ordinances ran. Assemblies were quite unknown among them: the Czarina was satisfied with introducing them, for she found it impossible to render them polite: an ordinance was therefore published according to their notions of breeding; which, as it is a curiosity, may be interesting to our readers. It is as follows:

1st. The person at whose house the assembly is kept, shall signify the same by hanging out a bill, or by giving some other public notice, by way of advertisement, to persons of both sexes.

2nd. The assembly shall not be open sooner than four or five o'clock in the afternoon, nor continue longer than ten at night.

3rd. The master of the house shall not be obliged to meet his guests, or conduct them out, or keep their company; but, though he is exempt from all this, he is to find them chairs, candles, liquors, and all other necessities that company may ask for; he is likewise to provide them with cards, dice, and every necessary for gaming.

4th. There shall be no fixed hour for coming or going away; it is enough for a

person to appear in the assembly.

5th. Every one shall be free to sit, walk, or game as he pleases; nor shall any one go about to hinder him, or take exceptions at what he does, upon pain of emptying the great eagle (a pint bowl full of brandy); it shall likewise be sufficient, at entering or retiring, to salute the company.

6th. Persons of distinction, noblemen, superior officers, merchants, and tradesmen of note, head workmen, especially carpenters, and persons employed in chancery, are to have liberty to enter the assemblies, as likewise their wives and children.

7th. A particular place shall be assigned the footmen, except those of the house, that there may be room enough in the apartments designed for the assembly.

8th. *No ladies are to get drunk, upon any pretence whatsoever, nor shall gentlemen be drunk before nine.*

9th. *Ladies who play at forfeitures, questions and commands, &c. shall not be riotous: no gentlemen shall attempt to force a kiss; and no person shall offer to strike a woman in the assembly, under pain of future exclusion.*

Such were the statutes upon this occasion; which, in their very appearance, carry an air of ridicule and satire; but politeness must enter every country by degrees, and these rules resemble the breeding of a clown—awkward but sincere.



APRIL.

Is now the fourth month of the year, but before the time of Numa it was the second. It derives its name from the Latin word *Aperio*, to open; because in this month the surface of the earth is again opened to receive seeds and to produce vegetables, by the refreshing showers and mild sunshine which prevail; and because now also, the

beauties of the woods and gardens open their buds and flowers. Our Saxon ancestors called April *Oster* or *Estermonath*, because in this month the feast of the Goddess *Eastre*, *Easter*, *Eoster* or *Oster*, who was supposed to be the guardian of the East wind, was celebrated. The name of Easter is still retained by us, to denote the

feast of the paschal lamb, (or the passover,) which was the last evening meal of which our Saviour partook with his twelve Apostles, before his death. Thus this and several other sacred Christian anniversaries, still bear the ancient Pagan titles which our forefathers gave to other feasts in honour of false gods.

The Romans dedicated April to *Venus*, the goddess of beauty, the mother of love, the queen of laughter, the mistress of the graces; and many suppose that its Roman name *Aprilis* is derived from the Greek word *Aphrodite*, one of her numerous epithets; but this is improbable.

BRAVERY OF AN ENGLISH SAILOR.

In 1756, Admiral Watson having sailed with his squadron and the King's troops from Fort St. David to the assistance of Calcutta, in the East Indies, stopped at Mayapore, on the banks of the Ganges, where the enemy had a place of considerable strength, called Bougee Fort, which it was necessary to secure before he proceeded farther in the expedition. The action was begun by a brisk cannonade from the squadron, which soon silenced the cannon of the fort; but the garrison not offering to surrender, and continuing to discharge fire-arrows and small arms, it was determined in a council of sea and land officers, that Colonel Clive should endeavour to take it by assault. For this purpose, at five in the evening, the Admiral landed an officer, two midshipmen and about forty sailors from each ship, under the command of Captain King, to assist the Colonel in storming the fort, which he intended doing just before day-light, under the cover of two twenty-four pounders close to the ditch. In the mean time the Colonel had given directions that the whole army (the necessary guards excepted) and the detachment from the ships, should rest on the ground, in order to recover themselves as much as possible from the great fatigues they had undergone in the preceding day's service.

All now was quiet in the camp; and we on board the ships, which lay at their anchors but a small distance from the shore, had entertained thoughts of making use of this interval to refresh themselves also with an hour or two of sleep; but suddenly a loud and universal acclamation was heard from the shore, and soon after an account was brought to the Admiral that the fort had been taken by storm.—This was a joyful piece of news, and the more so as it was quite unexpected, but when the particular circumstances that

ushered in this success were related, our exultations were greatly abated, because we found that the rules so indispensibly necessary in all military exploits, had been entirely disregarded in the present instance, and therefore could not help looking upon the persons who had the principle hand in this victory rather as an object of chastisement, than applause. The case was this;

During the tranquil state of the camp, one Strahan, a common sailor, belonging to the Kent, having been just served with a quantity of grog, (arrack mixed with water) had his spirits too much elated to think of taking any rest; he therefore strayed by himself towards the fort, and imperceptibly got under the walls. Being advanced thus far without interruption, he took it into his head to scale the wall at a breach that had been made by the cannon of the ships; and having luckily gotten upon the bastion, he there discovered several Moor-men sitting upon the platform, at whom he flourished his cutlass, and fired his pistol, and then, after having given three loud huzzas, cried out—"The place is mine."——The Moorish soldiers immediately attacked him, and he defended himself with incredible resolution but in the recounter had the misfortune to have the blade of his cutlass cut in two about a foot from the hilt; but this mischance, however, did not happen, till he was nearly supported by two or three other sailors, who had accidentally straggled to the same part of the fort on which the other had mounted.—They hearing Strahan's cries, immediately scaled the breach likewise, and echoing the triumphant sound, roused the whole army, who taking the alarm, presently fell on pell-mell, without order and without discipline, following the example of the sailors.

This attack, though made in such confusion, was followed with no other ill consequence but the death of the worthy Captain Dougal Campbell, who was unfortunately killed by a musket bullet from one of our own pieces in the general confusion. Captain Coote commanded the fort for that night, and at day-light the fort saluted the Admiral. It never was exactly known what number of Moors there were in the fort when our people first entered. We took in the fort eighteen cannon from twenty-four pounders downwards, and forty barrels of powder.

Strahan, the hero of this adventurous action, was soon brought before the admiral who, notwithstanding the success that had attended it, thought it necessary to shew himself displeased with a measure in which the want of all military discipline so noto-

riously appeared. He therefore angrily enquired into the desperate step which he had taken. "Mr. Strahan, what is this that you have been doing?"—The fellow after having made his bow, scratched his head, and with one hand twirling his hat upon the other, replied, "Why, to be sure, sir, it was I who took the fort; but I hope there was no harm in it." The admiral with difficulty was prevented from smiling at the simplicity of Strahan's answer; and the whole company was exceedingly diverted with his awkward appearance, and his language and manner in recounting several particulars of his mad exploit. Mr. Watson expatiated largely on the fatal consequences that might have attended his irregular conduct, and then with a severe rebuke dismissed him; but not before he had given the fellow some distant hint, that at a proper opportunity he would be certainly punished for his temerity. Strahan, amazed to find himself blamed where he expected praise, had no sooner gone from the admiral's cabin than he muttered these words—"If I am flogged for this here action, I will never take another fort by myself as long as I live."

The novelty of the case, the success of the enterprise, and the courageous spirit which he displayed, pleaded strongly with the admiral in behalf of the offender; and at the same time the discipline of the service required that he should shew outwardly some marks of his displeasure; this the admiral did for some time; but afterwards, at the intercession of some officers, which intercession the admiral himself prompted them to make, he most readily pardoned him. And it is not improbable, that had Strahan been properly qualified for the office of boatswain, he might on some other pretence, before the expedition had ended, have been promoted to that station in one of his Majesty's ships. But, unfortunately for this brave fellow, the whole tenor of his conduct, both before and after the storming of the fort, was so very irregular, as to render it impossible for the admiral to advance him from his old station to any higher rank, how strongly soever his inclinations led him to do it.

Since (says Mr. Ives) Strahan paid me a visit, and told me that he had served in every one of Admiral Pocock's East India engagements; and that, in consequence of a wound he received in one of them, he is become a pensioner to the chest of Chatham. At present he acts also as a sailor in one of the guard-ships at Portsmouth; and he says that his highest ambition is to be made cook in one of his Majesty's capital ships.

MY FATHER.

My father hath left his mountain cot,
To seek for another, a brighter lot;
From his childhood's home he hath wandered far,
To share in the bloody spoils of war:
And a shadow rest on our lonely hearth,
Hush'd is the voice of our "household mirth."
Thro' the vine's deep shade, the sun's red gleam
Still plays upon the glittering stream;
But the roses I plucked at the morning hour,
And twined with the myrtle's pure white flower,
To place with a smile by my Father's side,
Neglected, have drooped their heads and died.
And stillness reigns in the "whispery sound,"
In the murmuring leaves of the grove around;
And silence rests in the river's play,
On the noiseless course of its sunny way,
On the earth, on the sky, on the stream,
On the leaf,
Is stamped the silent voice of grief.
From the mountain top, when the rosy glow
Of the morning smil'd on the lake below,
How often have I, with a child-like pride,
Led my Father along its craggy side;
And, fearlessly, gazed from the dizzy steep,
On the silvery breast of the tranquil deep.
All nature is now in her golden prime,
In the sunny hue of her flowery time;
Return my Father! oh, yet once more!
Ere our Summer's glorious reign is o'er!
Return my Father! once more to bless
Thy child bereft and motherless!

GLEANINGS.

LORD BYRON AND THE ACTOR.

A certain performer at Drury Lane theatre, remarkable only for stentorian lungs, had succeeded one evening in bellowing down a more than usual degree of applause from the gods—after many persevering efforts, he had we may say, taken Olympus by storm. This, however, was not the light in which he saw the affair. As he left the stage, he was accosted by Lord Byron, who was at that time one of the committee of management. 'So, Sir,' said his lordship, 'you're doing wonders to night.' 'Yes, my lord,' replied the enraptured performer (in his loudest tone, but with an air of dignified indifference,) 'Yes my lord; a silent touch of nature—there's nothing like it.'

A FRUITFUL VINE.

There is now living on Barrick Hill, in the township of Bredbury, near Stockport, a widow, named Mary Hopwood, in the eighty-fourth year of her age, who has been the mother of 13 children, grandmother to 67, and great-grandmother to 38, making a total amount of 118!

AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

Cromwell was remarkably fond of *fun*; so is a certain dogmatical minister. Some time ago, four or five stars of the first magnitude, in the Downing street hemisphere, were accompanied by a satellite in the shape of an Irishman, a private Secretary, distinguished for those two very amiable characteristics—impudence and curiosity. “I’ll bet a wager,” said a very great man, “that Midas (the Secretary is known by this cognomen,) is now listening at the door.” The odds against winning were such, that his bet was not accepted; but before settling the “French Algerine coercion question,” they all stole out in the train of the great man, and, (on this occasion,) Greater General, who, noiselessly approaching the *posterior promontory* of the Irishman, hit him such a thundering slap, that roaring with all his might, he fell prostrate on the floor, and before he could turn, the castigator and his friends, “chuckling with all their sides,” had escaped. Midas has exhibited no propensity to listen, in fact, he has hung his ears ever since the affair.

EMIGRATION.

The women seem not to relish emigration. A young fellow belonging to Perth, who was bound to America, received lately no fewer than *thirteen* refusals from as many damsels. The rejected swain has, in consequence, given up his intended voyage.

THE FOOL’S REPROOF.

A certain nobleman kept a fool, to whom he one day gave a staff, with a charge to keep it till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself: not many years after, the nobleman fell sick, even unto death. The fool came to see him: his sick Lord said unto him, “I must shortly leave you.” “And whither are you going?” said the fool. “Into another world,” replied his Lordship. “And when will you come again? within a month?” “No.” “Within a year?” “No.” “When then?” “Never!” “Never!” replied the fool: “and what provisions hast thou made for thy entertainment there, whither thou goest?” “None at all:”—“No!” said the fool “none at all! there, then, take *my staff*; for with

all my folly, I am not guilty of such folly as this.”

WONDER OF WONDERS.

A French paper, (*Le Voleur*—we think *Le menteur* would have been a fitter name)—states that a lady, far advanced in pregnancy, having taken an unaccountable longing for a placard on the outside of a house, bearing the words, *Joli appartement garni a louer*; and being unable to obtain it, fell into a state of great nervous irritation, and has been brought to bed of a child having on its body, in legible characters *Joli appartement garni a louer*.

MATRIMONY.

A young Gentleman, of a literary turn, with the most rooted abhorrence to that vulgar annoyance denominated work, considers a connubial connection with a sentimental elderly female, who may be possessed of a rotatory machine in the Mangling line, in which he has already had some experience, but wishes to engage for the future as superintendent only. The youth has a very pretty turn for getting up small linen, having for some years prepared his own collars and dickies, and flatters himself he should shine in a sonnet to a frill, or an ode to a clock-stocking. He would also be happy to run of errands, and to make himself generally useful in any mode not inconsistent with delicate health and the most refined sensibility.

NEW ROAD OF ST. GOTHARD.

The last number of the *Revue Encyclopedique* contains a long notice of the works which are going on at St. Gothard. The most remarkable road now in preparation is that which traverses the Schällonen in the canton of Uri. This is cut through enormous masses of granite, and the bridges are magnificent. The ascent is very gradual, being never more than eight feet in one hundred, and sometimes only six. Seven hundred persons are employed on these works.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received two letters one from E. L., and one from Bernerd, we promised our subscribers to make the New Series far superior to the Old, if we were to insert these it would be making it far inferior.

Communications to be answered in the current number must be in the hands of the editor before the Monday previous.

London: published by Sears, 29, Charterhouse Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 3.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1831.

Price 1d.



See page 18.

THE HEROINE OF SIERRA MORENA.

We have many extraordinary instances of female courage, but we know none more striking, though less noticed, than that of the young, the beautiful, the unfortunate Lady JANE GREY, who on the morning of her execution, putting her hand to her neck, said, "They tell me the executioner is very expert, and I have but a little neck, so my trouble will soon be over." But presence of mind and fortitude of virtue were never more strikingly displayed, than in the instance which the engraving represents, and which occurred where the Sierra Morena rears its head above the dark roll-

ing clouds; and where also Nature, in her rudest form, displays to the weary traveller a wide and dreary prospect of barren wilds, disparted rocks, falling torrents, gloomy forests of pines, opening chasms, and all the dark variety that makes Nature terrible without a single gleam of sunshine to scatter, as it were, the hope of heaven over the gulph of despair. On this spot, far above the haunts of civilized men, where the wild winds whistle, and the tempests roar, stands the chateau of Count de Rondeville, where the narrow path leads the traveller round the mountain's summit,

and where the long-practised mule carries its burden in security, though the elevation of an inch would precipitate beast and rider over a precipice of three hundred feet high. On this spot, perched like an eagle's nest, is the seat of hospitality to be found.

The count, who is lord of the valleys below, chooses here to fix his abode. He is fond of field sports, and mountain scenery: to bring down the hawk and falcon, to wind the thicket after the wolf and the fox, and to spring from rock to rock with giant bound after the fleet chamois, constituted his amusements of the day. At evening's close, to open his door to the way-worn traveller, to rouse the fire on the hearth, and spread the table with plenty, were his predominant delights. Thousands have tasted of his liberality, and whenever he visited the smiling fields below, the lisps of children, and the benedictions of the aged, proclaimed his passage.

He passed his life without ostentation and had not a male servant in his retinue. One little girl, a native of Estremadura, aged nineteen, was selected to attend upon his own person, and he treated her as his child. One evening he had been out late, and on his return he threw himself upon a couch, and sunk into repose.

Dorothea, aware that he would not require her assistance any more, retired to rest, and so did all the servants. About one in the morning, a banditti, at the head of whom was Rodolph Vascali, so long the terror of Spain, thundered at the gates of the chateau, and soon burst them open. They tore the menials from their beds and with horrid imprecations made them disclose where their little treasures were deposited, and some they put to instant death. The noise awakened the count, who rushed unarmed into the hall. Rodolph Vascali seized him by the throat, and was on the point of stabbing him, when Dorothea, the little maid of Estremadura, entered, bearing a candle. The robber started at seeing her, refrained from his blow, and loosened his grasp. The fine form of Dorothea, robed in night attire, appeared as a beautiful vision, or a spectre from another and a better world. The work of death was going on at the extremity of the hall, and over the marble floor streams of blood flowed in torrents. "Stop," said she, "the work of death, and follow me; you want money, and I will conduct you where it is to be had." "What pledge have I for thy truth?" said Rodolph Vascali, leaving his hold of the count. "The pledge of blood—the tie of nature—I am thy only sister." It was so. Rodolph, with commanding voice, ordered his band to desist from mur-

der, and to retire, while he compelled the count to sit down, under a pledge not to rise till he bade him. "Recollect," said he, "my sister, for such thou art, (however thou camest here,) I know no ties but those that connect me with my followers. I have checked the stream of death only to open the mine of gold." "Follow me," said Dorothea, "and you shall have wealth beyond your hopes and wishes." Slowly they wended up the gothic staircase: the moon shone sickly through the arched and ivy-covered windows; no sound was heard save that of the whispering wind of the night, that appeared to mourn for those whose lives had recently passed away. They reached the summit of the eastern tower. "I hear," said Rodolph, "the murmuring of my band, who are awaiting my arrival with the booty." "They shall not long wait thy arrival," said Dorothea, and at that moment they were at the edge of the turret. She dashed her light to the earth, and seizing Rodolph by the skirt of his calabra or tunic, hurled him from the battlements. He fell amidst his followers, and his blood spouted in the eyes of his murderous myrmidons. Amazement siezed them all. Dorothea hastily rang the alarm bell, that communicated with the convent below, and fired off the signal gun. The band fled in all directions, imagining a force was concealed in the chateau; and Dorothea, rushing down, raised the count in her arms, wherein she ever after rested, as a loved and loving wife. Rodolph was, indeed, her brother, but had long been a detestable murderer. She, therefore, abhorred his deeds, and on this perilous occasion she sacrificed him on the shrine of duty. The chateau still stands; the count and countess still exist, and distribute their hospitality more generously than before; and the traveller, as he passes over the dreary heights of the "Sierra Morena," shudderingly murmurs the name of Rodolph Vascali, and blesses that of DOROTHEA DE RONDEVILLE.

BLACK DENNIS.

(Continued from page 11.)

Mick and Norah exchanged glances, and slowly did the latter take his long coat off the peg, and wistfully did poor Norry look at her husband, for the woman's wildness had quite overpowered her; yet to refuse going for a priest, was what no Irishman ever did,—and she thought it was her husband's duty; her fears for a moment conquered her resolution, when he was in the act of opening the door,—and laying her hand gently on the woman's cloak, she said, with a quivering lip,

"And won't ye tell us ye'r name—and Mick going to do ye'r bidding?"

"Ye *will* have it then, Norry Leahy," replied she," almost fiercely—Anne Dennis! my husband was called black Dennis, the *informer*."

Norah staggered back, and Mick withdrew his hand from the latch.

"Ye will not go then?" said the unfortunate creature; "and because he's a sinner, ye think he should be left to die like a dog in a ditch;—and you, Norry, you shrink from me; and what power have I to harm ye—look?" she threw back her cloak,—a worn jacket and petticoat hardly shrouded so perfectly skeleton a form, that poor Norry looked on her with pity and astonishment. "Look! and say if I have power to harm?—I have hardly strength enough to hold *his* dying head off the cold earth."

"I'll go, in God's name," said Mick, though it's little he deserves a good turn from any one, even on his death-bed."

Norah was horrified at her husband's visiting one who had brought sorrow to so many dwellings;—but he was gone, and she was left in her cottage solitude, to brood over what she had just heard and seen. "Black Dennis" had been an United Irishman, and one of the most violent order,—the projector of more burnings, murders, and robberies, than any chief of them all; and when at last, he found that he could no longer carry on the system of rebellion and plunder, into which he had drawn so many unfortunate victims, he turned king's evidence; and many were the men, either transported or executed, on his evidence—all less guilty than himself. No wonder, then, that "Black Dennis" was regarded with peculiar sentiments of abhorrence, and that wherever he went, he was a *banned man*! His wife had shared his plunder, and exulted in his deeds, when he was a bold raparree; but when he became a cold-blooded *informer*, she spurned both him and his wealth, and left him to his wanderings. He went abroad,—but his ill-got gold wasted and wasted; and he returned to his native country, "to leave his bones, as he said, *among* his own people."

His wife had been no less miserable than himself; and when her wretched husband made his appearance at her poor door, she felt relieved at beholding the only being who could truly appreciate her varied sufferings:—his money was gone—he was dying a lingering death; and her still woman's heart yearned towards its early affection. They could not remain in the village where she and her boy resided; because, there "Black Dennis" would soon have

been recognised; so she sold the few articles of furniture and clothing she possessed, and went away with her husband, that he might die in peace on "*the far moor*." Her anxiety to procure for him the rites of the church in his last moments, overcame her repugnance to discovery; and a sort of holy fear prevented her going to the priest herself: the many kindnesses the Leahy's had shown her child, induced her to confide in them; and silently, but thankfully, she accompanied Mick to Mr. Connor's house.

The good priest went with his guides, to the hut where the informer lay. It was in truth, a meet dwelling for such a man:—"the far moor" showed an extended waste of snow, with but one tree to break its white surface; and the hovel rested against its immense trunk, which having escaped the axe and the tempest—stripped even of its bark, by time, like the enormous skeletons of old,—threw far and wide its knotted and distended limbs, in mockery of the whirlwind and the storm. The sand of life was nearly run;—Black Dennis was extended on some straw, scarcely covered by portions of tattered clothing, and his head rested on the knees of his boy: he moved it quickly as they entered, and prest a little wooden cross to his lips; the Priest poured a cordial down his throat, and for a few moments he revived.

"That man need not go," said he, seeing Mick about to take his departure, in order that the sinful man might confess, "I have nothing to tell but what all the world knows;—nothing to say, except that my heart is hell! Tell me, priest,"—and he raised his head from the child's lap,—is there hope for me—the murderer—the burner—the rebel—the *Informer*?" Madly his glaring eyes watched the reply. "There is hope for all," replied Father Connor; "hope even for you, through God's mercy." The head fell back—the eye fixed—the lip uttered "hope,"—and Black Dennis was no more. The unfortunate widow shed no tears; but knelt and gazed on him who had known so much sin, and endured so much sorrow: the child clung around its mother's neck, and wept bitterly. Leahy endeavoured to rouse her from her stupor, but in vain. "I cannot *love* her this way—and the poor boy,—he's innocent any way; and that's not "Black Dennis" now, but only a lump of clay! Ye'r Reverence, what am I to do? The priest stooped down, and endeavoured to disengage the child from the parent: this aroused her. "My boy! my boy!" and tears flowed from eyes to which they had long been strangers. "Ye'll put him in holy ground, father?" said she, looking at the priest. "Ye'll not deny even an *Informer*, Chris-

tian burial? I know ye dare not bury him by day-light? but by night what would hinder?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Connor, "to-morrow night, I will see that it is properly performed; and I can now only commend you to the mercy of God."

The grey morning dawned on Leahy and his good Norah, tracing their path to the hut on the far moor. "It would be a sin," said the latter, "to bear spite or hatred to a sinseless corpse; and bad as the woman was, she left him, when he turned informer." During the day, the Priest procured a rude coffin, and the assistance of one of his people, to perform the last rites of the wretched man; and by the light of the waning moon, that shed her cold rays over the snow clad country, in a corner of the old church-yard—far from any other grave—the body of the informer was deposited.

But no inducement could prevail on the unfortunate woman to leave the grave: she sat on it wrapt in her long blue cloak; and suffered her boy to be led away by the priest to his own dwelling—for the amiable man could not bear to leave a child of six years old exposed on so inclement a night.

When the morning came, the woman

was not seen; the boy went crying from the grave to the hut, but could no where find his mother. He grew up in Mr. Connor's house, a solitary, but not a friendless being; he was a melancholy gentle youth; and his intellects appeared to have suffered from the recollections of early misery: he was nevertheless, tractable and obedient, and devotedly attached to his benefactor. Some years afterwards, a rumour spread that the skeleton of a female was found near Loch Derg; and the peasants, of whom numbers still crowd to the holy place, (as they call it) recognised the cloak as having belonged to a poor wandering woman, whose pilgrimages and penances were long and frequent, and who was known never to have slept on a bed or under a roof for many years.

"It must be the bones of *her* that fled the 'far moor,'" said Norah to her husband, when the story reached them; "she knew the boy would be cared for, and so made a vow to wander up and down the face of the earth, till God should *plase* to take her, when her penance was done and her pilgrimage was finished!"

Spirit and Manners of the Age.



HEROIC NEGRO.

Greater cruelty was perhaps never exercised than by the Europeans to the negroes of Surinam. Stedman relates, that nothing was more common than for old negroes to be broken on the wheel, and young ones burnt alive; and yet the fortitude with which they suffered, was equal to that of the most ardent patriot, or enthusiastic martyr. One of the fugitive, or revolted, slaves, being brought before his judges, who had condemned him previous to hearing what he had to say in his defence, request-

ed to be heard for a few minutes before he was sent to execution; when leave being granted, he thus addressed them:

"I was born in Africa; while defending the person of my prince in battle, I was taken prisoner, and sold as a slave on the Coast of Guinea. One of our countrymen, who sits among my judges, purchased me. Having been cruelly treated by his overseer, I deserted, and went to join the rebels in the woods. There also I was condemned to become the slave of

their chief, Bonas, who treated me with still more cruelty than the whites, which obliged me to desert a second time, determined to fly from the human species for ever, and to pass, the rest of my life innocently and alone in the woods. I had lived two years in this manner, a prey to the greatest hardships, and the most dreadful anxiety, merely attached to life by the hope of once more seeing my beloved family, who are perhaps starving, owing to my absence. Two years of misery had thus passed, when I was discovered by the rangers, taken, and brought before this tribunal, which now knows the wretched history of my life."

This speech was pronounced with the greatest moderation, and by one of the finest negroes in the colony. His master, who, as he had remarked, was one of his judges, unmoved by the pathetic and eloquent appeal, made him this atrocious laconic reply: "Rascal, it is of little consequence to us to know what you have been saying; but the torture shall make you confess crimes as black as yourself, as well as those of your detestable accomplices." At these words, the negro, whose veins seemed to swell with indignation and contempt, retorted: "These hands," stretching them forth, "have made tigers tremble, yet you dare to threaten me with that despicable instrument! No; I despise all the torments which you can now invent, as well as the wretch who is about to inflict them." On saying these words, he threw himself on the instrument, where he suffered the most dreadful tortures without uttering a syllable.

SLAVE TRADE.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

We have witnessed the horrors of slavery. We have seen the African on the shore of his home in his native land. We have accompanied him across the wide waste of waters that divides the two continents. We have observed his pangs at the slave mart, when sold and separated from the last remnant of his friends (a sister or a brother, or a parent,) or when his heart has swelled almost to bursting, at parting with the being whom he fondly and affectionately loved. We have beheld him under the hands of a brutal task master, submitting with patient endurance to his toil, and not unfrequently smarting under the lash of the whip, without deigning to shrink or betray a symptom of suffering. We have spoken to him with tender commiseration, have soothed his afflictions, have watched the unrestrained tears roll in heavy drops down his agitated face, and

one act of sympathetic kindness has implanted a deep impression of gratitude in his breast. This is no romantic tale, no idle story, but plain matter of fact. It was once the lot of the writer of this article to be on board a small vessel containing nearly 100 slaves. The whole (with the exception of five or six men,) were male and female children from four to thirteen years of age. These were confined in a small space, with scarcely sufficient room to sit upright, many of them labouring under diseases, and their flesh (or rather skin, for flesh they had but little) rubbed into wounds with the motion of the vessel, and by lying close together on the bare deck. The men, observing the constant inebriation of the crew, planned to take the schooner from them, but they were too emaciated and weak by confinement and hunger to attempt it hastily. In a short time, they were considerably altered in their appearance, and looked much better. One night, when all the crew but the man at the helm were asleep, these desperate negroes rushed on the deck. The sailors and captain were aroused; a contest of some minutes ensued, in which both parties were severely wounded and ultimately the slaves were overcome. The next morning the captain deliberately loaded his pistols, placed three of the poor wretches in succession, outside the gangway, and in the presence of the others, shot them with his own hand. On enquiring, it was discovered that these little half famished children had daily supplied them, with some of their own scanty portion, to fit them for the enterprise.

THE BIRTHRIGHT.

AN ORIGINAL TALE, FOUNDED ON FACT

The young Earl of Granby, standing on an eminence, viewed (partly with pleasure and partly with an uneasy mind), his large estates: on one side was the lofty mansion rearing its proud head from amongst the surrounding foliage, and on the other stood the humbler cottages of the peasantry, and in the fields the inhabitants of those cottages were at their daily employment with no small share of merriment; and just beneath him, on the slope of the hill on which he stood, were their children, playing about in happy innocence.

The mind of Granby was partly filled with pleasure at being the master of these estates, and partly with uneasiness when he recollected that he had no just right to the greater part of them. He knew not but to-morrow's sun might see them wrested from him, unless the real heir was willing to become his bride.

In the distance he perceived the young Squire Morland, with his gun across his shoulder and followed by two dogs, who on perceiving the Earl evidently tried to avoid him; but Granby wishing to speak to him moved from the hill, and crossed his path, thus bringing himself in contact with the squire. "Good morning," he said, as soon as they met, "may I ask what your amusement is to day?"

"Fowling," was the short sullen answer of the Squire, and then walking on he took no notice of Granby, but the Earl kept pace with him, and was the first to break the silence.

"I understand, Mr. Morland, you are fond of Emma Montgomery." "I am, my lord. I love her, and avow it even to my rival." "Rival!" repeated the Earl, "it is true I like the lady." "And you would have no objection to marry her," continued the Squire. "None in the least," answered Granby. "Although you know her to be an illegitimate daughter of your uncle's. You start." "I do start, for I wonder how you came to know it, you must have seen her since yesterday."—"I have—last night's moon saw us by the bank of yonder stream, in spite of the care you and your reverend associate had taken to prevent an interview; there I first learnt it, though if I had not then I should this morning, for it is known through all the neighbourhood, or rather it is reported, for I do not believe a word of the statement. My Lord, I think you know whether it is true or not." "To the best of my belief it is," answered the Earl. "There are circumstances," continued the Squire, "which make me doubt your word—else why did your father educate and accomplish her, and have her brought up under the care and as the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Montgomery—as also, since your father's death, you have paid the expences of her education, and even her board. And would you have done this for an illegitimate child." "Such questioning of my conduct as this," said the Earl, in an angry tone, "is insulting, but as I would be friends with you, I will answer them. In the first place, as we did not wish this fault of my uncle's to be made known we let her pass as the daughter of Mr. Montgomery—as to her education it was according to my uncle's wish. I hope, sir, you are satisfied with these reasons." "So far I am, but there is another question I would put to you. Is it likely that you, knowing her to be an illegitimate child of your uncle's, would be willing to marry her?"

Granby for some time hesitated to reply, at last he said, "It may seem strange,

but, Morland, you well know that love can force you to do any thing it pleases, though against your honour and your interest." "These reasons will not do," returned the Squire, "from you, who have so often been known to tamper with female innocence—love has not with you such powerful spells. To speak plain, I believe you know more than it is your interest to make known, for should it be proved she is a legitimate daughter of your uncle's the greater part of the property you now hold would go to her." "Then, sir," answered the Earl, in an exasperated tone, "you believe I have spoken falsely." "Just so," was the short answer of Morland. "Say not that again, sir," continued the Earl, "or I may be apt to require you to exchange that fowling piece for a smaller weapon." "I understand you," was the quick answer of Morland, "and I shall be ready to give you any satisfaction you may demand, either now or a month hence; perhaps now would be the better time." "May be it is, and I should be willing, but as I am possessed of property I would first see it settled on my relations, to-morrow morning I shall be ready."

"Well, then," said Morland, pointing, "do you see yonder tree, that is as good a place of rendezvous as any." "I know no better," answered Granby, "to-morrow morning, at five o'clock, I will be——"

"Nay, nay," interrupted the sprightly Squire, "I like not turning out so early, merely to be shot at—twelve at noon will do as well, the place is an unfrequented spot."

The Earl nodded assent and they parted, Granby towards his home, while Morland whistling his dogs towards him, continued his path in pursuit of game.

The next morning Justice Allen had scarcely taken his seat (a seat which well suited the dignity of his office) when his notice was attracted by the entrance of a screaming woman, whose noise did not much please him. "And what now," he asked. "The duel—the duel, your worship," was all she could reply. "The duel! what duel—what have I to do with such affairs," returned the Justice, and he was about to order the woman out of the room, but as his curiosity was excited he asked who were the parties.

"The Earl of Granby is one, but who the other is I don't know. I only know it is a shame to let such things happen when they can be prevented." "But how," asked the Justice, "came you to be acquainted with the affair, such things are generally kept pretty secret."

Here an officer stepped forward and ex-

plained to the Justice that one of the Earl's servants having smelt a rat had let the affair get wind, but it was not known who was the Earl's opponent, the duel was to take place at twelve o'clock.

The Justice had now learned all the particulars it was at present possible for him to know, and not wishing to interfere, was about to dismiss the woman with a sharp reprimand for interrupting him in his public duties about such a paltry affair. He said that if young men would shoot one another it was nothing to him, when his clerk informed him it was his duty to put a stop to such hostile meetings, consequently he dispatched an officer to apprehend the duellists.

During the interval a strolling player was brought forward on a charge of poaching, but the evidence not being sufficiently strong he was discharged, but as he was retiring the two duellists entered; this being a subject suited to the humour of the player he seated himself in a corner of the room for the purpose of hearing the examination.

The officer informed the Justice that he had found his prisoners just as the seconds were measuring the ground, the seconds had, however, made off on his approach.

The case was stated from beginning to end by Squire Morland, consequently the charge of bastardy against Emma Montgomery was brought forward, as well as the fondness of the two young men for the lady.

Here the player stepped forward, (for the case seemed to have some connexion with himself), and whispered to Morland that she was worth loving.

"What mean you," asked Morland, aloud. "She is weighty," was the answer. "I do not understand you," returned Morland. "Then you have less wit than a strolling player; to speak plainly she is worth a fortune."

"How dare you, sir," said the Justice "interrupt us with your nonsense, she has no money at all." "But she has a right to it by inheritance," was the reply of the player. "What right," continued the Justice, "can she have—she is a bastard." "She is no bastard," was the firm reply, "she is the legitimate daughter of William Earl of Granby and Emma his wife. Ah! it was a merry day at Hoydon when——"

"What!" exclaimed Granby, rushing forward, "stop that cursed tongue of thine."

"Let him speak on," said Morland, but the Justice on receiving a look from Granby, whom he favoured, occupied the

Squire with an examination, while the Earl drew the player aside.

(*To be Continued.*)

TO MY CHILD.

I love to gaze upon thy cheek
Of roseate hue, my Child;
I love to mark thy quick blue eye,
So sparkling and so wild;
To twine those sunny locks of thine,
And kiss thy forehead fair,
And see thy little hands held up
In sweet and guileless prayer.
Yes! bright and beautiful thou art,
And playful as the fawn,
That bounds, with footsteps light as air,
Across the dewy lawn;
And when the day is over,
And thy pleasant gambols done.
Thou'lt calmly sink to rest, nor think
Of ill beyond that sun.

Thou dream'st not of a Mother's cares,
Her anxious hopes, my Boy;
Thy skies are ever clear, thy thoughts
Are full of mirth and joy;
And nestled in a parent's arms,
Or seated on her knee,
List'ning to oft-told childish tales,
What's all the world to thee?

Moments of thoughtless innocence.
Why do ye fly so fast,
Leaving the weary heart to feel
Life's sweetest hours are past?
And flinging o'er the fairy land
That bloom'd, when ye were near
With light and loveliness, the mist
Of trouble, doubt, and fear.

Aye! rove, in all thine artlessness,
Along the verdant mead.
And gather wild-flowers, springing thick,
Beneath thine infant tread;
And take thy fill of blameless glee,
For soon 'twill pass away;
I, too, will leave my cares awhile,
To watch thy merry play.

Blackwood's Mag.

A LAMENT.

(*From Fraser's Magazine.*)

When the dawn of youth was round me,
And the future shining fair,
One fond dream of pure love bound me,—
Now 'tis past, and I despair!
Though I bring no mournful token,
And with tearless grief deplore,
Well I know my heart is broken—
Still it loves, but hopes no more!
Like the tree, in storm unfolding
Buds that slept when skies were clear,

Was my love, its voice withholding,
 Till my day of life grew drear ;
 Fervent vows were all unspoken,
 Hush'd within my deep heart's core ;
 Now I know that heart is broken—
 Still it loves, but hopes no more !
 In the hour of lonely feeling,
 When I shun the cold and rain,
 Then, ah ! then, a bright revealing
 Seems to smile away my pain !
 Fancy's gift—delusive giver !—
 What is all her spells restore ?
 Sunlight on a frozen river—
 Still it shines, but warms no more !

GLEANINGS.

HONESTY IN HUMBLE LIFE.

At a fair in the town of Keith, in the north of Scotland, in the year 1767, a merchant having lost his pocket book, which contained about £100. sterling, advertised it next day, offering a reward of £20. to the finder. It was immediately brought to him by a countryman, who desired him to examine it; the owner finding it in the same state as when he lost it, paid down the reward; but the man declined it, alleging it was too much; he then offered him £15., then £10., then £5. all of which he successively refused. Being at last desired to make his own demand, he asked only five shillings, to drink his health, which was most thankfully given.

JEWEL OF A GOVERNESS.

A Scotch paper contains the following advertisement:—GOVERNESS.—Wanted a young lady competent to teach the continental languages, music, and dancing, and who understands the management of a dairy and the breeding of all kinds of poultry.

HOW TO PLEASE YOUR FRIENDS.

Go to India, stay there twenty years, work hard, get money, save it, come home—bring with you a store of wealth, and a diseased liver, visit your friends, make a will, provide for them all—then die. What a prudent, good, generous, kind-hearted soul you will be !

AERIAL VOYAGE OF A DOG.

The subjects of the first experiments with the parachute were naturally inferior animals. On the 26th of August, M. Blanchard dropped a dog suspended from a parachute, from the altitude of six thousand feet above the surface of the earth. A whirlwind interrupted its descent, and carried it above the clouds. The aeronaut soon after met the parachute again; the

dog recognised its master, and expressed his uneasiness and solicitude by barking; another current of air, however, carried him off, and he was lost sight of. The parachute with the dog descended soon after the aeronaut in safety.—*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

HUMOUROUS ANECDOTE OF AN ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGE.

Sir E. Nagle, who died the other day, was a great favourite with an illustrious Personage, who enjoyed his jokes as much as a celebrated Prince of the olden day did those of "Fat Jack." The gallant Knight possessed an excellent disposition, combined with the rough but honest bluntness of a British seaman, the ebullitions of which were sometimes not checked even by the presence of exalted rank. Several months ago the "most finished Gentleman" in the realm, in order to perplex and excite Sir Edmund, gave private orders to have, amongst other dishes, a roasted leg of Bagshot mutton brought to the table directing, however, that it should be pierced in almost every direction by small skewers, but so placed that they should not be seen externally. The dish was accordingly laid on the table, and "a cut" was requested by the lord of the feast. Sir Edmund introduced his knife, and the ineffectual endeavours to extract a slice, coupled with the carver's expletives, produced such roars of laughter as have not for several months past been heard in the princely retirement of Windsor's Royal Forest.

CHARLES THE FIFTH.

One day observed to an ambassador of Henry the Eighth, King of England; "Your master would not give himself the airs he does, were it not for the herring-pond that surrounds his dominions."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following have been received:—H. J. F——m. R. G. W. R. C. Brownell and S. W. Linstead. Are the pieces of the two last original? We should be glad if S. W. Linstead would pay the postage of his next communication, or it cannot be received. We are obliged to L. for his offer, and shall be glad to avail ourselves of his services.

London: published by Sears, 29, Charterhouse Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 4.

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1831.

Price 1d.



THE ABBESS.

ORIGINAL.

“Holy Mary protect us,” cried Madeline, with a fearful countenance, “what noise is that! Our last adventure has made me quite timorous, who could it have been at that hour of the night on the Abbess’s staircase?” Were it not,” replied Ursula, “for our lady’s blameless sanctity the worst suspicions might be put upon the occurrence; but I am as ignorant of the person as yourself.

“’Twas I,” said a hollow voice, as the door opened and a tall figure arrayed in a black cloak entered. Madeline shrieked, Ursula fell upon her knees and in loud tones began repeating her paternoster and ave marias.

“How darest thou intrude upon our presence,” said Madeline, recovering from her fright, “and what is thy business?” “My business is of life and death,” replied the stranger, “take the oath I shall

offer you or by the saints I will deliver you over to the Inquisition.” “To the Inquisition! for what?” said Ursula, rising from her knees, and staring with astonishment. “That you will have to learn,” returned the stranger, “but without you take the most solemn oath not discover to any one my visits to the convent, my word shall be kept.”

Madeline and Ursula demurred some time, but at last, in an evil moment, consented. “Swear by all you hold most sacred you will keep your promise.” They took the required oath and the stranger departed, the nuns following him with their eyes till he was lost in the midnight gloom. After his departure they again conjectured who this mysterious being was.

“And,” said Madeline, “how could he get admittance to the convent without a key, the gates are locked every night, do

you think his visits are to the Abbess?" "God knows," replied Ursula, "the staircase we saw him upon led to no other apartment but hers. Suppose, Madeline you go up and inquire if she called, you may then be able to discover something."

Madeline agreed to this proposal, and with a light step ascended the staircase—the door was ajar and she entered—the Abbess was upon her bed in a sweet slumber. "Did you call, madam?" no answer was returned; Madeline again repeated the question, but received no reply. "Jesu!" she exclaimed in affright, "this is surely some diabolical contrivance," and with a heavy heart returned to Ursula.

"What news?" said she with an anxious countenance. "Alas!" replied Madeline, "we have certainly done wrong in taking that oath. I fear some mischief is afloat against our holy mother, she was so soundly asleep I could not awaken her. God preserve her from all evil." "Amén," ejaculated Ursula, "but we will retire to rest." "To rest, but not sleep," rejoined Madeline; "who could close their eyes when they supposed our dear Abbess in danger, and by our oath we are forbidden to inform her of it."

The nuns then retired to their chamber and it is almost needless to add no sleep was obtained by either party. Early the next morning a violent knocking was heard at the portal, and the officers of the Inquisition demanded admittance.

"For what purpose am I honoured with a visit," said the Lady Abbess, as they entered the convent. "It is not the custom to inform our prisoners, and such you are, madam," said the principal officer, "but in consideration of the care you have taken of these sisters," glancing at the nuns, "I inform you, madam, you are accused of the crime of witchcraft." "By whom," said the Abbess, indignantly. "That, madam, I am not at liberty to mention," replied the officer bowing, "but we must beg leave to inspect your chamber." "Certainly," replied the Abbess, "my drawers are unlocked, but I should wish to be present." "Your request shall be complied with, if you please we will proceed."

The Abbess led the way to her room, and the search commenced. Nothing at first appeared to justify their suspicion, but the officer opening a small chest found at the top several magical books and a small ring covered with talismanic characters.

"Blessed virgin!" said the Abbess, I am ruined. Believe me I knew nothing of those books being there." "A likely story, truly," replied the officer, "come

along with us, madam, the holy fathers are the best judges in these cases. Brothers bring the books, mind the sorceress does not again possess them."

"Oh God, thou knowest my innocence," said the Abbess, with tearful eyes. "No time for nonsense, brothers seize her." "For mercy's sake be gentle," cried the Abbess, releasing herself from the rude grasp of the men who had seized her.—"Be gentle," said the officer moved by her entreaties, "but mind she does not escape." "We will be careful," they replied, and the group hastened to the Inquisition, when the Abbess was cast into a dungeon and loaded with fetters.

But she had not much time for reflection, for about three hours afterwards an officer entered and informed her the holy inquisitors were seated and wished to see her.

"Already," replied the Abbess, in surprise. "Yes, madam, for the sake of the irreproachable character you have hitherto borne they wish, as quickly as possible, to proceed with your trial; the sisters of your convent are to be present." "Thank God," said the Abbess, "I shall have some friends present." "Haste, madam, you must not keep their lordships waiting," replied the officer, hurrying his prisoner to the council room, which with a firm step she entered. The three inquisitors were seated on high chairs, and a little below them was a notary to take down whatever she might say. The nuns were placed round the room.

"Now, madam, you shall hear your accusation and endeavour to justify yourself, if possible; we have departed greatly from our general rules upon your account, especially those not allowing any person to be present, as it is but seldom we have a lady abbess accused of such a crime. One whom we should suppose from her character was the most unlikely person in the world to be guilty of witchcraft and holding converse with evil spirits."

"'Tis false!" exclaimed the Abbess, with energy, "who is my accuser." The Marquis de Ferraro stepped forward. The Abbess started as from a basilisk.

"My lady your starting is a proof of guilt," said one of the fathers, "but hear your accusation. The Marquis de Ferraro accuses Magdelene, abbess of the convent of St. Catherines, of dealing with evil spirits, as passing by the convent one evening with a friend he heard her invoke a spirit, using unlawful words, which words were heard also by his friend, she is also accused of having magical books, &c. in her possession."

The Abbess protested her innocence, and

one of the fathers proposed the Marquis should bring his friend forward, as it was no common person on trial.

"Certainly," replied the Marquis, and retiring he soon after returned with him. Madeline and Ursula instinctively started upon recognizing the stranger, but his piercing eyes were soon directed towards them, and they resumed their former situation. The fathers after receiving his deposition, and consulting in a whisper for a few minutes, informed the Abbess she would be burnt at the auto da fe which would shortly take place. At this unexpected sentence all the nuns burst into tears, the Abbess alone seemed possessed of any fortitude, and received the awful sentence with placidity. The court then broke up.

I shall not trouble my readers with describing the useless regret of Madeline and Ursula for taking the fatal oath, nor the joy of the Marquis and his accomplice at the success of their machinations, but proceed to the auto da fe. The Abbess, followed by all the nuns was conducted to the stake, (the inquisitors being, as customary, present), and after bidding them adieu without a murmur was bound to the stake, the faggots were placed around, and the fatal torch was about to be applied, when the cries of a pardon—a pardon—burst from the lips of all present. The Abbess was quickly released and conveyed to the inquisitors.

"We are extremely happy, madam, to find you are innocent," said they. The Abbess seemed like one awakened from a painful dream, at first doubting whether she heard truly. She is innocent was echoed by every tongue; but it will be necessary to inform my readers of the cause of this sudden change.

While the Abbess was being conveyed to the stake a woman appeared before the fathers, and in a tremulous voice informed them the Abbess was innocent. She said she was servant to the convent, that about two months ago a chevalier came to the gate and asked for a little water which she gave him, he pretended to have conceived a violent passion for her, and begged to be allowed to visit her; to this she at first objected, but after a little time agreed, he soon ingratiated himself into her favour and owned he was the valet of the Marquis de Ferraro, who he said had sometime ago made improper proposals to the Abbess, to which she objected and threatened to expose him; the Marquis left her in a rage and vowed revenge. He soon persuaded me to put a sleeping dose in my mistress's cordial, and to procure him a key of the convent gate, by which he might obtain

entrance at any time he wanted. He went twice into my mistress's bed room after I had given her the dose, and there, as he afterwards informed me, he left some books which would do her an injury. When I knew of her imprisonment I should have confessed had he not threatened to murder me if I did, but when I heard she was to be burnt I was determined at last to make known the injury we had done her. This holy fathers is all I have to say.

When this was made known to the Abbess she shed tears of joy, and with upraised eyes returned thanks to the Almighty for this signal protection. The Marquis and his valet were tried, found guilty, and condemned to the gallies, while the Abbess lived peaceably in her convent, and almost worshipped by the nuns, thus showing vice always meets its punishment and virtue its reward.

ELIENNE.

DEATH OF KEELDAR.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

"Up rose the sun o'er moor and mead;
Up with the sun rose Percy Rede;
Brave Keeldar, from his couples freed,
Career'd along the lea;
The palfrey sprung with sprightly bound,
As if to match the gamesome hound;
His horn the gallant huntsman wound:
They were a jovial three!

Man, hound, or horse, of higher fame,
To wake the wild deer never came,
Since Alnwick's Earl pursued the game
On Cheviot's rueful day;
Keeldar was matchless in his speed,
Than Taurus ne'er was stauncher steed,
A peerless archer Percy Rede:
And right dear friends were they.

The chase engrossed their joys and woes,
Together at the dawn they rose,
Together shared the noon's repose,
By fountain or by stream;
And oft, when evening skies were red,
The heather was their common bed,
Where each as, wildering fancy led,
Still hunted in his dream.

Now is the thrilling moment near
Of sylvan hope and sylvan fear,
Yon thicket holds the harbour'd deer,
The signs the hunters know;—
With eyes of flame, and quivering ears,
The brake sagacious Keeldar nears;
The restless palfrey paws and rears;
The archer strings his bow.

The game's afoot!—Halloo! halloo!
Hunter, and horse, and hound pursue;
But woe the shaft that erring flew—
That e'er it left the string!

And ill betide the faithless yew !
The stag hounds scatheless o'er the dew,
And gallant Keeldar's life-blood true
Has drench'd the grey-goose wing.

The noble hound—he dies, he dies !
Death, death has glazed his fixed eyes,
Stiff on the bloody heath he lies,
Without a moan or quiver.
Now day may break and bugle sound,
And whoop and hollow ring around,
And o'er his couch the stag may bound,
But Keeldar sleeps for ever.

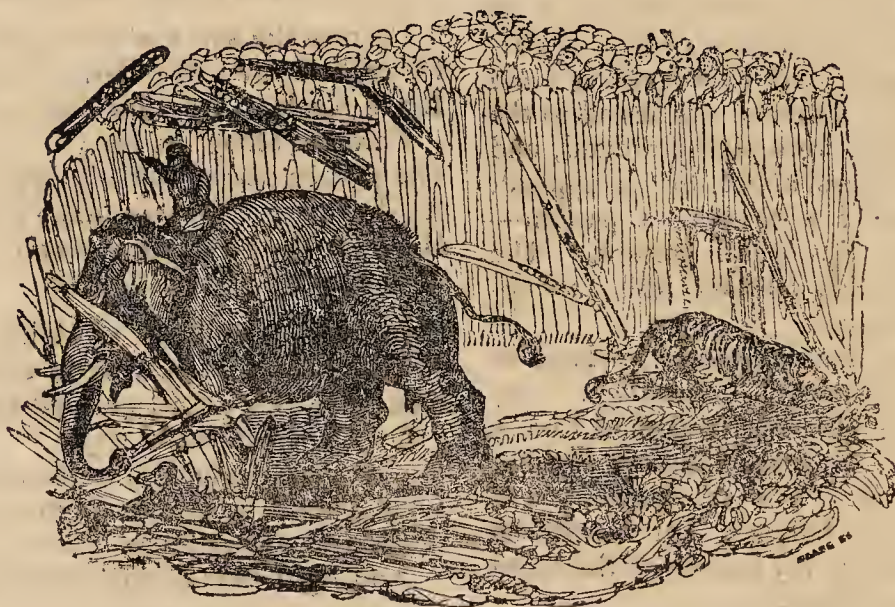
Dilated nostrils, staring eyes,
Mark the poor palfrey's mute surprise,
He knows not that his comrade dies,
Nor what is death—but still
His aspect hath expression drear
Of grief, and wonder mixed with fear,
Like startled children, when they hear
Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow,
Can well the sum of evil know,

And o'er his favourite bending low,
In speechless grief recline ;
Can think he hears the senseless clay
In unreproachful accents say,
The hand that took my life away,
Dear Master was, it thine ?

' And if it be, the shaft be bless'd,
Which sure some erring aim address'd,
Since in your service, priz'd, caress'd,
I in your service, die ;
And you may have a fleeter hound,
To match the dun deer's merry bound,
But by your couch will ne'er be found,
So true a guard as I.'

And to his last stout Percy rued
The fatal chance, for when he stood
'Gainst fearful odds in deadly feud,
And fell amid the fray,
E'en with his dying voice he cried,
' Had Keeldar but been at my side,
Your treacherous ambush had been spied.—
I had not died to day !' *Gem.*



DESCRIPTION OF A TIGER FIGHT IN INDIA.

Although the Gentoos of India are amongst the gentlest of the human race, and particularly careful not to destroy animal life, the Mahomedan natives are by no means so scrupulous, but take a delight in those ferocious sports which once formed the chief amusement of the Romans, and keep elephants, tigers, and other savage beasts, for the sake of seeing them tear each other in pieces, in an arena constructed for the purpose. The following description of one of these spectacles, will serve to give some insight into the character of a people who can take pleasure in such pastimes, reminding us in some respects of the bull, bear, and badger-baiting of our ancestors. May the progress of true religion and philosophy humanize and refine their tastes, as it has, in a degree done ours, and cause

them to prefer intellectual gratifications to the demoniacal satisfaction afforded by the rage and sufferings even of brutes !

In front of an open building or banquetting room, called Sungi Baraderi, a space about fifty feet square was inclosed by a strong bamboo railing, to secure the spectators on the outside from danger, as it not unfrequently happens that a tiger, when pressed by his antagonist, attempts to leap over the barrier amongst the people.

A tiger, which seemed, by his reluctance to leave his cage, to have a presentiment of the fate that awaited him, was at length driven from it by fire-works,—he took several turns round the arena, attentively regarding the crowd. On a buffalo being driven in, he appeared to shun the combat, and retired quietly into a corner. Re-

course was again had to fire-works to compel him to the attack, but whenever the buffalo advanced towards him, he retired and laid down. Seven other buffaloes were introduced, but nothing could overcome their reluctance to engage, and so cowardly was the tiger, that a dog which had been thrown into the arena, drove him from one corner to another by snarling at him.

On an elephant being brought forward, the tiger uttered a cry of terror, and attempted to spring over the fence. Failing in this, the elephant, urged on by his mohout or rider, made up to him, and endeavoured to crush him by kneeling on him, but the tiger by his agility avoided the danger, and ran to another part of the arena. No efforts of the mohout could induce the elephant to make a second attack; on the contrary, hastening to the gate, he forced his way through and retired, while the tiger, too much alarmed to take advantage of the opening, lay panting in a corner. A second elephant was now introduced, which made a similar attack, but with no better success, and the tiger sprang on his forehead, where he fixed by his teeth and claws. Stung with the pain of this infliction, the elephant dashed him with such violence to the ground, by a sudden jerk of his head, that he lay stunned and motionless. The former, however, did not follow up his advantages, but rushed against the barrier, lifted up the whole frame work with his tusks, loaded as it was with spectators, and made his way through the people, who fled on all sides. The tiger was too much bruised to follow.

How melancholy is it to reflect, that man appears to delight in blood and carnage. To satisfy the cravings of hunger, to secure the favours of the female, to defend their young, and to prevent encroachment on their territories, brutes will engage in sanguinary combat; but man alone tortures without provocation, and for pleasure.

THE BIRTHRIGHT.

(Continued from page 23.)

"What is your name," enquired Granby eagerly, when he had led the player to a corner of the room. "Jacob Morton." "Jacob Morton!" said the earl, with a start, "I had thought him dead years ago." "But now, my lord," replied Jacob, "you have good proof that he is not." "I have," said Granby. "Here is money—anything—but let that tongue of thine lie still."

The player seemed to consider for a moment.—"It may be the best way," he said—then addressing his lordship, "I

am poor, my Lord, but I will not receive one farthing until I have repaired the mischief I have done." "What mischief," enquired the Earl, "is there that you can repair except by leaving this place and keeping thy tongue still." "I have mentioned the place where they were married." "Ah!" exclaimed Granby, "fool that I was to let you run on at the rate you did, but I thought it was but one of those idle freaks, which you actors are so fond of playing—but by what means can you repair the mischief." "Send me, my lord," replied Jacob, "to warn the parson of the parish, lest they should ask respecting the register; or give me a letter directing him to tear the register of your uncle's marriage from his books." "Then I am safe," added Granby, "but go to my house, there wait till I come, when I will give you money and every thing necessary for your journey."

At this the player left the justice room, but Morland perceiving him called out to stop him, this request not being complied with he turned to the Justice, "Mr. Allen," he said, "I call on you to have that man, who has just left the room, recalled, he seems to know something respecting Miss Montgomery's birth." "I shall not," answered the Justice, still favouring the Earl, "for with that case I have nothing to do." "It is but justice," said the squire. "May be so," returned Allen, "but I have nothing to do with that affair, it is the duel only that I have to do with, and as I perceive there is no harm done I shall merely bind you over to keep the peace."

To this it was of no use for Morland to reply, and as soon as the bonds were signed the two opponents left the justice room.

It was some days before Morland contrived an interview with Emma.

"Morland," said she, "as the squire received her in his arms, 'so there is no chance of proving this base assertion false.' 'Emma,' returned the squire, 'do not be afraid, there is a good chance of doing so, a strolling player——'"

"Oh," said Emma, interrupting him, "I have heard all about that, but he is gone, and, it is said, bribed by Granby." "That's all very true," said Morland, "but this much we know, there is a man living who, should we ever be able to meet with him, can prove your birthright; for though Granby has bribed him, surely if he will take a bribe from one party he will do the same from another. But Emma you must be miserable in this house now you know the owner is not your father, I will venture to make a proposition to you—will you come and reside with me—I cannot

as yet offer as my wife, for my family and friends will not allow me that honour until I can prove your legitimacy—what say you Emma,” and as he concluded he imprinted a kiss on her forehead.

Emma did not answer in words but by her countenance. At this moment the door opened and Mr. Montgomery followed by the Earl of Granby entered.

“What do you here?” asked the clergyman. “I came,” answered Morland, “to fetch this young lady from your house to mine.” “Do you wish it,” said the clergyman, turning to Emma. “I do,” she answered, in a low but firm voice. I thought you were my father until within this last week, but now I find you have deceived me; her voice grew weaker towards the end of this sentence, and at the conclusion she fainted in the arms of Morland.

“You will not derive much credit from having such a person in your house,” said Montgomery to the squire, then turning to the Earl, he added, “think you he will my lord.”

“I would advise you,” Morland, “to be cautious before you do so mad a trick,” was the earl’s reply. “Earl Granby,” returned the squire, “It is of no use talking thus, you know well that she is not an illegitimate child, else why did you prevent that player from speaking the other day.”

Certain reasons, sir,” returned the Earl, which I am not obliged to inform you of, but this I say, and you may believe it or not, it is my belief she is an illegitimate daughter of my uncle’s.

“That’s the last lie you told,” said Jacob Morton as he entered.

The Earl started at the voice, “How came you here?” he asked, “did I not tell you on your return, to proceed to my house, and particularly to avoid this.”

“You did my lord,” was the answer, “but I thought my duty required me here rather than there.” “How could it, sir,” cried the exasperated Earl. “I swore,” answered the player, “at the death bed of thy uncle not only to seek his daughter, but to avow her birthright.” “Deceitful villain—then I am undone.” “Deceitful, do you call me,” returned Morton, “and is it not right to use deceit when justice cannot be performed without. By this means I have not only got the certificate of your uncle’s marriage, but a letter wherein you own to having witnessed it, and to get these it would have been impossible, without deceiving you.”

“Have you them,” exclaimed the Earl, “then I have lost all,” and with these words he rushed from the room followed by the clergyman.

“So I have found you at last,” said

Jacob Morton, turning to Emma, who had by this time recovered; “but you are weak,” he added, and then taking her from the squire, he led her to a seat, and taking one himself, he commenced, (at their request), the history of her somewhat mysterious birth.

“At the age of sixteen I was taken into the service of your father, as one of his attendants, he was then about twenty-four years of age. Some two years after this being out with him and a party of gentlemen on a hunting excursion, the whole party were suddenly stopped by a particularly high fence, but his lordship being adventurous determined to attempt the leap.

“Follow me, Jacob,” he cried, as he put spurs to his horse, and pulling up the reins he went clean over. I followed him. He had, however, reined in his horse, for in leaping his foot had caught the top bar of the gate and had sprained his ankle. He was instantly conveyed to the nearest habitation, which was a small but neat cottage, here he found a kind and sympathetic nurse; but I am not a good hand at love tales, so I shall merely tell you he was in love and the name of the lady was Emma Melmoth. To their marriage a decided negative was given by the old earl, who, I believe studied wealth more than his sons happiness, for her birth was well nigh equal to the earls, for although she was now poor she had once lived in affluent circumstances.

In a few months, however, the old earl was laid in his grave, and my master became his own master, and master of the earldom of Granby, as well as the greater part of his father’s estates, the rest went to his younger brother, the father of that cousin of yours who has just left the room. It was not long after this event before William Earl of Granby and Emma Melmoth were man and wife; they were married at Hoydon, a small village in Lancashire, and the earl’s brother and that brother’s son were present. The marriage did not please the family, and the greater part would not even own her, and at last they persuaded the earl to a separation. After this I was determined no longer to remain in the service of the earl, and as the countess wished me, I went into her service; she was provided for from the purse of the Earl, as far as that purse was able to purchase comfort, but there was but little of that for the Countess of Granby. Five months after the separation the countess was confined, and you were the offspring of that confinement, she survived but a few minutes afterwards. The news of her death, which I bore to the earl myself, grieved him so much that he left England

for the continent, and I went with him; the child was left to the care of his brother.

"We were on the continent four years, during which time his health had been gradually declining; his death came, however, more suddenly than I had expected. One night I was called into his room, he was dying, he placed a letter in my hand, 'Read that,' he said. I read it, it was from a friend, informing him there were reasons to believe his child was not taken proper care of, where it was no one knew except his brother; all that was known was that it was with some country curate. 'Jacob Morton,' said my master with his dying breath, I know no one whom I can rely on better than yourself, swear to me to seek for my child and avow her birth. I did so without the lightest hesitation, and he died happy. I immediately returned to England. I have now been sixteen years seeking you, but now having found you it repays me for my trouble.

It is unnecessary to state to the reader that the fair heroine was soon in possession of her birthright, as also that she soon became young Morland's bride; but we must not forget the strolling player, nor did she, for he was well provided for.

GOOD NIGHT.

What throbs, what pangs do rend the heart,
When in the gloom of night
Far from some earthly joy we part
To say the words, good night.

Lover, if you have parted from
What to you all was light,
Then, then you know the import of
Those sad, sad words Good night.

Or if from some dear friend you part,
No more to greet your sight;
Does not thy heart with sorrow beat,
To bid a long good night?

It does, it does, then lover, friend;
Thy path be on aright,
That you may once more meet in heaven,
No more to bid good night.—

R. G. W.

NOT DEAD, BUT SPEECHLESS.

The following singular occurrence took place at St. Thomas's Hospital;—About nine o'clock, a gentleman was passing up Fish-street-hill, and having made too free with the "sparkling glass," was unable to preserve his balance, and by some means slipped from the curb-stone, and rolled over and over till he rolled under the bellies of the leaders of a Greenwich coach that happened to be coming down the hill. The coachman pulled up his horses, and the foot passengers ran to the gentleman's as-

sistance, who to all appearance was killed; for he neither moved nor spoke a word. A shutter was procured, and on it was laid the body of the supposed lifeless man, which was borne to the Hospital. On their arrival in the surgery, the body was placed very gently on the table for inspection, and Mr. Mason, one of the dressers, promptly attended with his instruments for operation. On that gentleman being introduced to the unfortunate man, who had never spoken a syllable, to the amazement of his body-carriers, and to all around, he jumped on his legs, and d—d them all for murderers; and putting himself in a position for boxing, offered to fight the dresser for a "rump and dozen." The porters, watchmen, and other servants of the Hospital, were now called into action, and for some time the place was kept in confusion: and it was not till the young man who attends in the surgery was knocked down by the intruder, that he was kicked out at the Hospital gates.

"I live in Julia's eyes," said an affected dandy in Colman's hearing. "I don't wonder at it," replied George; "since I observed she had a *sty* in them when I saw her last."

EXTRAORDINARY MURDER.

It is the custom in Russia, to place a corpse on the night before the burial, in the church, where the priest accompanied by a chorister is obliged to pray. It once happened in a village, to the amazement of the priest, the corpse suddenly arose, came out of the coffin, and marched up to him. In vain the priest sprinkled him with holy water, he was seized, thrown to the ground, and killed. This story was related on the following morning by the terrified chorister, who had crept into a corner and concealed himself. He positively added that after having perpetrated the crime, the dead man laid himself down in the coffin again. He was really found so. Nobody could conceive how this murder could have been committed. At length after a lapse of many years it was discovered. A robber, who among many other crimes, confessed this also, had slipped in the dark into the church, put the corpse aside, and taken his place in the coffin. After perpetrating the crime, he had put every thing in order, and then retreated without being perceived. The motive of this murder was hatred to the priest, occasioned by an old quarrel.

MR. POWELL, THE COMEDIAN.

The first season (1699) the Fair Penitent was acted, Lothario, after he is killed

by Altamont in the fourth act, lies dead by proxy in the fifth, raised on a bier covered with black. Mr. Powell played Lothario, and one Warren his dresser, claimed a right of lying for his master, and performing the dead part of Lothario, which he proposed to act to the best advantage, though Powell was ignorant of the matter. The fifth act began, and went on as usual with applause; but about the middle of the distressing scene, Powel called aloud for his man Warren, who as loudly replied from the bier on the stage, "Here, Sir!" Powell (who, as we said before, was ignorant of the part his man was doing) repeated without loss of time, "Come here this moment, you son of a —, or I'll break all the bones in your skin!" Warren, who knew his hasty temper, without any reply, jumped off with all his sables about him, which unfortunately were tied fast to the handles of the bier, and dragged it after him. But this was not all; the laugh and roar began in the audience, till it frightened poor Warren so much, that, with the bier at his tail, he threw down Calista (Mrs. Barry), and overwhelmed her with the table, lamp, book, bones, together with all the lumber of the charnel-house. He tugged till he broke off his trammels, and made his escape; and the play at once ended with an immoderate fit of laughter.

LIMITED LOQUACITY.

A tradesman, who had a shop in the Old Bailey, opposite the prison, kept two parrots, for the inconvenience of his neighbours—a green disturber, and a grey. The green parrot was taught to speak when there was a knock at the street-door—the grey put in his word whenever a ring came at the bell; but they only knew two short phrases of English a piece, though they pronounced those very distinctly. The house in which these "Thebans" lived had a projecting old-fashioned front, so that the first floor could not be seen from the pavement on the same side of the way; and one day, when they were left at home by themselves, hanging out of a window, a knock came at the street door. "Who's there?" said the green parrot—in the exercise of his office. "The man with the leather!" was the reply; to which the bird answered with his farther store of language, which was "Oh, ho!" Presently the door not being opened, as he expected, the stranger knocked a second time. "Who's there?" said the green parrot again—"D—n your who's there," said the "man with the leather," "why don't you come down?" to which the parrot again made the same answer—"Oh, ho!" This response so enraged the visitor, that he dropped the

knocker, and rang furiously at the house bell; but this proceeding brought up the grey parrot, who called out in a new voice, "Go to the gate."—"To the gate?" muttered the appellant, who saw no such convenience, and moreover, imagined that the servants were bantering him, "What gate?" cried he, getting out into the kennel, that he might have the advantage of seeing his interlocutor—"New-gate," rejoined the grey parrot—just at the moment when his species was discovered.

HONESTY AND LIBERALITY.

A British seamen, who returned from France, received £65. for his pay. In proceeding to the tap-house in Plymouth dock-yard, with his money enclosed in a bundle, he dropped it, without immediately discovering his loss. When he missed it, he sallied forth in search of it; after some enquiries he fortunately, met J. Prout, a labourer in the yard, who had found the bundle, and gladly returned it. Jack, no less generous than the other was honest, instantly proposed to Prout to accept half, then £20., both of which he magnanimously refused. Ten pounds, next five, were tendered, with a similar result. At length, Jack determined that his benefactor should have some token of his gratitude, forced a £2. note into Prout's pocket.

Traits of character like these, would reflect honour on any class of life.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter by Elienne arrived too late for an answer; we should not have inserted it for it pleads somewhat of poverty, which we do not labour under, neither do we wish to appear to do so. We cannot but say we should be glad to hear from the Correspondent he mentions, but at the same time our private resources being great we can do very well without them. We have received the selection from L. and cannot but feel obliged to him. We are also obliged to J. W. Linstead for his advice; his article, just received, we think would not suit the generality of our readers. We wish to see the continuation of a tale by B. G—n. Ethelwulf, by J. A. Mobbs, does not suit us, we shall however be glad to hear from him again. H. J—r, G. W. and C. J. Jordan have been received.

No letters are received without the postage is paid, consequently we have refused several.

London: published by Sears, 29, Charterhouse Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES

No. 5.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1831.

Price 1d.



THE RESCUE.

The hall was lofty, sculptured round with armorial devices, and hung with gaily-embroidered banners, which waved in the wind streaming from the crannies in windows which had suffered some delapidation from the hand of time. Minstrel harps rang throughout the wide apartment, and a board well covered with smoking viands—haunches of the red deer, bustards, cranes, quarters of mutton, pasties, the grinning heads of wild boars,—and flanked with flagons of wine, and tankards of foaming ale, sat King Stephen, surrounded by the flower of the Norman nobles, whose voices had placed him on the English throne. In the midst of the feast, the jovial glee of the wassailers was interrupted by the entrance of a page, who, forcing his way through the yeomen and

lacqueys crowding at the door, flew with breathless haste to the feet of the king, and falling down on his knees, in faltering accents delivered the message with which he had been intrusted. “Up, gallants,” exclaimed the martial monarch, “don your harness, and ride as lightly as you may to the relief of the Countess of Clare, she lies in peril of her life and honour, beleaguered by a rabble of unnurtured Welsh savages, who, lacking respect for beauty, have directed their arms against a woman. Swollen with vain pride at their late victory, (the fiend hang the coward loons who fled before them,) they have sworn to make this noble lady serve them barefoot in their camp. By St. Dennis and my good sword—were I not hampered by this pestilent invasion of the Scots, I would desire no bet-

ter pastime than to drive the ill-conditioned serfs howling from the walls. Say, who amongst you will undertake the enterprise?

—What, all silent? are ye knights? are ye men? do I reign over christian warriors, valiant captains who have been sworn to protect beauty in distress; or are ye like the graceless dogs of Mahomed, insensible to female honour?" "My ranks are wonderous scant," returned Milo Fitzwalter, "I may not reckon twenty men at arms in the whole train, and varlets have I none; but it boots not to number spears when danger presses; so to horse and away. Beshrew me, were it the termagrant Queen Maud herself, I'd do my best to rescue her in this extremity." "Thou art a true knight, Fitzwalter," replied the king, "and wilt prosper: the Saint's benison be with thee, for thou must speed on this errand with such tall men as thou canst muster of thine own proper followers: the Scots, whom the devil confound, leave me too much work, to spare a single lance from mine own array. We will drink to thy success, and to the health of the fair countess, in a flask of the right Bourdeaux: and tell the lady that thy monarch grudges thee this glorious deed; for by halidom, an thou winnest her unscathed from the hands of these Welsh churls, thou wilt merit a niche beside the most renowned of Charlemagne's paladins."

Fitzwalter made no answer, but he armed in haste, and, leaping into his saddle, gave the spur to his gallant steed, and followed by his esquires and men at arms, rested not either night or day, until he reached the marches of Wales. The lions of England still proudly flying over the castle walls, assured him that the countess had been enabled to hold out against the savage horde, who surrounded it on all sides. The besiegers set up a furious yell as the knight and his party approached their encampment. Half naked, their eyes glaring wildly from beneath a mass of yellow hair, and scantily armed with the rudest species of offensive and defensive weapons, their numbers alone made them terrible; and had the castle been manned and victualled, it might have long defied their utmost strength. Drawing their falchions, the knight and his party keeping closely together, and thus forming an impenetrable wedge, cut their desperate path through the fierce swarm of opposing foes, who, like incarnate demons, rushed to the onslaught, and fell in heaps before the biting steel of these experienced soldiers. Pressing forward with unyielding bravery, Fitzwalter won the castle walls; whence, with the assistance of such aid as the living spectres on the battle-

ments could give, he beat back the Welsh host, and in another quarter of an hour, having dispersed the enemy with frightful loss, gained free entrance to the castle. Feeble was the shout of triumph which welcomed Fitzwalter and his brave companions; the corpses of the unburied dead lay strewed upon the pavement; the heroic countess, and her attendant damsels, clad in the armour of the slain, weakened by famine, and hopeless of succour, yet still striving to deceive the besiegers by the display of living warriors, by this stratagem retarded the assault which they could not repel. Fitzwalter took advantage of the darkness of the night, and the panic of the Welshmen, to withdraw from a fortress which was destitute of all the implements of war; and with the rescued ladies mounted behind them, the brave band returned to the court of King Stephen; and the charms of the fair one, and the valour of her chivalric defender, formed the theme of the minstrel in every knightly hall and lady's bower throughout Christendom.

THE BRITISH OFFICER AND HIS SLAVE.

"Is the heart of a slave inaccessible to the better feelings of humanity, which characterise the educated European? Is his heart devoid of gratitude, and are his feelings so utterly degraded by his servile condition, as to admit of no improvement? Is his conscience at all times so dead as to render severity a mere exercise of indispensable duty, and convert indulgence into a crime? Is it quite impossible to command the service which is prompted by affection, or the fidelity which gratitude secures; and is the soul of the Negro a stranger alike to sense and sensibility? Let us think of him as he is!—Born to hold a contemptible station in society, cruelly treated by his fellow men, and (generally speaking) destitute, alas! of religious advantages, the qualities which in human nature excite our admiration, or command our respect, are rarely drawn forth. The slave rises to his task, and performs the routine of manual labour without one mental sensation, save that of *endurance*! Yet even amidst the most abject of their race, the traces of divine origin are not so effectually obliterated by their hapless lot, as to leave no vestige of moral worth. There are instances where the feelings of the heart seem to hold a strong and almost sacred influence over the actions, and which whisper to the master that nature has made the slave his brother, and that mercy, judiciously administered, may have its own reward, even in the love and devotion of a hireling.

“The following anecdote may, perhaps, prove that ‘black men have souls,’ and that gratitude may be excited even where the mind has been untutored and the principles unrestrained.

“George Saville was a young lieutenant in the service of the Hon. East India Company, and his regiment, in the year 1823, was stationed at Benares, one of the finest and most ancient cities on the banks of the Ganges. He had early left his native land, and had not yet attained his twentieth year; but his figure was manly, his address frank and open, and his countenance and manners seemed to excite admiration before his character was sufficiently known to command respect. He gloried in his profession, and turning aside from the habits of expense and dissipation which tainted the character of some of his companions, he pressed forward to attain the two first objects of his earthly ambition—military distinction and honourable independence. It was on a sultry evening in June, that Saville, somewhat earlier than usual, quitted the mess table, and sauntered towards his own habitation. His way lay by the skirts of a deep wood, and he was diverted from his purpose of immediate return by hearing the sweet notes of the bulbul. He entered the wood, and leaning against a tree, listened for a while to the melody of the lovely songstress. It recalled to his mind the dear scenes of England, and the summer evenings when he wandered in the plantations of his own home, and heard the tones of a nightingale, which was there a rare but welcome visitant. His train of thought was not unmingled with regret, when he was suddenly roused from his reverie by hearing a rustling among the trees near him. The shades of twilight scarcely enabled him to distinguish any object correctly, but he fancied that amidst the foliage he descried the figure of a man bending towards the ground. He advanced: the long thick grass prevented his footsteps from being heard, and he immediately recognised the person of a slave—one of his own domestic servants.

“The man was busily engaged in digging a deep hole or pit; and unconscious that any one was near him, he diligently pursued his occupation. Saville paused for a moment, and then slightly touching the shoulder of the Slave with his cane, he was about to enquire the purport of his labour—when the Slave turned round, and on beholding his master, uttered a long and piercing cry. He would have instantly fled, but the young officer sprang forward and detained him by a grasp so firm and decided, that the Slave made no further resistance. He trembled—his swarthy counte-

nance betrayed the strong emotions of his mind—dismay and confusion were succeeded by shame and comparative calmness. He neither spoke nor moved; but still retaining the position into which the sudden attack of Saville had forced him, he looked down, and seemed to await his master’s will,

“‘Brashnah!’ said Saville, ‘why are you here? Speak instantly, and answer truly;’ but Brashnah made no answer;—he turned his eyes upon the pit, and then upon his master, with an expression of fear, almost amounting to despair. Saville was at a loss to account for conduct so singular and unexpected; but resolving to obtain the information he sought, he spoke in a more decisive tone,—‘I demand of you to say why you are here—and for what purpose is that pit. Your designs are evil—your fear has betrayed your guilt. Speak quickly and faithfully, and you will find me lenient;—tell me a falsehood, and there shall be no mercy in your punishment. Brashnah gazed intently on the young officer, as if calculating the effect of what he was about to utter, and then, after a momentary struggle, said,—

“‘I meant this night to rob you; to carry away your canteen and conceal it here. This is my crime, and I am ready to endure my punishment. Sahib! I have spoken the truth, and I have nothing more to add.’

“Saville looked down on Brashnah with astonishment. He suspected evil, but its reality shocked him, and he had demanded a confession, which he calculated upon being deceptive, if not altogether false. The fault was flagrant, but the avowal was explicit, and he reflected a moment on the course he should pursue. The instances of treachery and deceit which he had heard, flashed at once upon his mind, and he felt that individual mercy was frequently a public injury; but Saville saw the slave at his feet, unresisting, and in silence awaiting his doom. The kindly feelings of his own generous nature pleaded for the culprit before him, and he bade Brashnah follow him.

“Any effort to escape now,” added Saville, “must be fatal to you. Implicit obedience alone can save you from the full extent of your punishment;” and, on uttering these words, he permitted the slave to rise, and they left the wood in silence.

“On reaching his habitation, Saville made a sign for the slave to enter with him—bade him place his writing materials on the table, and wait his further orders. Brashnah obeyed, and, in a few minutes, the young officer summoned him to his side. He read aloud the paper he had been writing, and it was an order for the

execution of the law upon a slave guilty of theft. The countenance of the slave fell ; despair seemed to take possession of his mind, and agony was pictured on his every feature. He eyed his master with intense anxiety, as if his life hung upon the turn of Saville's countenance, but no exclamation escaped his lips. Again the master commanded his slave to follow him, and Brashnah soon discovered that they were not going towards the cantonments as he feared and expected, but that by a more direct road they were approaching the wood they had previously quitted, and, in a few minutes, they were again at the spot which had witnessed their first meeting.

"Saville held in one hand the paper before mentioned, and placing the other firmly on the shoulder of the slave, he said, 'Brashnah ! you know the punishment that awaits your crime ; I promised that mercy should be the consequence of a faithful confession, and I have reason to believe you have given it to me. I would make trial of your gratitude, and in saving you from disgrace in your caste, I shall look for fidelity and honest service as the only thanks I claim ; and if ever in an evil moment your heart again prompts the commission of so foul a deed, think on this evening and the act of mercy which now rescues you from dreadful suffering.' Thus saying, he tore the fatal order, and casting the fragments into the pit, before the eyes of Brashnah, he added,—'Fill up this pit, and never at any moment of your life forget the purpose for which you designed it ; and that instead of your master's silver, he caused you to bury in oblivion your own condemnation.' The young officer, at a glance, saw the feeling which prompted Brashnah to cast himself at his master's feet, and breaking away from the prostrate slave, he turned away and immediately left the wood.

"The spring of 1824 saw Saville stretched on the bed of sickness. The bloom had forsaken his youthful cheek, and his fevered brow and wasted form told the progress of disease. He was fading beneath the scorching influence of an Indian sun, and he soon felt that he must for a time abandon his military duties, and seek the restoration of his health in his native country. He obtained a medical certificate for the purpose, made arrangements for returning to Calcutta, and dismissing all his servants, embarked in a budgerow, which was to convey him down the river. He was engaged in reading, the first evening after he left Benares, when the curtain which formed one end of his cabin was drawn aside, and Brashnah stood before the couch of his master.

" 'Sahib ! do not send me away,' said the slave ; 'suffer me only to attend you, and I shall be satisfied ; I want no pay ; I only seek to watch you, to wait upon you, and to nurse you. Be merciful once more,' he added, 'and refuse not my poor service, for it is all I have to offer.' Saville was touched by the attachment of his slave, and readily granted the favour for which he pleaded. The attention of Brashnah to his master was unremitting. He watched his eye, and anticipated his wishes. Exhausted by pain and suffering, Saville would frequently lie for many hours almost in a state of insensibility, but his eyes always opened on the figure of his devoted attendant, who stood over him, gently fanning him, ready to administer his medicine, or, with some grateful liquid, to moisten the parched lips of the youthful sufferer. When the vessel approached the banks of the river, Brashnah would swim on shore, and gathering the reeds that grow on the banks, he would place them on the window, and by continually keeping them wet, they at once excluded the burning rays of the sun, and cooled the air of his master's cabin. He scarcely allowed himself necessary repose, and his very sleep seemed not to prevent his watchfulness, for on the slightest movement of his master he was awake and by his side. He would listen for his voice, and with almost feminine tenderness, he paid those thousand nameless attentions which illness requires, which the invalid alone can justly appreciate, which love commands, and which wealth cannot purchase. Arrived at Calcutta, Saville found an East Indiaman under sail for England, and he took his passage, and prepared to go on board in a few days. The day previous to his embarkation, Brashnah earnestly besought his master to allow him to accompany him to England, but this request could not be granted. Saville wrote to a brother officer on behalf of his faithful servant, and commended him to his care during his absence, but Brashnah was silent when Saville placed the letter in his hands, and seemed as if he longed for something more.

" 'Can I do any thing more for you ?' said Saville, as the slave accompanied him in the boat which was taking him to the ship. Have you any thing more to ask me ?

" 'Sahib,' said Brashnah, 'I would ask of you, that when you return I may serve you again, and may be allowed by the gentleman to whom you are sending me, to come here and meet you. I shall find no master like you ; and I shall not serve another well, because my mind will be in England.'

"The little boat came alongside of the vessel, and Brashnah looked as if a long dreaded hour had arrived. He made no effort to speak, but he groaned as he saw his master's baggage hoisted on deck, and for the first time in his life he wept. In an agony of grief, throwing himself between Saville and his new attendants, he seemed abandoned to despair. Saville soothed him

with the prospect of his speedy return, and taking an affectionate leave of the grateful Brashnah, he stood on the deck of the vessel, and not unmoved watched the disappearance of the boat, which contained—*A Slave*, whose heart was capable of the strongest attachment, and in whom *Mercy* had produced *Fidelity* and *Gratitude*."

Juvenile Keepsake.



SHAKESPEARE'S CLIFF.

The beautiful description that Shakespeare has given of the tremendous cliff which rears its bold head on the south-west side of Dover Harbour, excites a high degree of interest in the breast of every admirer of that poet. True it is, that though lofty and commanding in its elevation, it rather falls short of the idea formed of it from the magnificent picture drawn by the dramatic bard, yet its features bears a sufficient resemblance to raise in the mind the most sublime and pleasing emotions, while standing on its dizzy brink and surveying the deep below.

Crows and choughs still wing the mid-way air—samphire is still gathered in its crevices, and fisherman still walk upon the beach—but they do not appear quite so diminutive as beetles or mice, though much smaller than their natural size.

The tragedy of Lear, in which this fine description occurs, is not the creature of Shakespeare's imagination, but the story is collected from Geoffery of Monmouth, Sidney's *Arcadia*, and the "*Mirror of Magistrates*." It is, however, much altered in the drama, and the most interesting and affecting series of events arises from a dull and uninteresting original.

In the Welsh story, Cordelia is repre-

sented as having retired to Paris, whither Lear likewise repaired after his base dismissal by Goneril and Regan. On hearing of his approach with only a single knight, this dutiful daughter hastened to furnish him with a retinue worthy of his dignity.

On his arrival he solicits an interview with the French king Agarippus, whom he prevails upon to assist him with his forces in the recovery of his kingdom: Cordelia accompanies her father in this enterprize: the Prince of Scotland and the Prince of Cornwall, the husbands of his ungrateful daughters, bravely oppose the invaders, but are defeated and driven out of the island.

During the life of Lear, Britain remained in peace and tranquility; on his decease, Cordelia took the reins of government, and for five years reigned unmolested. In the sixth year her dominions were invaded by her two nephews, the sons of the Princes of Scotland and Cornwall, and, after many bloody conflicts, she was taken captive and confined in prison. Here, reflecting on her former grandeur, and that no hope remained of her restoration to liberty and the throne, she stabbed herself and expired.

A SCENE OF EVERY DAY OCCURRENCE.

BY S. C. HALL.

It was in the gay, happy, and flourishing metropolis of England—the great, the wealthy and the free—it was within the walls of a city, in which *strangers* by hundreds, nay by thousands, even at the very moment, were receiving their daily food, dealt out to them by a generous and liberal hand—that the circumstance recorded took place. The story, when written, must appear more like the creation of fancy, than the unvarnished recital of a fact: but an hour's walk may afford abundant proof, how weak and ineffective is the language in which it is described, and how far more fearful is the sight than the detail of human suffering.

A few evenings ago, a young woman, whose age might be about sixteen, entered the shop of a baker, in one of the principal streets of Spitalfields, and asked, in the name of a person who dealt regularly at the shop, for two loaves of bread. They were, of course, readily given; but were received in a manner so peculiar, as to excite the suspicion of the baker, who, on narrowly questioning the conscience-stricken girl, at once ascertained that she was not the messenger of the customer by whom she professed to have been sent. She was immediately given into the custody of a constable, and taken to the watch-house. When the charge was made, she uttered no word, but looked the very picture of misery without hope—and as she was led, or it may be said, dragged along the streets, a few occasional but deep sobs were the only tokens that she was at all conscious of, or caring for, the disgraceful situation in which she stood; but when the creaking door of the temporary prison had closed upon her, she sunk upon the clay floor, and wept and screamed as if her heart was breaking. “It was want,” she would exclaim at intervals—“want! want! my father and mother are starving!” and it was with difficulty the constable could loosen her firm grasp of his cloak, and leave the wretched girl to the most dreary of all solitudes—dreary even to the hardened in guilt. He had, however, learnt the address of her parents; and as he bent his way homewards, he called to mind the few afflicting words she had uttered—the scanty clothing that covered her limbs—and the wild agony of her looks as she gazed upon him, while the tears fell rapidly down her very pale cheeks. “Her story may be true,” thought he; “in this miserable district God knows what may have happened;” and as he recollected the place in which she had informed him her parents dwelt,

“I will even go,” he continued, “and see if she has told me the truth.” From his own scanty cupboard he took some bread and broken meat, and sought out the miserable dwelling. It was indeed, miserable; poverty and disease appeared as if written on the very door; as he knocked, a hollow voice, that seemed the echo of the sound, replied, and he entered.

A man about the middle age, wrapped in a kind of rug, his hair matted, his beard long, and his bloodshot eyes sunk in his head, was leaning against a weaver's loom, in one corner of the miserable apartment: in another corner lay a woman among some filthy straw; a torn blanket was thrown over her, and at her feet, sharing the same scanty covering, were three children, who appeared more like corpses laid there for the grave, than living beings in the spring of life. The woman drew the blanket more closely round her as the stranger entered—the action deprived the children of their share, and the man saw that they were perfectly naked. The room contained no furniture of any kind, and in the grate there had evidently been no fire for many days.

“The poor young creature's story, then, was true,” thought their visitor; “but it is my duty to ask them some questions.” The man, on being addressed, threw open the rug in which he was wrapped, and showed that there was no clothing over his wasted limbs; but the bones seemed ready to break, at a single motion, through the yellow skin that covered them; and he spoke in a broken voice, and said that it was two days since he or his family had tasted food.

How happy was the benevolent man that he had brought something with him wherewith to satisfy their present hunger! He drew out the bread and pieces of broken meat; and it was with horror he saw them ravenously devoured by the woman and children, among whom they were divided.

The tears were falling from his eyes as he listened to the brief story of their sufferings;—the man and his family had been driven by distress to sell or pawn every article in their possession—one by one, the garments of himself, his wife, and children had gone, and they had no prospect but that of perishing. He was a native of Coventry, and the distress there had driven them to London, where greater distress soon overtook them.

“And are these all your children?” inquired the constable.

“No, Sir,” was the reply; “we have another daughter.”

“Where is she?”

“She told us, about an hour ago, that she had met a kind lady who promised her

some bread ; and she is gone to try and see her."

The constable told them in brief terms of the melancholy situation in which the daughter stood.

And, oh ! to see the withering look of the wretched mother, as she leapt from the straw, forgetful of the common calls of decency, and to hear her agonizing scream, as she caught the man's arm, exclaiming, " My child, my child ! " and to think of the flushed cheek of the father, as he eagerly seized the man's shoulder, and with a wild incredulous stare, asked what he said ;—or the wailing of the younger children, as they gathered round the group, scarcely conscious of what was meant, but terrified at the wild screams and wilder looks of their parents ? Let us draw such a picture of our own dear happy prosperous homes, for a moment, and how our hearts will sink within us—how the brain will throb, and how the hand will tremble, as the lips utter the words " Merciful God forbid ? "

Their visitor was in tears, but he sobbed forth a few words of consolation, and assured them that he would tell the magistrate in the morning all he had himself seen.

He left the wretched dwelling still more wretched ;—Want and Misery had been long their inmates, and now Shame was come to take up with them his abode : they endeavoured to pray ; but had their prayers been heard, they would have appeared more like revilings, than the outpourings of trusting and patient sufferers.—What could they do ? they asked each other through the long and sleepless night,—they could not go, naked as they were, to see their daughter, or to pray that she might be restored to their miserable hovel ;—they pictured her to their imagination, jaded as it was by hunger and want of rest, as perishing by her own hand, in the filthy hole to which the hand of justice had dragged her—and in the depth of their despair, they prayed that when the morning brought the news to their wretched dwelling, their ears might be stopped by death. In moments of the most utter hopelessness, the mother did counsel her husband to destroy her and her children, as they lay there among the straw ; and she told him that the deed would be easily done, for already was the breath failing them. He hesitated ; and the hideous glare of his eyes, and the movements of his long bony fingers, told that had he been further pressed to do the deed, it would have been done. The heaving of his breast, as he heavily drew in his breath, and with the same action loosened the tongue that cleaved to the roof of

his mouth, told plainly of the agonizing struggle that was passing within. He gave one yell, as if his brain had burst, and lay senseless on the ground. When he was roused from his fit, the wife was standing over him—her face all bruised with the blows her own hands had inflicted in her madness ; and one of her children, a very babe, lay stretched along the wall, against which, in phrenzy she had cast it.

The morning had been some hours gone, and there they lay gazing, with almost insane looks, upon one another ; when the door suddenly opened, and the daughter rushed into the room, bearing a large and apparently heavy, bundle, which fell from her arms when she beheld the hideous glare of her parents' eyes as they turned towards her.

" Oh, father, father ! Oh, mother, mother ! " said she, as she shook them both ; " see, see, God is good, and there are good men !—I have brought food and money—food and money--food and money--see, see ! "

For many minutes her efforts to arouse them from their stupor were vain : at length though very gradually, they were made to understand what had taken place ; and as they pressed their arms around their daughter's neck, and wept over her bosom, their senses came back, and the call of nature was heard and answered.

The girl had been followed by the kind constables wife, on whose lap lay the little innocent, whom the mother had nearly killed in her madness, and she was cautiously giving nourishing food to the other children. In a few moments they were all partaking of the relief that had been brought.

A very few words will tell what remains of their story. When the wretched girl was brought before the magistrate in the morning, the good constable was present in the office, and in his own plain but powerful language, he described the state in which her famishing parents and their children had been found ;—a subscription was immediately entered into ; the circumstance was made public ; the poor girl was not only dismissed, but she bore with her sufficient to relieve their immediate wants—and money was soon supplied to them by those who never turn a deaf ear to the call of the suffering. They are now living on the same spot ; but at ease, and in comfort,—by the labour of their hands.

THE DEVIL AND DR. FAUSTUS.

Mr. D'Israeli says, " the tradition of the Devil and Dr. Faustus was derived from the odd circumstance in which the Bibles of the first printer, Fust (or Faust) appeared

to the world. When he had discovered this new art, and printed off a considerable number of the Bible to imitate those which were commonly sold in manuscript, he undertook the sale of them at Paris. It was his interest to conceal this discovery, and to pass off his printed copies for manuscripts. But as he was enabled to sell his Bibles at 60 crowns, while the other scribes demanded 500; this created universal astonishment; and still more when he produced copies as fast as they were wanted, and even lowered his price. This made a great sensation at Paris. The uniformity of the copies increased the wonder. Informations were given in to the magistrates against him, as a magician: his lodgings were searched, and a great number of copies being found they were seized. The red ink,—and Fust's red ink is peculiarly brilliant,—which embellished his copies, was said to be his blood; and it was solemnly adjudged that he was in league with the Devil! Fust was at length obliged, to save himself from a bon-fire, to discover his art to the Parliament of Paris, who discharged him from all prosecution in consideration of his useful invention."

THE FAIR SEX.

When Eve brought *woe* to all mankind,
Old Adam called her *wo-man*;
But when she *woo'd* with love so kind,
He then pronounced it *woo-man*:
But now with folly and with pride,
Their husbands' pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of *whims*,
That people call them, *whim-men*.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last Rose of Summer left blooming
alone,
All her lovely companions are faded and
gone;
No flower of her kindred, no rosebud is
nigh,
To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh
for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem,
Find the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle,
When the gems drop away.

When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

GLEANINGS.

At the Coronation of George IV. a gentleman paid six Guineas for a seat in Westminster Abbey. The instant the King entered, he turned to a friend beside him and protested he was the greatest fool in Britain "Indeed" said his Friend "how so?" "Why I have paid six Guineas for a seat here when his Majesty comes in for a Crown."

Haller, the great physician, seems to have been making his very latest sensation, and the final struggle of his body, subjects of professional experiments and curiosity.—"My friend," said he, to his medical attendant, "the artery no longer beats,"—and expired. Few people, perhaps, have lived to announce such a fact of their own system.

An Irish gentleman at cards, having, on inspection, found the pool deficient exclaimed—"Here's a shilling short, who put it in?"

An Irishman was brought before a bailiff at Ipswich, on a charge of having *six wives*! The bailiff asked him how he could be so hardened a villain, as to delude so many? "Please your worship," says Pat, "I was only trying to get at a *good* one."

A young man who was being lately examined by the minister of Chelsea, prior to the confirmation, was asked, among other questions, "Who is the meditator between Almighty God and his people?" after a pause and scratching his head, replied, "The archbishop of Canterbury!!!" A roar of laughter followed, the minister covered his face with his book, and turned away to catechize some other person.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Indians Revenge, by Hans Busk, jun. will be inserted in No. 7. The piece by W. G. S——y, will not be inserted. The following are received:—Paul Pry; Constans; Lector; G. E. D. and R. G. W.

London: published by Sears, 29, Charterhouse Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 6.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1831.

Price 1d.



MANDINGO MARRIAGES.

In the Mandingo countries, there is a mosque in every town, from the steeple of which the people are called to prayers, as in Turkey.

Polygamy in these regions is practised in its utmost latitude. The women are frequently hostages for alliance and peace : and the chiefs of two tribes who have been at war, cement their treaties by an exchange of their daughters : private individuals do the same ; and this circumstance may be the reason why the chiefs in particular have such a great number of women.

A girl is frequently betrothed to a man as soon as she is born. Among the Suzees, the child remains with the mother till a proper age ; which, however, is determi-

ned more by the progress of nature, than by the revolution of a certain time : they are then definitively delivered over to the husband. On the day agreed on for the marriage, the bridegroom places on the road which the bride has to pass, several of his people, at different distances, with brandy and other refreshments ; for if these articles be not furnished in abundance, the conductors of the bride will not advance a step further, though they may even have come three fourths of their journey. On approaching the town, they stop, and are joined by the friends of the bridegroom, who testify their joy by shouting, drinking, and firing their guns. At this period, an old woman takes the girl on her shoulders,

and the attendants cover her with a fine veil ; for, from that moment, till the consummation of the marriage, no man must see her face. Mats are now spread before the old woman, who must not on any account touch the ground with her feet. In this manner the bride is conveyed to the house of her husband, followed by the friends of both families, singing, dancing, and firing off their muskets. Towards evening, the husband comes into the apartment of his young wife. If he has reason to suspect that some mortal has been more happy than he is likely to be, he leaves her immediately, and this circumstance is no sooner known amongst the friends who have conducted her to him, than they all hasten out from the sight of the observers, crying and howling with shame and confusion. If, on the other hand, things are found as they ought to be, he remains with her the whole night : the friends then rejoice, and next day carry in procession the proofs of her virginity, according to the laws of Moses. In both cases, however, the husband may keep the young girl ; but if he should send her back, he is obliged to give up all that she has brought him.

LETTER FROM MISS AMELIA JANE MORTIMER, LONDON : TO SIR HENRY CLIFTON, PARIS.

From New Monthly Magazine, March, 1830.

DEAR HARRY,

You owe me a letter,
Nay, I really believe it is two ;
But to make you still farther my debtor,
I send you this brief *billet-deux*.

The shock was so great when we parted
I can't overcome my regret ;

At first I was quite broken hearted,
And have never recover'd it yet.

I have scarcely been out to a party,
But have sent an excuse, or been ill ;
I have play'd but three times at *écarté*,
And danced but a single quadrille !

And then I was sad, for my heart ne'er
One moment ceased thinking of thee ;
I'd a handsome young man for my partner,
And a handsomer still *vis à vis*.

But I had such a pain in my forehead,
And felt so ennuied and so tired ;
I must have look'd perfectly horrid,

Yet they say I was really admired !
You'll smile,—but Mamma heard a Lancer,
As he whisper'd his friend—and, said
he,

The best and most beautiful dancer,
Is the lady in white—meaning me !

I've been once to Lord Durival's *soirées*,
Whose daughter in music excels,—

Do they still wear the silk they call *moirées* ?
They will know if you ask at Pradel's.
She begg'd me to join in a duet,
But the melody died on my tongue ;
And I thought I should never get through
it,

It was one we so often had sung !

In your last, you desire me to mention
The news of the Court and the Town ;
But there's nothing that's worth your at-
tention,

Or deserving of my noting down.
The late carried Catholic Question,
Papa thinks will ruin the land ;
For my part, I make no suggestion
On matters I don't understand !

And, Papa says, the Duke has not well
done

To put his old friends to the rout ;
That he should not have quarrell'd with
Elden,

Nor have turned Mr. Huskisson out.
And they say things are bad in the City,
And Pa thinks they'll only get worse—
And they say the new bonnets are pretty,
But I think them quite the reverse !

Lady Black has brought out her two
daughters,

Good figures, but timid and shy ;
Mrs. White's gone to Bath for the waters,
And the doctors declare she will die.
It's all off 'twixt Miss Brown and Sir
Stephen,

He found they could never agree ;
Her temper's so very uneven,
I always said how it would be !

The Miss Whites are grown very fine
creatures,

Though they look rather large in a room
Miss Grey is gone off in her features,
Miss Green is gone off—with her
groom !

Lord Littleford's dead, and that noodle
His son has succeeded his sire ;
And her Ladyship's lost the fine poodle
That you and I used to admire.

Little Joe is advancing in knowledge,
He begs me to send his regard ;
And Charles goes on Monday to College,
But Mamma thinks he studies too hard.
We are losing our man-cook, he marries
My French *femme de chambre*, Bap-
tiste ;

Pa wishes you'd send one from Paris,
But he must be a first rate *artiste*.

I don't like my last new piano,
Its tones are so terribly sharp ;
I think I must give it to Anna,
And get Pa to buy me a harp ;
Little Gerald is growing quite mannish,
He was smoaking just now a cigar ;

And I'm fagging hard at the Spanish,
 And Lucy has learnt the guitar.
 I suppose you can talk like an artist,
 Of statues, busts, paintings, *virtú*;
 But pray, love, don't turn Buonapartist;
 Pa will never consent if you do!
 "You were born," he will say, "Sir, a
 Briton,"
 But forgive me so foolish a fear;
 If I thought you could blame what I've
 written,
 I would soon wash it out with a tear!
 And pray, Sir how like you the ladies,
 Since you've quitted the land of your
 birth?
 I have heard the dark Donnas of Cadiz
 Are the loveliest women on earth!
 Th' Italians are lively and witty,
 But I ne'er could their manners endure;
 Nor do I think Frenchwomen pretty,
 Though they have a most charming
tournure!
 I was told you were flirting at Calais,
 And next were intriguing at Rome;
 But I smil'd at their impotent malice,
 Yet I must say I wish'd you at home!
 Though I kept what I fancied *in petto*,
 And felt you would ever be true:
 Yet I dream'd of the murd'rer's stiletto.
 Each night—and its victim was you!
 I'm arrived at the end of my paper,
 So, dearest, you'll not think it rude,
 If I ring for my seal and a taper,
 And think it high time to conclude.
 Adieu, then—dejected and lonely,
 Till I see you I still shall remain,
Addio, mio caro,—Yours only—
 Yours ever,— AMELIA JANE!

Postscript.

You may buy me a dress like Selina's,
 Her complexion's so much like my own;
 And don't fail to call at Farina's
 For a case of his Eau de Cologne.
 And whate'er your next letter announces,
 Let it also intelligence bring,
 If the French have left off the deep
 flounces,
 And what will be worn for the Spring.

A PATHETIC TALE.

Now pray XQ's this humble lay,
 I C I can't XL,
 And I will all my powers SA
 A story 4 2 tell
 In olden times, a farmer dwelt
 B4 the river-D;
 But R! the pangs of love he felt,
 4 sweet LI'sR V—
 His cottage clad in IV green
 He viewed with heart L8;

And O, he cried, my lovely queen
 Come share my happy state.
 Our hero was but 4T2,
 LI'sR 8E3;
 But, O what wonders love can do!
 Her age he did not C;
 With NRG he pressed his suit,
 He loved her to XS:
 Alas! poor C's R's tongue was mute
 At her EsE address.
 Y C'sR T's me with your tale,
 (But prithee! now, RI's;
 I love a handsome man (U'R pale,)
 Who is in the XI's.
 Said C'sR, U'R a cruel maid
 To love my NMI;
 If this is how my love's repaid,
 I'll lay me down and die.
 Said she, I 4C how 'twill B;
 Base NV fills thy heart,
 Now, quickly from my presence flee,
 And try 2 heal thy smart.
 Poor C'sR hastened to his cot;
 Look'd at his rams and U's:
 And then an L of rope he got,
 And tied a deadly noose;
 Next minute in the air he swung,
 And sure relief he found,
 The little birds about him sung,
 And P-N's strutted round.
 Now C'sR in the cold grave lies,
 The sweet P's near it bloom;
 I must leave off, so wipe your eyes;
 And visit C'sR's tomb.

JEAN.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

TUNE.—*God save the King.*

Britons your voices raise
 In dear Liberty's praise;
 The Britons boast.
 Come now our hearts inspire
 With thy heavenly fire,
 Liberty is our desire;
 The Britons boast.
 Let Continental slaves,
 Crouch 'neath their ruling knaves;
 Britons are free.
 William guards each Britons right,
 In him our hearts delight,
 For William our King we'll fight;
 And Liberty.
 Traitors in vain will try,
 To crush bright Liberty;
 Confound them all.
 Brighter she will arise,
 To crush her enemies,
 Reform shall loudly cry;
 And Liberty.

God save William our King,
 Liberty and him we'll sing;
 Loud our voices ring.
 Lets rally round his throne,
 Our hearts are all his own,
 We'll support Freedom's dome;
 With a Reforming King.

S. W. LINSTEAD.

COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

The Countess of Bedford, wife of the fifth Earl of Bedford, mother to the excellent Lord Russel, died before her husband was advanced to the dukedom. The manner of her death was remarkable. She was very accomplished in mind as well as in person, though she was the daughter of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, by the dis-

solute Countess of Essex. But the guilt of her parents and the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, had been industriously concealed from her, so that all she knew was their conjugal infidelity, and their living latterly in the same house without ever meeting. Coming one day into her lord's study, her mind oppressed and weakened by the death of Lord Russel, the earl being instantly called away, her eyes, it is supposed, were suddenly caught by a thin folio, which was lettered, *Trial of the Earl and Countess of Somerset*. She took it down and turning over the leaves was struck to the heart by the guilt and conviction of her parents. She fell back, and was found by her husband dead in that posture, with the book lying open before her.



SPRING.

Of all the seasons, Spring is fraught with sensations the most delightful and unalloyed. The pleasure arising from its approach, progress, and completion, is supreme, yet indescribable. Its indications are doubly grateful to the sensitive heart, because they are placed in contrast to the unpleasant associations formed in the mind when contemplating the discomfort of the preceding season.

The dreariness and gloom of the wintry months—the sterility and inactivity of nature—the inclemency of the atmosphere, combine to create feelings of privation and discontent: the enjoyment of domestic comforts does not satisfy the active disposition, which pants for the pleasures of seasonable exercise, and the privilege of roaming among the beauties of nature.

These circumstances and feelings engender in the human breast an ardent desire

for the approach of Spring, when we may fearlessly participate in the privileges of the rest of animal kind; and the appearance of this interesting season is therefore hailed with delight proportionate to its welcome.

Spring is considered to commence on the 20th. of March, when the sun appears to enter the constellation *Aries*, or the Ram, which is the zodiacal sign. Its duration is estimated to be ninety-three days.

EPITAPH

ON A PERSON NAMED COMFORT.

Comfort on earth it's vain to seek,
 But if the boon you crave
 Come pilgrims here your sorrow speak
 There's Comfort in the grave.



NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

THE FAMILY SEAT OF LORD BYRON.

Newstead Abbey has a twofold claim to the attention of the public—for its history, and for its connection with that of one of our most celebrated poets, whose eccentricities have contributed something to the notice which his poems have received.

Newstead Abbey is of venerable antiquity, having been a monastery of black canons of the order of St. Augustine, founded by Henry II. about the year 1170. It was richly endowed with the church and town of Papelwick, and large tracts of land in the forest of Sherwood.

At the dissolution of monasteries, in the reign of Henry VIII. Newstead was granted to Sir John Byron, lieutenant of Sherwood Forest, who fitted up part of the edifice for his own residence, and incorporated the south aisle of the church with the mansion, but suffered the rest to go to decay.

During its days of splendour, it is described as situated in a vale, in the midst of an extensive plain, finely planted. On one side of the house a spacious lake was commenced, and on the other, one already completed, flowed almost up to the mansion. On the banks of this lake were two castles, with cannon mounted on the walls which formed picturesque objects, and a twenty-gun ship, with several yachts and boats lying at anchor, threw an air of pleasing cheerfulness over the whole scene.

The front of the Abbey Church has a most noble and majestic appearance, being built in the form of the west end of a cathedral, adorned with rich carvings and lofty pinnacles. In the court yard was an antique cross of red stone but it has been removed by the present proprietor.

Some differences having arisen between William, the fifth Lord Byron, and the father of the poet, that nobleman sold every thing belonging to the mansion, and suffered both the house and grounds to go to decay. On the accession of the late lord to the title, he re-furnished many of the apartments in a splendid manner, but, with a most unaccountable negligence, suffered the roof to become so ruinous, as to admit the water in rainy weather, "The paper had rotted on the walls," says an intelligent writer on this subject, "and fell in comfortless sheets upon glowing carpets and canopies, upon beds of crimson and gold, clogging the wings of glittering eagles, and destroying gorgeous coronets."

The Abbey is now the property of major Wildman, who is restoring it in a style of classical and appropriate magnificence.

Having thus briefly noticed Newstead as a memento of times long past, and as a relic of those magnificent religious edifices which we owe to the piety and superstition of our ancestors, we proceeded to a more modern cause of its celebrity,—its connection with the history of the great poet of our day, George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron.

The family of Byron is of great antiquity, they are mentioned in Domesday Book as considerable landholders in Lancashire, and Sir Richard Byron, who died in 1398, acquired possessions in Nottinghamshire, by marrying the heiress of Colewick.

Sir John Byron, one of his descendants, obtained a grant of the Abbey of New-

stead, at the dissolution of monasteries, as has already been observed, and the family continued eminent for their loyalty, during the troublesome times that followed. The first peer was created October 24, 1643, by the title of *Lord Byron*, for his eminent services on the side of the king, during the civil wars.

Although the fortunes of the family were much injured by their adherence to the royal cause, and several members of it fell victims to their loyalty on the field of battle yet the prudence and economy of Richard Lord Byron enabled him to re-purchase part of his ancient patrimony, among which was Newstead Abbey.

By the extravagances of some of his descendants, the property was very much injured, and the family seat permitted to go to decay: this was particularly the case while it was in the possession of the uncle of the poet, as has already been observed.

Lord Byron was descended from royalty his mother being Miss Gordon, of Bight, who reckoned among her ancestors James II. of Scotland. Her marriage proving unhappy, she, soon after the birth of her son, which took place in London, January 22, 1788, retired with him to Aberdeen, where she had to struggle with the inconveniences of a narrow income.

From infancy Byron was of a delicate constitution, but of a bold and determined spirit. At the age of seven he was sent to the grammar school, where he was among the boldest of his fellow students, though compelled, by ill health, to occasional absence from his studies.

During his residence in Scotland, he is supposed to have imbibed that spirit of freedom which has always characterised him, and that attachment to Scotland of which he speaks in his *Don Juan*:

“ I rail’d at Scots, to shew my wrath and wit,
Which must be own’d was sensitive and surly,
Yet ’tis in vain such sallies to permit,
They cannot quench young feeling fresh and early:
I “scotch’d not kill’d” the Scotchman in my blood,
And love the land of mountain and of flood.

By the death of his father and uncle, he succeeded to the titles and estates of the family, at the early age of ten years. He was now removed to Harrow School, and from thence to Trinity College, Cambridge. In his nineteenth year he quitted the university, and took up his residence at Newstead.

Here he composed his poem denominated “Hours of Idleness,” which was roughly handled by the Edinburgh Reviewers: by their strictures, however, they drew on themselves the lash of his lordship’s satire in another poem, called “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.”

At the proper age he took his seat in the House of Lords, and distinguished himself, during his short parliamentary career, as a warm and zealous advocate in the cause of freedom.

On setting out on his travels, in company with his friend Hobhouse, he wrote a farewell to Newstead, with a description of its then state.

He visited Spain, Portugal, and Greece, and, soon after his return to England, in 1811, published several of those pieces which rank him among the first poets of the age.

In 1815, he married the only daughter of Sir Ralph Noel Milbanke, but the union was by no means a happy one. Unfitted for domestic scenes, his irregularities occasioned a separation, soon after the birth of his daughter, and his lordship left England for ever.

He first took up his residence on the borders of the lake of Geneva, and afterwards lived some time at Venice and Pisa. From these places he transmitted the productions of his muse to London, where they were published, and read with avidity.

Having realized large sums by his works he now determined to advocate the cause of the Greeks, who were nobly struggling for freedom, and to devote to it his fortune, his pen, and his sword. Accordingly he embarked at Leghorn, and arrived at Cephalonia in August 1823, where he remained some time, endeavouring to discover where his exertions could most successfully be made.

At length he sailed for Missolonghi, and narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the Turks, who had a squadron of fifty ships in those seas. On his arrival his ardour was in some measure damped, on perceiving the dissention and selfishness of the leaders, the disorganisation of the forces, and the inhumanity with which the contest was carried on.

These evils he exerted himself to remedy but with little success, and it is supposed that disappointment, and the effects of the climate, preyed on his bodily and mental powers, and reduced him to a state of exhaustion, which threatened serious consequences.

The arrival of Mr. Barry to co-operate with him in rendering service to the Greeks, gave him great pleasure, and proved exhilarating to his spirits. Private

letters likewise, containing favourable accounts of his sister and daughter, added to his cheerfulness, and hopes were entertained that his health would be restored.

But these hopes soon vanished. Being exposed to a heavy rain in one of his rides he was seized, soon after his return, with a shuddering, succeeded by fever and rheumatic pains. It is supposed that, had copious bleeding been early resorted to, the fever might have been subdued.

Be this as it may, his lordship grew rapidly worse, and delirium with inflammation of the brain succeeded. This was followed by a state of insensibility which continued twenty-four hours, when he expired without a struggle, April 19, 1824.

Lord Byron has left behind him a mixed character, by no means fit to be recommended as a model for youth. He possessed the fine qualities of generosity and benevolence, but these were more than counterbalanced by his libertinism and sensuality. His writings show that he entertained but a mean opinion of mankind, and supposed that female chastity existed only in name; yet his own integrity of purpose, though warped by circumstances, was unquestionable. It is probable that many of his erroneous opinions, and deviations from the path of virtue were owing to his being wholly deprived of the salutary restraints of paternal authority.

Lord Byron was naturally of a weak constitution, and had a slight mal-formation in one of his feet. But his countenance was noble, and expressive of that genius which his writings so eminently display. His features were peculiarly pleasing to the ladies, and his successful amours inspired him with that light opinion of female reputation for which he has been so justly censured.

A VOICE FROM THE DEEP.

A NAVAL SKETCH.

“ ‘What say you, boys, a caulk or a yarn? says one of the ‘quarter gunners,’ addressing indiscriminately the watch, one night, as soon as they were mustered.— ‘Oh, let’s have a yarn, as we’ve eight hours in,’ replied one of the top-men. ‘Bob Bowers will spin us a twist:’ and away to the galley a group of eight or ten instantly repaired.

“ ‘Well, boys!’ says Bowers, ‘let’s see what’ll you have?—one of the *Lee Virginny’s*, or the saucy *Gee’s*? Come I’ll give you a saucy *Gee*.—Well, you see, when I sarved in the *Go-along Gee*, Captain D*** (he was killed at Trafflygar, aboard the *Mars*, seventy four)—ay, and as fine a

fellow as ever shipped a swab, or fell on a deck. There warn’t a better man a-board from the stem to the starn. He knew a seaman’s duty, and more he never ax’d; and not like half your capering skippers, what expect impossibilities. It went against his grain to seize a grating up, and he never flogged a man he didn’t wince as if he felt the lash himself!—and as for starting,—blow me if he didn’t break the boatswain by a court-martial, for rope’s-ending Tom Cox, the captain o’ the fore-top, in Plymouth Sound.—And yet he wasn’t a man what courted, as they call it, popularity; for once deserve it, you were sure to buy it; but do your duty like a man, and, d—n it, he’d sink or swim with you!

“ ‘He never could abide to hear a man abused:—Let’s see, was’t to the first or second leefftennant he says—no, ’twas the second—and blow me, too, if I doesn’t think ’twas the third—it *was* the third, kase I remember, now, he’d never a civil word for no one. Well, howsomever, you see, says the skipper, mocking the leefftennant, in a sneering manner, one morn, who’d just sung out, ‘You sir!’ you know, to one o’ the top-men—‘*You*, sir, I mean,’ says the skipper, looking straight in the leefftennant’s face,—pray, sir,’ says he, how do *you* like to be *you sir’d* yourself?’

“ ‘Well, the leefftennant shams deafness, you know; but I’m blow’d but he heard every word on’t—for never a dolphin a-dying turned more colours nor he did at the time! But avast there a bit, I’m yawning about in my course. Howsomever, you know, ’tis but due to the dead, and no more nor his memory desearves;—so here’s try again—small helm bo—steady—ey-a. Well, you know, the *Go-along Gee* was one of your flash Irish cruisers—the first o’ your fir-built frigates—and a hell of a clipper she was! Give her a foot o’ the sheet, she’d go like a witch—but somehow or nother she’d bag on a bowline to leeward. Well, there was a crack set o’ ships at the time on the station. Let’s see, there was the *Lee Revolushoneer* (the flyer, you know)—then there was the fighting *Feeby*—the dashing *Dry’d*, and one or two more o’ your flash-uns; but the *Gee* took the shine on ’em all in reefing and furling!

“ ‘Well, there was always a cruiser or two from the West Ingee convoy, as far as Madery or so—to protect ’em, you know, from the French privateers, and to bring back a pipe o’ the stuff for the admiral; ay, and take it the old boy must have boused up his jib-stay pretty often, for many’s the pipe we shipped in the *Gee* for him.

“ ‘Howsomever, you see, we was ordered

to sail with one of these thund'ring convoys, the largest as ever was gathered together in cove—nigh-hand a hundred and eighty or ninety sail. Let's see, there was the *Polly-infamous*, sixty-four, was our commodore you know; and 'asides we in the *Gee*, there was a ship *Cravatte*, and an eighteen gun brig.—Well, we sailed with the convoy from cove on St. Patrick's day, with a staggering breeze at east-north-east. We was stationed a-starn, to jog-up the dull-uns, and to touch 'em up in the bunt' with the buntin.

"Well a'ter we runs out one o' your reg'lar easterly gales, what has more lives nor a cat, and going for ever like a blacksmith's bellows, till it blows itself out, we meets with the tail of a westerly hurricane (one o' your sneezers, you know). Four or five of our headmost and leewardmost ships, what tasted the thick on it first, was taken aback; two was dimasted clean by the board: but the *Go-along Gee* was as snug as a duck in a ditch, never straining as much as a rope-yarn aloft, and as tight as a bottle below.

(*To be continued.*)

GLEANINGS.

ERASMUS replied to the Pope, who blamed him for not keeping Lent. "My mind is Catholic, but my body is Protestant."

FROM THE FRENCH.

TIME.

Time is quite long enough,
For all useful ends;
He who labours and thinks,
Its limits extends.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

Virtue, homage will gain,
In an humble shed;
Whilst Vice on a throne,
Is the good man's dread.

MAN.

Man, when on himself,
Dares alone to rely;
Is like a frail reed,
When the wind passes by.

L.

SHREWS.

The wives of Albert Durer and Berghem were both shrews, and the former compelled that great genius to the hourly drudgery of his profession, merely to gratify her own sordid passion. At length, in despair, Albert ran away from his Tisiphone: she wheedled him back, and not long after he fell a victim to her furious disposition:—he

died of a broken heart.—It is told of Berghem's wife that she would never allow that excellent Artist to quit his occupations: and she contrived an odd expedient to detect his indolence. The Artist worked in a room above her: ever and anon she roused him by thumping with a long stick against the ceiling, while the obedient Berghem answered by stamping with his foot, to satisfy Mrs. Berghem that he was not napping.

D'Israeli.

RELIGION.

Men say they are of the same Religion for quietness sake; but if the matter were well examined, you would scarce find three any where of the same Religion in all points.

Selden.

BEAUS.

The ancients called them *Adonidis Horti*, esteeming them gay showy machines of no use, except "to drive away the vapours from women, and put men of sense to the blush.

A RIDDLE.

A gentleman who was paying his addresses to a lady, at length summoned up sufficient courage to ask if they were agreeable to her, and whether he might flatter himself with a chance of success? The lady replied,—"*Stripes*," telling the gentleman to transpose the letters so as to form out of them another word, which word was her answer. The reader who can find out the word, need never fear being *nonplused* by a lady; those who cannot, must either persist till they overcome the difficulty, or may give up all thoughts of wooing.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Poison Tree of Java will be inserted, and all interesting Essays which Δ may favour us with. Most of the selections of J. B. will also be inserted. Considerable alterations are required before Young Hyndhom will be suitable to our pages, in the first place it is too long, and we think the ladies, generally, will find fault with the too tragic end of the hero and heroine, perhaps the author can soften it a little; there are also several contradictions which must be reconciled. If G. R. W. is willing to make them, and particularly to abridge it we shall have no objection to its insertion.

London: published by Sears, 29, Charterhouse Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 7.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1831.

Price 1d.



INDIAN'S REVENGE.

(For the Scrap Book.)

To the south of Mississippi there dwelt some years since, the brave and warlike tribe of the Dalcotahs; their fertile territory was bounded on the north by this noble river, and to the south, by a thick and majestic wood of pines; and beyond this, dwelt the cunning and cruel Sioux tribe. Between these two tribes there had existed for some years, a deadly and bloody war, the calumet and tomahawk had long since been unburied, and, if one of each tribe happened to meet in the forest, in pursuit of game, a contest ensued, which could only be settled by the death of the adversary; and sometimes, they fought with such assiduity, that both remained lifeless on the earth.

At the commencement of the summer on which our narrative begins, the youth of the Dalcotah tribe had gone out into the forest, to hunt the swift deer, or else,

guiding the light canoe on the surface of the majestic river, with certain aim, to spear the finny tribe below. The Sioux informed of their absence, by their numerous scouts, in the dead of the night, by forced and secret marches, arrived at the village of their enemies; where, finding as they had anticipated, none but the defenceless women and children, they slew all, except those who took refuge in the caverns and hollow trees; and then left their mangled corpses to meet the eyes of their relatives on their return from the chase,

The next day, the unfortunate youths came back, laden with the spoils of the forest, but they were astonished to hear no joyful sounds, no glad voice to welcome their approach, to see no signs of human life, no smoke curling through the trees—Alas! all was still, death had done its work; the innocent children lay bleeding

in the arms of their murdered mothers, who had fallen a victim to their parental attachment.

The Dalcotah chieftain entered his cabin in silence, he wept not, he saw his wife, his children, mangled and torn, he mourned not, he knew that no more would his infants at his return, laden with the spoils of the chase, to welcome him; no more would his mocassins or his belt be woven by the hand of his wife, yet, sternly he viewed the appalling scene before him, without shedding a tear; No—Mogan had never been known to weep; his brother, and Alcah, the brother of his wife followed—they vowed revenge—they swore that before another sun had rolled over their heads, they would wash their hands in the blood of their enemies. Accordingly, as soon as night had spread her sable mantle over the nether world, the graceful and manly forms of Mogan and his companions, might be seen by the pale light of the moon, as they mounted their sable coursers, their mocassins bound to their feet by thongs of deer hide; their rifles were slung loosely at their backs, a fur mantle, carelessly thrown over well formed shoulders, their tomahawks and scalping knives in their belts, they wound along the skirts of the dark forest, till arriving at an archway formed of the branches of the trees which overhung their path; no sound escaped their lips, slowly and noiselessly they advanced for some hours, till, by the roadside, in a thick bush, two glaring eyeballs fixed upon them, as if ready to start from their sockets, watched their every movement, when Alcah, levelling his piece with a steady aim, sent his foe into the land of spirits, who still preserving his sturdy and inflexible character to the last, allowed no sound, no groan to escape his lips, to announce his death. Alcah dismounting, entered the brushwood by the road-side, and returning, hung the reeking scalp on his saddle bow; still his companions uttered no remark, so completely had the passion of revenge taken possession of their minds, and so completely can the Indian govern his passions, that to an outward observer, there is no clue to his mind.

Twilight had now begun to shed her grey light over the country, and they had arrived at the precincts of the Sioux camp; halting, therefore, and tying their horses to the trunk of a sturdy elm, they continued their course upon their hands and feet, along the low wood and jungle, for fear of discovery; till they reached the top of a mound, which commanded a full view of the Sioux camp; they concealed themselves in the bushes till evening again had

shaded the earth in her mantle, when leaving their hiding places, they entered silently into the village.

Here the work of slaughter began, the affrighted inhabitants thinking they were surprised by a host of foes, slew one another in the contest that ensued; till dawn at length appearing, discovered Mogan, alone and unsupported, in the midst of his mortal enemies;—from being just now an exulting victor, behold him a captive, bound and awaiting a lingering death. The stake was soon fixed in the ground, and he was soon chained to it; while every torture which savage ingenuity could invent, was at hand, to add to the excruciating anguish of his last moments. When assembled round him, at the place of execution, the enraged Sioux loaded him with taunts and abuses, in hopes of exciting his anger. With a cool and composed demeanour, he thus addressed them; “Cowardly foxes, and unworthy the name of men, you entered into our camp when we were hunting; you met with helpless women, old men, and innocent children; and these you slew, because you dared not face men—when did you ever know the brave Dalcotahs murder children and women? if you were afraid to fight men, why not remain at home? think you that Mogan was ever terrified! think you that he cares for your tortures!—No—he despises alike your tortures and yourselves.—He entered with two companions into your village; like a tiger, he slew the best of your tribe, look at the heaps of slain; see there if you will find one infant, one woman, or one old man; No; he slew those who could defend themselves, he has satisfied his revenge;—prepare your severest tortures, tear the flesh from his bones, you will never see him flinch, never hear the groan escape him; he will show you how a man ought to die, prepare the pile, but his death shall be revenged by the death of your chief.” These words had the desired effect, for, unable further to restrain their rage, they heaped the blazing faggots round his limbs, while some pierced him with the points of their arrows, heated in the flames; others stabbed him with their knives, and tore his nails from his hands; at length the Sioux chief advanced with his raised tomahawk, and was in the act of striking, when the wary Mogan, snapping asunder the half burnt cords with which his hands were bound, wrested the tomahawk from his grasp, and in a moment brained him to the eye. “Take that,” he cried, “and now I die contented;” when a Sioux wishing to avenge the death of his chief, stabbed him to the heart, and he, who but lately

was a brave and undaunted warrior, became
 —a thing o'er which the raven flaps her
 funeral wing,

H. B. jun.

A VOICE FROM THE DEEP.

(Continued from page 48.)

"Well howsomever, we weathers out like a 'Mudian; though we lost, to be sure, the corporal of marines overboard, as was consulting his ease in the lee-mizen chains. Well, a'ter the wind and sea gets down, the commodore closes the convoy, and sends shipwrights aboard of such ships as needed 'em most. Well, at last we gets into your regular trades, with wind just enough for a gentleman's yatch, or to ruffle the frill of a lady's flounce; and on one o' those nights, as the convoy, you know, was cracking-on everything low-and-aloft, looking just like a forest afloat—we keeping our station astarn on 'em all—top-sails low'r'd on the cap—the sea as smooth as Poll Patterson's tongue, and the moon as bright as her eye—shoals of beneties playing under the bows; what should I hear but a voice as was hailing the ship! Well, I never says nothing till I looks well around (for you see I'd the starboard cat-head at the time); so I waits till I hears it again—when sky-larking Dick, who'd the larboard look-out, sneaks over and says, 'Bob, I say Bob-bo, did you never hear nothing just now? Well, he scarcely axes the question, when we hears hailing again—'Aboard the G—e, ahoy—a—h Well, there was nothing, you know, in sight within hail (for the starnmost ships of the convoy were more nor two miles ahead)—so I'm d—d if Dick and myself wasn't puzzled a bit, for we warn't just then in old Badgerbag's track. Well, we looks broad on the bows, and under the bows, and over the bows, and everywhere round we could look; when the voice now, nearing us fast, and hailing again, we sees something as white as a sheet on the water! Well, I looks at Dick, and Dick looks at me—neither of us never saying nothing, you know, at the time—when looking again, by the light of the moon, 'I'm d—d,' says I, 'if it isn't the corporal's ghost!'—'I'm d—d if it isn't,' says Dick, and aft he flies to make the report. Well, I felt summut or so queerish a bit (though I says nothing to no one, you know), for 'twas only a fortnight afore the corporal and I had a bit of a breeze 'bout taking my pot off the fire. 'Well,' says the voice, 'will you heave us a rope? I don't want a boat!' was the cry. 'D—n it, ghost or no ghost,' says I, 'I'll give

you a rope, if it's even to hang you; so flying, you see, to the chains, I takes up a coil in my fist, and heaves it handsomely into his hands. Well, I was as mum as a monk, till he fixes himself in the bight of a bowling-knot; when, looking down on his phiz, says I, just quietly over my breath I's *that* Corporal Crag? says I,—'Corporal Hell!' says he, 'why don't you haul up?'—Well, I sings out for some-un to lend us a fist (for Dick was afeard to come forward again—and I'm blow'd but the leestennant himself was as shy as the rest of the watch). So I sings out again for assistance; for there was the unfortunate fellow towing along-side like a hide what was softening in soak.—'Will no one lend us a hand?' says I, 'or shall I turn the jolly adrift, and be d—d to you?'—Well, this puts two o' the topmen, you see, on their pluck, for both on 'em claps on the rope, and rouses clean into the chains. Now what do you think?—'Why the corporal's ghost to be sure,' says one of the group.—No, nor the sign of a ghost—nor a ghost's mate's minister's mate—nor nothing that looked like a lubberly lobster, dead or alive; but as fine a young fellow as ever I see'd in my days. For, you see, the whole on it is this:—'twas no more nor a chap of an apprentice, whose master had started him that morn; and rather nor stand it again, he takes to his fins and swims like a fish to the *Gee*—mind! the *starnmost* ship of the convoy! though his own was one of the headmost; ay, and running the risk not to fetch us, you know, nor another chance to look to for his life. And why?—Why? bekase the ship had a *name*—she was the *Gee*!!!"

NATURAL HISTORY.

No. 1.

THE SPOON-BILL.

Is the name of a bird of the long-necked kind, approaching to the nature of the stork and heron, and called the Spoonbill, from the remarkable figure of its beak, which is different from that of all other birds; being broadest at the extremity, and terminating in a large rounded flat process, resembling a shovel, or if it were hollow, a spoon.

This bird has been called *leucorodias* and *albardeola*, and by some very improperly called the *pelecanus*. In the Linnæan system, it belongs to the genus *platalea*, of the order of grallæ; the characters of which are, that the bill is flattened, widening towards the end, circular and flat; the feet are semipalmated, and have four toes. Of this genus Linnæus enumerates three species, of which is the *platalea leucorodias*, or spoonbill. The whole bill of this bird

is of a shining black, except a bright orange-coloured spot, just above the point of the upper mandible, which is a little bent downward at its extremity; at the angles of the bill on each cheek, there is also a spot of the same colour. The upper surface of the bill is elegantly waved with dotted protuberances; a depressed line, extending from the nostrils, is continued round near its edge; its substance appears like a whalebone, being thin, light, and elastic. The tongue is short, and heart-shaped, and when drawn back serves as a valve to close the entrance of the throat; when pulled forward, it has the appearance of a triangular button. The ears are large, and placed an inch be-

hind the angles of the mouth; the plumage of the whole body, wings, and tail, is white; on the back part of the head is a beautiful crest of white feathers, hanging behind the neck; the legs are black and also the thighs, which are naked about half their length, and the toes are connected by a small web extending to the first joint on each.

This bird breeds on high trees, feeds on fish, and water-plants; and can swim: it inhabits the continent of Europe, South America, and the Phillippine Islands.

A flock of these birds migrated into the marshes near Yarmouth, in Norfolk, in April, 1774.

W. E. C.



MAY.

May is generally considered the most delightful month of the whole year, and has long been a favourite theme with poets. The poetical praises of May were often sung by the ancient bards of Italy and other climes more southerly situated than our own, and our modern poets have followed them in the fashion, although their lavish praises are better suited to our month of *June*, whose temperature is more akin to the genial May of warmer climates.

May was dedicated by the Romans, as some authors say, to *Maia* the *Bona Dea*, (the good goddess) that is, the *Earth*, who was called *Rhea*, and *Ops*: or to *Maia* the mother of *Mercury*, who is supposed to be a different *Maia* from the one already mentioned. Others say that May was dedicated by *Romulus* to the senators and nobles of his city, who were called *Majores*, and that from thence the month was named.

The Saxons termed the pleasant month of May *Trimilki*, because in this month they began to milk their kine three times in the day.

The Romans offered sacrifices to *Bona Dea*, or *Maia*, on the first day of the month, but observed no other festivals of any importance.

The English Calendar commemorates the apostles *Saint Philip* and *Saint James the Less*, on the first of May; the *Feast of the Invention*, or *Finding of the Cross*, on the third; *St. John the Evangelist*, on the sixth; *St. Dunstan* on the nineteenth; *St. Austin* or *Augustine*, who first converted the Anglo-Saxons, on the twenty-sixth; *Venerable Bede*, a pious and learned English monk, and author, on the twenty-seventh; and the *Restoration of King Charles II.* to the throne of his ancestors, on the twenty-ninth.

POETICAL PORTRAITS.

SHAKESPEARE.

His was the wizard spell,
The spirit to enchain :
His grasp o'er nature fell,
Creation own'd his reign.

MILTON.

His spirit was the home
Of aspirations high ;
A temple, whose huge dome
Was hidden in the sky.

BYRON.

Black clouds his forehead bound,
And at his feet were flowers :
Mirth, Madness, Magic found
In him their keenest powers.

SCOTT.

He sings, and lo ! Romance
Starts from its mouldering urn.
While Chivalry's bright lance
And nodding plumes return.

SPENSER.

Within th' enchanted tomb.
Of his vast genius, lie
Bright streams and groves, whose gloom
Is lit by Una's eye.

WORDSWORTH.

He hung his harp upon
Philosophy's pure shrine ;
And placed by Nature's throne,
Composed each placid line.

WILSON.

His strain, like holy hymn,
Upon the ear doth float,
Or voice of cherubim.
In the mountain vale remote.

GRAY.

Soaring on pinions proud,
The lightnings of his eye
Scare the black thunder-cloud,
He passes swiftly by.

BURNS.

He seized his country's lyre,
With ardent grasp and strong ;
And made his soul of fire
Dissolve itself in song.

BAILLIE.

The Passions are thy slaves ;
In varied guise they roll
Upon the stately waves
Of thy majestic soul.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

In garb of sable hue
Thy soul dwells all alone,
Where the sad drooping yew
Weeps o'er the funeral stone.

HEMANS.

To bid the big tear start,
Unchallenged, from its shrine,
And thrill the quivering heart
With pity's voice, are thine.

TIGHE.

On zephyr's amber wings,
Like thine own Psyche borne
Thy buoyant spirit springs
To hail the bright-eyed morn.

LONDON.

Romance and high-soul'd Love,
Like two commingling streams,
Glide through the flowery grove
Of thy enchanted dreams.

MOORE.

Crown'd with perennial flowers,
By Wit and Genius wove,
He wanders through the bowers
Of Fancy and of Love.

SOUTHEY.

Where Necromancy flings
O'er Eastern lands her spell,
Sustain'd on Fable's wings,
His spirit loves to dwell.

COLLINS.

Waked into mimic life,
The passions round him throng,
While the loud "Spartan fife"
Thrills through his startling song.

CAMPBELL.

With all that Nature's fire
Can lend to polish'd Art,
He strikes his graceful lyre
To thrill or warm the heart.

COLERIDGE.

Magician, whose dread spell,
Working in pale moonlight,
From Superstition's cell
Invokes each satellite !

COWPER.

Religious light is shed
Upon his soul's dark shrine ;
And Vice veils o'er her head
At his denouncing line.

YOUNG.

Involv'd in pall of gloom,
He haunts, with footsteps dread.
The murderer's midnight tomb,
And calls upon the dead.

GRAHAME.

O ! when we hear the bell
Of "Sabbath" chiming free,
It strikes us like a knell,
And makes us think of Thee !

W. L. BOWLES.

From Nature's flowery throne
His spirit took its flight,
And moves serenely on
In soft, sad, tender light.

SHELLEY.

A solitary rock
In a far distant sea,
Rent by the thunder's shock,
An emblem stands of Thee !

J. MONTGOMERY.

Upon thy touching strain
 Religion's spirit fair,
 Falls down like drops of rain,
 And blends divinely there.

HOGG.

Clothed in the rainbow's beam,
 'Mid strath and pastoral glen,
 He sees the faries gleam,
 Far from the haunts of men.

THOMSON.

The Seasons as they roll
 Shall bear thy name along;
 And graven on the soul
 Of Nature, live thy song.

MOIR.

On every gentler scene
 That moves the human breast,
 Pathetic and serene,
 Thine eye delights to rest.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Soft is thy lay—a stream
 Meand'ring calmly by,
 Beneath the moon's pale beam
 Of sweet Italia's sky.

CRABBE.

Wouldst thou his pictures know,
 Their power—their harrowing truth—
 Their scenes of wrath and woe—
 Go gaze on hapless "Ruth."

A. CUNNINGHAM.

Tradition's lyre he plays
 With firm and skilful hand,
 Singing the olden lays
 Of his dear native land.

KEATS.

Fair thy young spirit's mould—
 Thou from whose heart the streams
 Of sweet Elysium roll'd
 Over Endymion's dreams.

BLOOMFIELD.

Sweet bard, upon the tomb
 In which thine ashes lie,
 The simple wildflowers bloom
 Before the ploughman's eye.

HOOD.

Impugn I dare not thee,
 For I'm of punny brood;
 And thou wouldst punish me
 With pungent hardihood.

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

Blackwood's Magazine.

JACK OF NEWBURY.

The celebrated Jack of Newbury, whose real name was John Winchcomb, was of low and poor origin, but his parents contrived to give him a decent plain education, and to put him apprentice to a clothier.

Conscious that he had nothing to depend on but his own diligence and industry, he exerted himself to acquire a thorough knowledge of his business, and the goodwill and approbation of his master; in both of which he amply succeeded.

When John was nearly out of his time, his master died, and, as his mistress was young and rich, she soon had several suitors; but this modest youth did not suffer the idea to enter his mind, that he could stand any chance of success.

With his mistress the case was very different; she preferred John to all her other admirers, and, as she saw that there was no probability of his making the first advances, she took care both by her words and actions, as far as feminine delicacy would allow, to let him see the partiality she had conceived for him.

For some time John's consciousness of inferiority rendered him blind to these advances; but when at length her passion so far overcame her scruples, as to induce her to open her mind to him, he was covered with confusion, and stammered out some incoherent excuses.

Conduct so different to what she expected, greatly surprised and disappointed his mistress; and some innocent freedoms which he took, in her presence, with a young and handsome woman, at Newbury fair, inflamed her heart with jealousy, and induced her to believe that his affections were engaged.

This, however was not the case. John, seeing the other suitors assiduous in their attentions, and reflecting on the advantages of such a match, determined to improve her partiality in his favour, and accordingly apologized for his apparent coolness, attributed it to the suddenness of the surprise at his unexpected good fortune, and so warmly pleaded his cause with one already prejudiced in his favour, that she candidly confessed her readiness to be his, on his proving that his affections were not engaged to another. She then mentioned her suspicions respecting the young woman at the fair, and these having been speedily removed, they were married on Thursday following.

Jack of Newbury thus becoming wealthy used his riches in a praiseworthy manner: he was kind and charitable to the poor—loyal to his king, Henry VIII. whom he entertained, with his queen and courtiers, when they came to visit his manufactory—brave in arms, which he evinced at Floddenfield, whither he marched at the head of 100 men armed and clothed at his own expence,—and munificent in his support of religion, rebuilding great part of the church at Newbury.

His first wife dying in a few years, he entered a second time into the marriage state with one of his maid servants, whose good sense and prudence attracted his notice. With her he lived very happily, and died at an advanced age, full of riches and honours, and deeply regretted by all who knew him, A.D. 1519.

Men in general are too apt to despise the lowly born, and to consider that high birth, titles, and honours, alone confer a claim to the applause of posterity. But experience proves the fallacy of this opinion. Many of those whose memories will be venerated as long as the world shall endure, owe nothing of their celebrity to rank and title, but to their own intrinsic worth; while thousands of the great, the exalted of the earth, are forgotten as though they had never been, or remembered only as the scourges of mankind.

THE EXHIBITED DWARF.

BY T. H. BAYLY.

(From *Blackwood's Magazine*.)

I lay without my father's door,
A wretched dwarfish boy;
I did not dare to lift the latch,—
I heard the voice of joy:
Too well I knew when I was near,
My father never smiled;
And she who bore me turn'd away,
Abhorring her poor child.
A stranger saw me and he bribed
My parents with his gold;
Oh! deeper shame awaited me—
The dwarfish boy was sold;
They never loved me, never claim'd
The love I *could* have felt;
And yet, with bitter tears, I left
The cottage where they dwelt.

The stranger seem'd more kind to me,
He spoke of brighter days;
He lured each slumb'ring talent forth,
And gave unwonted praise:
Unused to smiles, how ardently
I panted for applause!
And daily he instructed me—
Too soon I learn'd the cause.

I stood upon his native shore;
The secret was explain'd;
I was a vile, degraded slave,
In mind and body chain'd!
Condemn'd to face, day after day,
The rabble's ruffian gaze;
To shrink before their merriment,
Or blush before their praise;
In anguish I must still perform
The oft-repeated task;
And courteously reply to all
Frivolity may ask!

And hear inhuman scrutiny,
And hear the hateful jest!
And sing the song,—then crawl away
To tears instead of rest!

I know I am diminutive,
Aye, loathsome, if you will;
But say, ye hard hearts! am I not
A human being still?
With feelings sensitive as *yours*,
Perhaps I have been born;
I could not wound a fellow man
In mockery or scorn!

But *some* there are who seem to shrink
Away from me at first,
And *then* speak kindly; to *my* heart
That trial is the worst!
Oh, then I long to kneel to them,
Imploring them to save
A hopeless wretch who only asks
An honourable grave!

GLEANINGS.

'ORIGIN OF CINDERELLA.

The following story, which Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, quotes from Ælian, is obviously the origin of one of our most popular nursery tales;

“Rhodope was the fairest lady in her days in all Egypt; she went to wash, and by chance (her maides, meanwhile, looking carelessly to her clothes) an eagle stole away one of her shoes, and laid it in Psammeticus, the kynge of Egypt's lap, at Memphis: he wondered at the excellency of the shoe but more at the manner of the bringing of it; and caused forthwith the proclamation to be mayde, that she who owned that shoe should come presently to his court: the virgin came, and was forthwith married to the kynge.

BOOKS *versus* BISHOPS.

Dryden's translation of Virgil being commended by a Right Rev. Bishop in the presence of a witty earl. “The original is indeed excellent,” said his lordship “but every thing suffers by translation—except a bishop.”

STEAM ENGINES.

Above 100,000 men were employed for twenty years in erecting the great pyramid of Egypt.—From a computation of M. Dupin, it appears, that the steam engines of England would equal the whole product of this immense application of human labour, in lifting stone, within the short space of eighteen hours.

THE DISCOVERY OF PURPLE.

The dying of purple was first invented at Tyre, by an accidental circumstance.—A dog having seized a fish known by the name of the *Conchilis*, or *Purpura*, his mouth was observed to be much stained; this led to enquiry, and the result ended in the discovery, of one of the richest and most valuable dyes, and was soon worn by persons of the first quality.

A seaman having his leg shattered by a ball, at the battle of Navarino, underwent amputation with the greatest indifference to pain.—When the limb was taken off, it was, of course immediately thrown overboard; upon which Jack called out to the man who had performed the last office for his departed leg, “D—n you, I’ll complain of you to the captain—although you were ordered to throw my leg overboard, you had no right to throw my shoe with it.”

A dull country Magistrate gave Johnson an account of his exercising his criminal jurisdiction, the result of which was his having sentenced four convicts to transportation, Johnson, in an agony of impatience to get rid of such a companion, exclaimed, “I heartily wish, Sir, that I were a fifth!”

THE MAJORITY.

An anti-reformer, whilst quizzing his friend,

Said, “Your paltry advantage is ONE!”

“Yes, yes,” was replied, “then we need not contend,

Since BOTH OWN that the victory’s won!”

EPIGRAM

Occasioned by the death of Mr. Le Mann.

Tell me, where is FANCY BREAD?

I know not, since *Le Mann* is dead.

CHARACTER OF ENGLAND.

Our old historian Speed, treating of England, says that “It is the fortunate island, the paradise of pleasure, the garden of God, whose vallies are like Eden, whose hills are as Lebanon, whose springs are as Pisgah, whose rivers are as Jordan, whose wall is the ocean, and whose defence is the Lord Jehovah!”

BON MOT.

A young clergyman having had the misfortune to bury five wives, being in company with a number of ladies, was severely rallied by them upon the circumstance. At last one of them rather impertinently put the question to him, “How he managed to have such good luck?”

“Why, madam,” says the other, “I knew they could not live without contradiction, therefore I let them go their own way.”

REPARTEE.

Quin, complaining of his old age and infirmities one day, in the public rooms, at Bath, a pert young coxcomb asked him, “What would he give to be as young as he was?” “I do not know,” says Quin, measuring him very contemptuously, “but I should be almost content to be as ‘oolish.’”

THE PHENOMENON.

In the city of Leyden in Holland, a young woman lost her sight from a cataract; the operation of couching was successfully performed upon her eyes, and she recovered the use of them; but it appeared that the visual organ (as is usual in such cases) was not completely restored to its primitive condition. Some very singular and unaccountable anomalies in her vision presented themselves, which not a little puzzled the curious in physiology and optics. She could see to thread a needle, but when presented with a book she said it seemed to be merely a heap of odd marks. Many sagacious theories were formed to account for this phenomenon: it was at length solved by an accidental discovery that the young woman—never could read.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our last number went to press somewhat earlier than usual, which will account for several communications not having been answered. The Nun, by our valuable correspondent, H. Busk, jun. is in the hands of the printer, and will appear in our next.—His Charade, since received, will also meet with due attention. The original pieces by R. C. Brownell, fall far short of our standard—some of his selections will shortly appear. The anecdote of Handel, by W. N. is declined. We shall be happy to receive the historical accounts by W. E. C. We have dispensed with our fires, or we should request B. Garton to send us a few more tales, for they would do very well to light them with. The following are received, but we have not had time to examine them:—Edward Grey,—Δ,—Malliard,—S. W. Linstead, and T. G. S. S.

London: published by Sears, 29, Charter, house Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 8.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1831.

Price 1d.



THE NUN,

BY HANS BUSK, JUNR.

SEE, on the bosom of this peaceful stream,
That glides as gently as a summer's dream,
Yon quiet isle, which rising from the deep,
Smiles on the waters that unceasing sweep
Around its base,—and wash its rocky steep :—
Its many turrets, pointing to the skies,
Which seem to say—"Despise all worldly toys ;
Oh, seek for happier and more heavenly joys."
Learn thou, that in those very walls, a nun
Once lived, her name was Agatha—to shun
All earthly follies was her chief desire ;
But few she knew, for envy, malice, ire,
Had never troubled or disturb'd her breast,
With all around her was she e'er at rest.
In beauty, far her sisters she excell'd,
And struck with wonder all whom she beheld ;
With careful hand the budding plant to tend,
To teach the fount its graceful arch to bend,
To deck, with gems, th' grotto's painted roof,
To guide the shuttle through the slender woof.
These were her pleasing tasks,—her chief delight,
Or, when beyond those hills—the orb of light
Had sunk—behold, array'd in purest white,
Of meek-eyed novices, the circling band,
Who scattered myrtles with a graceful hand
Along the aisle : the pealing organ's sound,
The blazing altar, and the priests around,

The kiss of peace, from all the vestal crowd,
The choral virgins, vespers chaunting loud,
With blooming chaplets wove around their bed,
The golden censor's fragrant breath that shed
Arabian odours through the gilded fane,
While sacred ardour glowed in every vein
Her smiling soul was caught in rapture's flow
Applauding angels sang her holy name,
While some angelic, lonely, whisp'ring voice,
Some sacred impulse, or some dream divine
Approves the dictates of her early choice,
She kneels with rev'rence at the awful shrine,
Where bending at yon altar's marble base,
While streams of glory from her eye-lids steal,
And smiling Heaven illumines her soul with grace,
Pronounces what she never can repeat.
Here heavenly peace, with all its comely train,
From starry regions to this clime descends.
Smoothes every frown, and softens every pain ;
Here vestals tread contentment's flow'ry lawn,
Approv'd of Innocence, by Health caress'd,
Here robed in colours bright, by beauty drawn,
Celestial Hope sits nestling in their breast,
Through opening skies the radiant seraph smiles,
And saints descend to soothe their souls to rest,
And dreams of bliss their dreary nights beguile.
But now the midnight stars serenely smile,

All nature's hush'd into her soft repose,
 The moon shines brightly o'er the marble pile,
 No boisterous tempest o'er the mountain blows.
 Now every human passion sinks to rest,
 The throbbing heart within the breast lies still,
 The warbling birds fled to their mossy nest,
 Wait till the blushing dawn o'er yonder hill
 Unfolds the day.—But o'er the water, hark!
 What whispering murmur sounds upon the air?
 Who is that floating in yon tiny bark?
 'Tis Conrad!—Conrad, 'tis the youthful heir
 Of proud Castello.—Conrad, 'twas for thee
 That Agatha was torn from every friend,
 (A thoughtless victim to the temple—she)
 And, blush ye parents, by a father's hand,
 With each perfection dawning on her mind,
 All beauty's treasure opening on her cheek:
 Each flattering hope, for love of thee resign'd
 The paths, her birth and beauty strew'd with flowers.
 This caused a mother's tender tear to flow;
 The sad remembrance time shall ne'er erase,
 When having seal'd the irrevocable vow,
 She hastened to receive her last embrace.
 Ah! could she view her only child betrayed,
 And let submission o'er her love prevail,
 Th' unfeeling priest, why did she not upbraid?
 Forbid the vow, and rend the hov'ring veil?
 Alas! she could not,—her relentless lord
 Had seal'd her lips, and chid the streaming tear;
 So anguish in her breast conceal'd its hoard,
 And all the mother sank in mute despair.
 But thou who own'st a father's sacred name,
 What act impell'd thee to the ruthless deed?
 What crime but love, annull'd her filial claim?
 And gave, oh! wretched thought, her heart to bleed.
 If, then, thine injured child deserv'd thy care,
 Oh, haste and bear her from this lonesome gloom;
 In vain—no words can soothe his rigid ear;
 And fatal laws have rivetted her doom.
 Ye cloister'd fair, ye censure breathing saints!
 Suppress your taunts, and learn at length to spare:
 Tho' 'mid these holy walls she vents her plaints,
 She fled not to this mansion's deep recess
 To veil the blushes of a guilty shame,
 The tenor of an ill-spent life redress,
 Or snatch from infamy a sinking name.
 Thus as she thought,—upon the tranquil stream,
 Her Conrad's image quickly she perceives,
 "'Tis he," cries she, "it cannot be a dream:"
 With noiseless step, and beating heart she leaves
 Her chamber, and thence thro' the vaulted hall
 She silently advances—and alone
 Reaches the massy gate, which from one
 Whom she loved far dearer than life—than all
 That she possessed,—discovered her,—while tears
 Unnumbered from his eye-lids softly fell;
 He pauses, listens, and he thinks he hears
 Approaching footsteps.—No: it is the bell
 That tolls the hour of midnight's solemn sound;
 He speaks—"If not by rigid laws thou'rt bound,
 "If pity e'er in cloistered walls be found,
 "Oh deign to lend a look unto these tears,
 "Trust not, my Agatha, those waves of gold,
 "With gentle tides that on your temples flow,
 "Nor ivory cheeks, with Tyrian grain enroll'd.
 "Trust not those shining lights, which wrought my
 love,
 "When first I did their azure rays behold.
 "Look at this dying lily, fading rose,
 "Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
 "Caused all the encircling flowers to rejoice,
 "And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes:
 "The cruel tyrant, that did kill those flowers,
 "Shall once, alas! not spare that life of yours."
 She spoke—"Yet to my fate—ah, let me bow,
 "From fatal symptoms, if I right conceive,
 "This stream, oh! Conrad, has not long to flow,
 "This voice to murmur, and this breast to heave.
 "Ah! when extended on th' untimely bier,
 "To yonder vault this form shall be conveyed,
 "Thou'lt not refuse to shed one grateful tear,
 "And breathe the requiem to my fleeting shade.
 "With pious footstep join the sable train,
 "As thro' the length'ning aisle they take their way;
 "A glimmering taper let thy hand sustain,
 "Thy soothing voice attune the funeral lay.
 "Behold the minister who lately gave
 "The sacred veil, in garb of mournful hue,
 "(More friendly office) bending o'er my grave,
 "And sprinkling my remains with hallowed deed,
 "As o'er the corse he strews the rattling dust,
 "The sternest heart will raise compassion's sigh,
 "E'en then, no longer to his child unjust,
 "The tears may trickle from a father's eye."
 When she had spoken, Conrad thus returned:—
 "Thou knowest in me how true the flame has
 burned;

"Thou—form'd by nature, and refin'd by art,
 "With charms to win, and sense to fix the heart.
 "O, listen, while thy beauty is my theme,
 "Ah! soothe thy Conrad in his waking dream.
 "Break thy rash vow—why not—and free
 "Those iron barriers to escape with me?
 "Sure 'twere a lesser crime with me to taste
 "Heaven's purest joys, than thus here to waste
 "Thy life in cloister'd hours unknown—
 "Ah, could I bear to live from thee alone!
 "Could I forget the dismal night that gave
 "My soul's best part for ever to the grave;
 "As silent did thy young companions tread,
 "By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead.
 "What awe would then the solemn knell inspire,
 "The pealing organ, and the pausing choir."
 "Alas! fond youth, oh, cease to ask," she cried,
 "That which for ever must be now denied;
 "By the blue taper's trembling light,
 "In yon dark room, I waste each sleepless night,
 "Intent with endless view to pore
 "The scriptures and the missal o'er;
 "In this our cemetery I will go,
 "Where surely wisdom's taught to all below.
 "How deep yon azure dyes the sky,
 "Where orbs of gold above unnumbered lie,
 "While thro' their brilliant ranks, in silver pride,
 "The beauteous crescent seems to glide.
 "The slumbering zephyr now forgets to breathe,
 "The placid lake is smooth and clear beneath;
 "The left presents a place of graves,
 "Whose wall the silent water gently leaves.
 "There will I pass in melancholy state,
 "By all the solemn heaps of fate,
 "And think, as softly, and as sad I tread
 "Above the buried venerable dead.
 "Time was like thee, we life possess'd,
 "And time shall be when thou like us shall rest;
 "Ah! while I gaze, the visionary crowds,
 "All slow I wan, and wrapp'd in shrouds,
 "And all with sober, mournful accent cry,
 "Think mortal what a thing it is to die.
 "Now, from yon black and funeral yew,
 "That bathes the neighbouring chancel-house wi
 dead,
 "Methinks I hear a hollow voice begin:—
 "Ye ravens cease your croaking din;
 "When my scythe and feather'd darts supply,
 "How great indeed a king of fears am I;
 "They view me like the last of things,
 "They make me so, and then they dread my sting.
 "Fools—Death's but a path that must be trod,
 "If man would ever pass to God;
 "A sport of peaceful calms, a state of ease,
 "From the rough rage of boisterous swelling seas.
 "As men, who long in prison dwell,
 "With lamps that glimmer round their dismal cell,
 "Whene'er at length, their suffering years have run,
 "Spring forth to meet the glittering sun.
 "Such joys, tho' truly far transcending sense,
 "Have pious souls when they do part from hence;
 "So when my chains are cast aside,
 "Then shall I see the same unfolding scene,
 "Clap the glad wing, and happy tower away,
 "And mingle in the blaze of an eternal day.
 "Adieu, my Agatha, alas! we part,
 "And grief shall tear this alienated heart;
 "In those white cloisters live secure
 "From the rude blasts of earthly breath,
 "Each hour more innocent and pure
 "Till you shall sink in death."

THE CORSICAN BANDIT.*

I had passed the mountain which separates the smiling valley of Ornand from Bashlico. Throwing the bridle upon the neck of my little, ugly, headstrong, fiery, Corsican nag, I trusted myself entirely to him for safe conduct as we descended a rapid slope together, and crossed the thickets of a forest as yet unprofaned by the woodman's axe. The beauty of the sylvan

* The above tale forms Night the Fifth of a very entertaining work, lately published by Messrs. Whittaker and Co., entitled "Twelve Nights."

scenery—the balmy breeze, murmuring gently, as if fearful of disturbing the serenity of nature—afforded me some relief from the tattle of my talkative guide, whose tongue had rung a perpetual larum-peel since the commencement of my excursion. A shapeless garment, that it would have been a misnomer to have called an upper-benjamin—a fusil, slung across his shoulders by a broad uncouth belt—and the national cap, resembling a village steeple, completed the equipment of the last-mentioned personage, who ambled on in front of me, occasionally slackening his pace, and enlivening me, according to the laudable custom of his tribe, with interesting episodes of robbery, rape, assassination, and other bagatelles. I began to feel fatigued with his incessant prattle; when, on a sudden, he made a dead stop, seized his long brass-mounted fusil, and alighted in a twinkling. With his nose in the wind, and his sunken grey eye peering suspiciously around, he examined every bush and brake with the scrutiny of one accustomed to such rural adventures as for a good hour had been his theme. A slight rustling was heard among the foliage. “By the Virgin,” said my guide, “that must be a robber, or a wild boar:—here goes!” and his hand was already on the trigger, when a frantic laugh proceeded from the thicket. “Cecca!”* cried he, “I had well nigh mistaken a christian for a wild beast; and, by our Lady, no great mistake this time!” A glance at the object which now issued from the thicket, enabled me to comprehend his meaning. A female, or rather a half-naked human body, darted forwards; a rude goat-skin mantle, scarcely sufficing for the purposes of decency, or protecting from the wind of heaven, a form that had once, perhaps, been lovely. Her tattered scanty garment but ill-concealed her limbs; torn by the brambles, and emaciated by suffering. Her long, black, and matted hair descending to her waist, veiled a bosom that might once have glowed with feeling, with pity, or with impassioned fondness. The summer’s parching ray, the winter’s blast, had wasted her bloom: the rose of health had drooped with her fond hopes, and withered with her broken heart. There was in her gait a step so hurried, so reckless!—a smile so joyless dwelt upon her lip, as if to mock the vacant expression of her dull-fixed eye!—and yet at times that dull eye beamed with a faint and feverish ray of consciousness—a spark of renovated minds, “false as the dream of the sleeper,”

and transient as the sick man’s hectic flush!

The maniac approached with heedless steps, and with one of those hideous yells of laughter whose mockery of mirth is more saddening than the wildest extravagance of sorrow. Stopping in front of us, and separating her hair on each side of her forehead, “Have you seen Pietro?” said she at length, gazing on me with “lack-lustre eyes,” and with a painful effort to draw upon her scanty stores of memory. The light of pleasure for a moment brightened her countenance, and its fitful flash resembled a glimmering of reason. “Have you seen him?” repeated she more slowly and with less vivacity than before; and her eye again assumed its unmeaning cheerless expression, benighted of intelligence, and bereft of hope.

Poor wanderer! I could understand thee! I had for a season that sickness of the heart, that loneliness of suffering, which finds no echo in the sympathy of the hack-nied, selfish crowd. Coarse, rustic hinds gazed upon thy agonies as on a holiday spectacle, or taunted thee with their witless jests. Thou hadst undergone the tender mercies of human kind, the inflictions of the experimental philanthropist, who wins back reason to her throne with the sovereign permaceæ of the prison and the scourge. But I could pity thy woes, for I had felt them; and could the accents of kindness now speak thee comfort, I would bear with thy frantic ravings; I would soothe thee in thy milder hours of tranquil sorrow; and “weep with thee, tear for tear.”

My rude companion approached her, and tapping her on the shoulder, “Well, Cecca, have you not found him?” said he, with insolent boorish familiarity. Maniac as she was, the ill-timed raillery stung her to the quick: her lip quivered, her eye kindled. “No, I have not found him,” replied she, gnashing her teeth with wild execrations, and in an attitude of menace which forced my guide, though armed, to recoil several paces. But her ideas instantly taking another direction, she paused. “Have patience,” said she, “I know where to find him:” and with another convulsive laugh, she fled, swift as the chamois of her native hills and was lost among the thickets.

During the rapid apparition of Cecca, astonishment and pity had rooted me to the spot. My eyes fixed on the path by which she had disappeared, still followed her trace; but the volubility of my guide soon roused me from my emotion. “You would see her once more?” said he, with an enquiring look; and without waiting

* An abbreviation of Maria; Antonia; Francesca.

for my answer, he led back the horses which had been grazing on the luxuriant herbage. As we resumed our route, my guide acquainted me with the poor creature's story.

Cecca was the daughter of a rich farmer, who lived in one of the most elevated of the little villages forming the canton of Bashitica. The tough old forester, who was an equal adept in the chase of the chamois and of the marauding poacher, felt his bosom swell with conscious importance, as he boasted that his household could furnish, at a pinch, at least twelve good men at arms. His daughter was the prettiest maiden in all the canton; and as she attended her devotions each Sunday, adorned with her coral necklace, and the kerchief which vied in whiteness with the bosom whose charms it concealed, the old man's heart warmed with a father's fondness, and a tear of pride glistened in his eye, as the glance of many a village youth told how he envied him his darling treasure. Cecca was his only child: her winning graces, her playful caresses, enlivened his drooping age, and softened his regret that he had been denied a son, to whom he might one day bequeath his antique chesnut trees, his hereditary animosities, and his double-barelled gun. "The flower of the village lads," said my guide, with a significant look that informed me that himself was included in the list—"the comeliest and the bravest in the canton aspired to Cecca's hand, notwithstanding five or six envenomed feuds which were to be espoused with the bride, and which formed part of her marriage portion. But, spite of their courage and their address at the carbine, Cecca had neither eyes nor ears for any of them. Her heart had long been devoted to Pietro, a rich proprietor, who lived in the village just below her own, but between whose family and her's a mortal hatred had for some time existed, the father of Pietro having been killed by Cecca's. In despite of the vengeful recollections which, in Corsica, are cherished with religious animosity;—in despite of the blood-stained shirt suspended over Pietro's bed, as a memento of the still more bloody deed;—in despite even of the ball which had killed his father, and which the son had vowed to wear as an amulet upon his heart till vengeance should be satisfied;—in despite of all, Pietro had been ensnared in the silken bondage of love. Perhaps a refinement of Italian vengeance, still more than Cecca's dark Italian eye, had inspired him with the idea of entangling the affections of the child of his bitterest foe. Perhaps, too, the very contrast between his hatred for the father,

and his impetuous passion for the daughter, added fuel to the flame. Be this as it may, he loved and was beloved.

For many years, the two families, actuated by a spirit of hostility that defied all hope of reconciliation, had closed against each other the entrance of their respective villages; and more than one brace of whizzing bullets had been exchanged between the vedettes of the contending parties. But Cecca was a woman, and fertile in expedients; she was acquainted with the shortest bye-roads to the place of rendezvous, and Pietro could have found his way thither blindfolded. Each night the lover glided unperceived along the narrow pathway of the village to visit his beloved, and the tell-tale guitar paid the homage of many an amorous lay to the shrine of his divinity. Love is a feeble reasoner: the path that Cecca trod was strewn with roses—so soft, so sweet, she scarce could feel the thorns. To love was an easy task: to obtain her father's consent, more difficult than to level the mountain with the valley. Even had he consented, Pietro had sworn that steel should never cross his beard till life had been paid for life; and Pietro was of a race that, from father to son, had never violated an oath of blood. More than once poor Cecca had shuddered at the violence of his imprecations against her father. More than once her gentle caresses had interposed "between the lion and his wrath;" but Pietro might grapple with his enemy in the forest, and Cecca might not be there to soothe him with her caresses.

(To be Continued.)

THE MISER.]

The true and real miser is he who not only has no enjoyment of his money, but who finds and feels money to be a source of pain; who feels in every payment a pang which penetrates his inmost soul; whose money quits his purse as reluctantly as a three pronged tooth parts from its bony and agonized socket; who is always meditating some plan of saving expense, and is as constantly thwarted in his schemes; who is really miserable because he has not the courage to be what the world calls a miser; who endeavours to be generous but has not the heart to be really so; who at the sight of a beggar sickens with a sadness, miscalled sympathy, and pities his own pocket more than his neighbour's poverty; who buys every thing as cheaply as he can, and then, after all, has the pleasure of cursing his stars that he has paid sixpence more than was absolutely necessary. Your genuine miser has often a very good coat to his back, and

may even dwell in a waterproof house; but he has haggled with his tailor till he has lost his temper, and he figets his very life out to see the gloss departing from the broad cloth; and when he pays his rent, he writhes like a baby with a blister on its back, at the thought that another house in the same street is let for five pounds a year less than his. He is a great bargain hunter, and, of course, is often bit; he buys advertised wine, and smacks his lips over Cape. He has not the spirit to spend money, nor the courage to hoard it. He will buy, but it is all trash that he buys. He will be charitable in his way, but it is in a little way; he praises the Mendicity Society, and reads MALTHUS on population. He cannot bear to be cheated of a farthing. So he says, but he means that he never parts with a farthing but with reluctance. He has no notion of buying golden opinions. He has some little regard, however, to opinion, and wishes to have it without buying; if, however, it must be bought, he will endeavour to buy it as cheaply as possible. He has an eye to quantity, not quality.

He has abhorrence of all public amusements which are not accessible without payment; and if ever driven by a strong impulse of curiosity to visit a theatre, he will spend a whole day in hunting after a free admission, and if, after all, he must pay for admittance, he will have as much as he can for his money, and sit to the last dregs of a drowsy farce, though he is as weary as a horse, as sick as a dog, and as sleepy as a cat. Whatever he has bought and paid for, he will use and consume, however much against the grain. If he has hired a stupid novel, he will read it throughout; if he has paid a fare in a stage-coach, he will ride in it as far as it will carry him; if he has taken lodgings at a watering-place, he will stay till the last moment, let the weather be as bleak as December; if he has subscribed to a cold bath, he will have his quantum of dips at the risk of his life; if he be a member of a club, he will read every newspaper; and if he sees and hates himself in this portrait, he will peruse it to the end because he has a right to do so.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS AT VENICE.

Providence, appears to have designed for every thing in this sublunary world a beginning, a maturity, and a decay. This is true, not only as it respects the natural productions of the earth, but likewise states and empires; some, whose foundations appeared, at one time, so firmly laid, that nothing seemed likely to shake them, have experienced the common lot—old age and decay have visited them, and they now survive only in name.

Venice is a remarkable example of the

soundness of this observation. Her beginning was indeed small, her progress rapid, her meridian splendor dazzling, but her sun of prosperity is setting, and she will probably soon become as insignificant, as she has been powerful and glorious.

When Attila, with his savage followers the Huns, ravaged the north of Italy, numbers took refuge from the horrors of war among the islands and marshes of the Adriatic, and from this humble beginning rose the proud city of Venice, which for a

time covered the sea with her fleets, engrossed the whole lucrative trade to the East Indies, and conquered and kept in subjection many important cities and towns on the main land.

Venice was formerly governed by an elective magistrate called the Doge, and by different councils of the nobles. These latter possessed the chief power, the Doge being little better than a pageant of state, incapable of acting in matters of importance without their consent, and liable to have his most private concerns investigated, at the pleasure of the haughty aristocracy.

The inhabitants of Venice, in general, may be considered as having been mere slaves to these tyrants. No discussion of political matters was allowed; the measures of government they dared not call in question, and anonymous accusations were received, and acted upon, against the most respectable inhabitants of the republic.

An anecdote is related, which serves to show the despotic nature of the Venetian government in a strong light.

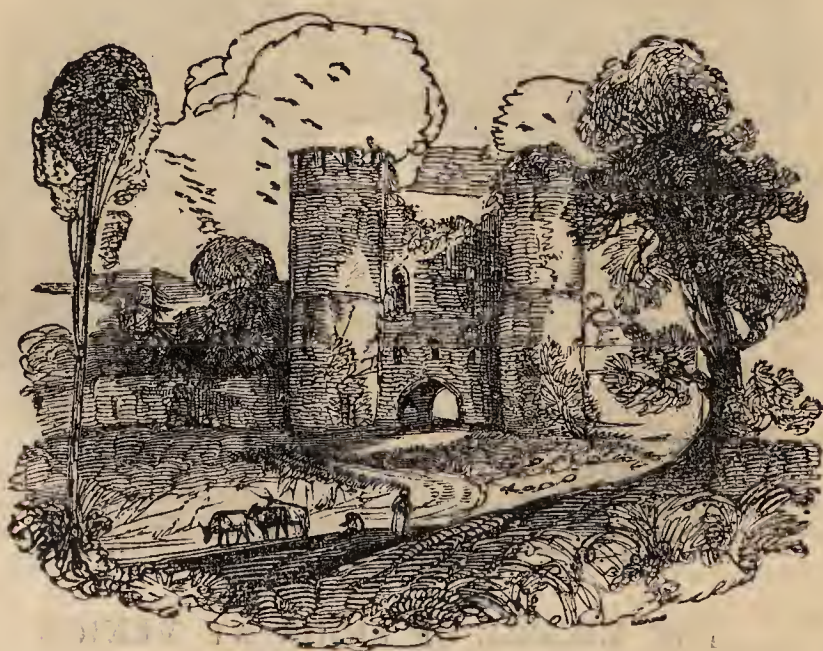
An English gentleman one day entered into conversation with a Neapolitan, at one of the taverns of the city, and the discourse happening to turn on the Venetian government, the Neapolitan greatly condemned,

while the Englishman as warmly commended, some of its institutions.

In the middle of the night the Englishman was aroused by a loud knocking at the door of his hotel, and presently after the officers of justice entered his apartment, and commanded him to rise. As soon as he was dressed, a handkerchief was bound over his eyes, and he was put on board a gondola.

After being rowed for some time, he was landed and led through long passages, until he reached a large hall, where his eyes were unbound, and he was desired to notice what he saw. The Neapolitan was suspended from a beam by the neck. Shocked at the sight, he inquired its meaning, and was informed that he was thus punished for the free animadversions he had made on the Venetian government; and that, although the Englishman had refuted his arguments, the republic was displeased with him for entering on such a topic, as it needed no advocates, and commanded him to quit its territories on pain of death.

His eyes were again covered, and he was taken back to his hotel, where he lost no time in preparing for his departure, having no wish to remain in a city where political discussion was attended with such danger.



TUNBRIDGE CASTLE, KENT.

Tunbridge Castle, the ruins of which form the subject of our present engraving, stands upon a rising ground, on the banks of the Medway, not far from the town of Tunbridge, in Kent.

This castle is supposed to have been built by Richard Fitz-Gilbert, afterwards earl of Clare, who came over with the Conqueror, and appears, from its remains,

to have been a place of considerable strength, though no mention of it appears in Domesday-book.

Tunbridge Castle sustained a siege of some length by William Rufus, in consequence of its owner favouring the title of Robert. It at length surrendered, and Gilbert, on swearing allegiance to the usurper, was pardoned, and received into favour

In the reign of Henry III. Tunbridge Castle again resisted the royal authority, being garrisoned by the refractory barons—it was, however, reduced by Prince Edward.

Frequent disputes arising between the archbishops of Canterbury and the earls of Gloucester, successors of the founder, respecting the bounds of this estate, which was called the Lowy, a perambulation was made in the reign of Henry III. by command of the king, to adjust the contention.

Edward I. was entertained here for some days with great magnificence, in the second year of his reign.

At length Tunbridge Castle experienced the fate of many other baronial residences in those turbulent times. By the attainder of Edward Stafford, duke of Buckingham, in the reign of Henry VIII. it was forfeited to the crown, and having been neglected, it is now in a state of decay, little remaining except the gateway, which is flanked with round stones.

The town of Tunbridge presents nothing remarkable, but about five miles distant are the celebrated wells, which were a fashionable resort even in the time of Charles II. As they will probably form the subject of a future sketch, it is unnecessary to enlarge in this place.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

My sweetest joys have faded,

My brightest hopes have fled,
And friends that might have aided,
Are mouldering with the dead.

And now the treasure only,

That could a bliss impart

To me, so lone and lonely,

Would be a woman's heart.

O! I have dreamt of glory,

That never might decay—

That I might live in story,

When silent in the clay.

But all these charms are gone now,

That fancy would impart;

And I but wish to own now—

A lovely woman's heart.

And I have dreamt of treasure,

That might recall my joy—

Might bring the parted pleasure,

That blessed me while a boy;

But now the pomp and splendour,

That riches can impart,

I would to fate surrender,

To claim a woman's heart.

O! in some lonely dwelling,

Within a mountain glen,

Where on the breeze is swelling

No treacherous voice of men;

Where dews and sunshine nourish

The wild flowers far apart;

How sweet it were to cherish
A lovely woman's heart.

GLEANINGS.

CURIOUS TENURE.

Temp. Hen. II. An estate at Great Hallingbury, Essex, was held by Roger de Ross, the king's tailor, under the appropriately *professional* tenure, of paying annually into the Exchequer a silver needle.

GRIESBACH.

Poor Ireland the flute-player, who died raving mad, was on one occasion saved from dismissal at the Opera House by the above-named eccentric musician. Ireland had been indulging in bacchanalian libation rather too freely, and from it not being the first time, he was dismissed.—Griesbach, hearing of it, immediately went to the leader, and addressing him, said, "So, I find you have sent Ireland out of the orchestra. I must beg that you will send for him back." The leader replied that he certainly should not. "By G—d but you must—he has a family, and he must come back."—The leader was inexorable. Griesbach, finding his efforts foiled, coolly put his instrument into his pocket, saying, "If he is to go, I'll go too, for not another note will I play till I see him again in his seat." It was about an hour before the commencement of the opera, and the leader, finding he had no remedy, was obliged to recall the crest-fallen flautist, (who, excepting his predilection for the glass, was a very clever man,) before the determined German would resume his seat in the orchestra.

Attornies are to lawyers what apothecaries are to physicians, only that they do not deal in *scruples*.

INSTANCE OF A DOMESTIC ANIMAL RETURNING TO A WILD STATE.

An extraordinary instance of a domestic animal assuming the habits of a wild one, has occurred in the neighbourhood of Doncaster. About two years ago, a greyhound bitch leaped over the yard doors of the Crown and Anchor public-house, in Fishergate, and took up her abode in the Decoy, which is situated nearly in the centre of the Carr, near Doncaster. The ferocity, shyness, agility, and cunning characteristic of a wild animal, were exemplified by this greyhound; and although she was frequently seen by the labourers in the district in full pursuit of game, and numerous efforts were made from time to time to secure her, she contrived for the space nearly of a year, to elude the vigi-

lance of her pursuers, until a few days ago, when, by the exercise of considerable caution on the part of the keeper, Elvidge, who came within shot, she was killed.

QUAINT POETRY.

The following curious specimen of the poetic taste of the early part of the 17th century, occurs in the church of Little Easton, on a monument recording the death of two of the sons of Sir Henry Maynard:—

Rare was the roote, the branches bravely
spread,

And some still are, though some be withered:
Two of the precious ones, a pitious spoile,
Were erst transplanted to a foreine soile,
Where the hott sun howe'er it did befall
Drew up their juice to perfume heav'n
withall.

When will th' heaven such flowers to earth
repay,

As th' earth afforded heav'n two in a day;

We question if the affectedness of Mr.
Robert Montgomery could surpass this?
and subjoin a touch of the macaronic stile,
being an epitaph on the Rev. Thos. Leader,
Rector of Great Easton, temp. Jac. 1.

Dum libris vivo, morior; sic vita mihi mors
vita:

Nunc vitæ evolo librum; sic mors mihi.

Whilst I live with my books, I die, thus
life is my death.

Now I have turned over the book of life;
thus my death is my life.

This is worthy of Quarles; and only too
moral for T. Hood.

POETICAL PRESCRIPTION.

A gentleman having called upon a friend, with whom he found two physicians, at his departure left the following, scribbled on the back of a letter, on his dressing-table:—

By *one* physician might your work be done,
But *two* are like a double-barrell'd gun;
From one discharge sometimes a bird has
flown,

The second barrel always brings it down.

The above we believe to be a parody of
Joe Miller, who says—

One prompt physician like a sculler plies,
And all his art and all his wit supplies;
But two physicians, like a pair of oars,
Convey you soonest to the Stygian shores.

Plutarch tells us of a magpie kept in a barber's shop at Rome, which readily imitated every thing she heard. One day, however, several trumpeters sounded their instruments before the door, upon which

the bird was observed to be very dull and pensive for a day or two after, when she began to imitate the sound of the trumpets, and scorning all other noises, she laboured hard to perfect herself in her new lesson.

A Corporal of a Swiss regiment having been condemned to death for desertion, desired to inform his wife of the sad event; he accordingly sent for an *ecrivain publique*, and dictated to his amanuensis a letter, which he dated as on the day after his death; it was as follows:—

“My dear wife,

After having wished you as good health as I enjoy at present, I wish to tell you, that I was shot yesterday, between eleven and twelve o'clock; I died, thank heaven, in fine style, and, I had the pleasure to see that all the regiment pitied me. Remember me, and do not let the children forget me; poor children!—they have no father:

Your affectionate husband.”

ADAM AND MACADAM.

“The Macadamized streets are very dusty.”

Adam was made of borrowed dust,

So says the Bible; and, 'tis plain,

Macadam to discharge the trust,

To dust turns all the *ways of men*.

CURIOUS SIGN

At a public-house in Stanhope-street, Clare-market, is the sign of the Alphabet, or A, B, C, under which is written,

“Deprived of this, the world from hence,
Would prove a mass of ignorance.”

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received the communications from Etienne, but The fate of the Christian is not as yet decided upon. We shall deem it unnecessary to answer W. E. C. in future as his pieces (provided they are as well written as the two we have received), will invariably be inserted. We are obliged to S. Farley for his selections.—*Persist*, is the solution of the riddle in No. 6. Communications from Edward Gray.—Charles Jones.—J. A. Mobbs.—C. J. Jordan.—C. A. D. and R. C. Brownell are received.

London: published by Sears, 29, Charterhouse Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 9.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1831.

Price 1d.



MADAME LAPOOKIN.—THE KNOT.

Of all punishments, the knout is the most severe and sanguinary; but it is seldom inflicted, except for crimes of the deepest dye. Although it may appear to the casual observer little worse than our punishment of whipping petty offenders, yet its effects are greatly increased, and death frequently ensues in consequence of the pains taken by the judicial authorities in Russia to perfect the executioners in their horrid occupation.

The knout is a very heavy thong, as thick as a man's wrist, and weighing from two to three pounds: the lash is of leather about the breadth of a broad tape, and narrowing at the end; and the handle is about two feet long.

The place usually chosen at St. Petersburg for the public infliction of the knout, is an open muddy plain, near the river Neva; and the execution is always attended with a military guard of Cossacs and other troops. As soon as the culprit arrives at the platform, a paper is read aloud, which contains a description of his crime, and the sentence of the court before which he has been tried.

In ordinary cases, the criminals, each in their turn, are fastened to an inclined post, having a ring at the top, to which the head is so tightly fixed, by means of a rope, as to prevent the patient from crying out. The hands are then closely tied on either side, and at the bottom the feet are secured

by means of two rings; the back is then bared to the waist, and the executioner commences his duty. In the execution which our engraving illustrates, it will be perceived that females have undergone the punishment of the knout.

The abbé Chappe d'Auteroche relates an execution of a female in the reign of Elizabeth. He states, that Madame Lapookin, who was one of the most beautiful women belonging to the court of that empress, had been indiscreet enough to mention some of the endless amours of her imperial mistress, and was therefore condemned to undergo the knout.

The beautiful culprit mounted the scaffold in an elegant undress. She was surrounded by the executioners, on whom she gazed with astonishment, and seemed to doubt that she was the object of such preparations. One of the executioners pulled off a cloak which covered her bosom, at which her modesty took alarm: she started back, turned pale, and burst into tears. Her clothes were soon stript off, and she was naked to the waist before the eager eyes of an immense concourse of people, profoundly silent. Two of the executioners then took her by the hands, and turning her half round, raised her on their backs, inclining forwards, and lifting her a little from the ground; upon which another executioner adjusted her on the backs of his coadjutors, and placed her in the most proper posture for receiving the punishment. He then retreated a few steps, measuring the proper distance with a steady eye, and leaping backwards gave a stroke with the knout, so as to carry a piece of the skin from the neck to the bottom of the back; then striking his feet against the ground, he made a second blow, parallel to the former, and in a few minutes all the skin of the back was cut away in small slips, most of which remained hanging down; her tongue was cut out immediately after, and she was banished to Siberia.

In the time of the early czars, the performers of this horrid task were regarded with so much respect, that they were admitted into the best society. Nay, it is even said, that in those days, merchants, thinking it honourable thus to pass into ranks above them, paid large sums of money to be allowed to fulfil the murderous duty. When their ambition was satisfied they resold the vacation at an enormous profit.

So expert are the executioners of the present day, that they can handle the knout with much more readiness than our coachmen their whips: as a proof of their dexterity, a wager was laid by two Russian noblemen relative to the *professional talents*

of two of them, and an eye-witness relates the following to be the result:

The person who won the bet, gained it by the following feat: he placed his companion at arm's length from him, and undertook to strike two hundred times with his knout, yet though he should not touch nor injure his person, at each blow he promised to bring away a narrow strip of his friend's shirt, which he actually performed without inflicting even the merest scratch on his body.

By way of expressing his gratitude for the patience his companion had elicited, when he had finished the specified number of blows, he lifted up his weapon, and in a playful manner appeared to give a slight fillip towards the man on whom his skill had been exhibited; he hardly seemed to touch the body, but on inspection a wound at least a foot and a half in length was perceived, bearing an exact resemblance to one which might have been given by a razor, or any other sharp instrument. The one who had received the blow, seemed to take it in good part, and as a joke; coolly remarking, that he should not be long in embracing an opportunity of returning an equivalent to the favour received. The two men positively asserted, that they could without any remarkable effort on their parts kill the strongest man, with only three blows of this simple, though dreadful instrument,—the *knout*.

THE OULD MAN AT THE ALTAR.

By John Banim.

Some time ago it was proposed to put an end to the petty disputes between rival factions in Ireland, by getting the leaders of them to meet and embrace in their chapels, and promise to forgive and forget; the occurrence that suggested the following lines took place at the altar of a little mountain chapel in Clare.

An ould man he knelt at the altar,
His enemy's hand to take—
And at first his faint voice did falter,
And his feeble hands did shake:
For his only brave boy—his glory—
Had been stretched at the ould man's
feet,
A corpse, all so pale and gory,
By the hand that he now must greet.
The ould man he soon stopt speaking,
And rage that had not gone by
From under his brows came breaking
Up into his enemy's eye:
And now his hands were not shaking,
But clenched o'er his heart were
crossed,
And he looked a fierce look to be taking
Revenge for the boy he had lost.

But the ould man he looked around him,
And thought of the place he was in—
And thought of the vow that bound him,—
And thought that revenge was sin :
And then—crying tears like a woman—
“Your hand !” he said—“aye, *that*
hand !—

And I do forgive you, foeman,
For the sake of our bleeding land !”

— AMULET.

THE HERMIT.

A TALE OF THE SAXON ERA.

(For the Scrap Book.)

“Father,” said a Danish maiden, as she looked intently on his features “would you slay him? would you kill him? merely because he did that which the Dane would do to the Saxon; I say would you slay him because he did his duty?” The Sea King looked steadfastly at his daughter, as if weighing the effect of what he was about to utter; “the whole Danish camp cries for his death, and would you, the daughter of a sea king, supplicate for pardon! It cannot be; by the Danish law he is doomed to die, he hath dealt out death to a sea king, and that sea king was thy kinsman; and yet you sue for pardon; it cannot be; I say it cannot be;” “I ask” replied the maiden, still on her knees, if Alfred would put to death the Danish prisoner, because he had slain the Saxon chieftain? No.—The Saxons are more merciful, they treat their prisoners, not as brutes, but as men; they are taught by their God to be merciful, and their God is the only true God.” “The only true God! exclaimed the warrior, starting from his position; what have you seen him so often that he has prevailed on you to renounce the great and mighty Odin? but he shall die, and as a sacrifice to that God, whom he despises. And tell me, Marian, for what purpose was it, that he came disguised to our camp, was it to meet you, or was it as a menial spy? I half suspect it was for you he came.” “It was,” answered the maiden timidly; “but look you father, you have said he shall die, and the moment which he dies, so also dies your daughter.” “I care not,” was the stern answer of the sea king, (striving to hide the feelings of a father,) and then beckoning his attendants, he ordered the weeping Marian to be conveyed away,

“A group of Danes were now seen advancing towards the sea king, and in the midst a youthful warrior, bound hand and foot. “Saxon” said Sidroc, there is pardon for you. “I asked not for pardon,” was the contemptuous answer of the youth, “for if I had it, I know well the conditions would be disgraceful!” These are the conditions, that you renounce your country, and be-

come as a Dane, and that you also renounce your God.” The youth replied not, but the smile of contempt which played upon his features told his mind. “To the stake,” continued the sea king, and the youth was instantly bound to it. The awful mandate to apply a light to the faggots, had well nigh fallen from the lips of Sidroc, when a cry of “the Saxons—the Saxons rent the air, and a body of horsemen waving the Saxon banner, were seen riding fast towards them. In an instant the whole troop of Danes (excepting one) were mounted and riding to meet their supposed enemies; one alone was left to guard the Saxon, but his vigilance was not enough, for he stood gazing on his countrymen, instead of his prisoner. The Danes soon returned, for instead of finding, as they had expected, enemies, it was a victorious party headed by the sea king Rollo, who having captured the Saxon banner, waved it in triumph.

“Where is your prisoner,” cried Sidroc on his return, for the Saxon was not at the stake. “I know not,” replied the guard, for the first time looking round, no man has passed here, excepting an old decrepid hermit. There was no time for parley, and the Danes, when they had uttered a few curses, and called down the vengeance of Odin upon the man, assembled to devise means for the recapture of so valuable a prisoner. Suddenly the fugitives were discovered, mounting a hill at some little distance, and the Danes were as quickly in their saddles to pursue them, as they were to meet the supposed enemy. A few bounds of the Danish war horse would have brought them alongside of the hackneyed beasts on which the hermit and his companion rode. “Hold,” cried Sidroc, who seemed to have more power than even his fellow sea king, Rollo, and who, for his daughter’s sake, wished rather the escape than the recapture of the youth, for although when he was in his power, he would not in the slightest degree deviate from his duty as a Dane, yet as a father, knowing it was likely, to cause the death of his only child, now that he had escaped, he wished him safe in the camp of his country.

“Why hold? asked Rollo.” “How know we,” answered Sidroc, (wishing to delay the pursuit) but a messenger may even now be on his way to apprise us of a battle, and is it not best to let the Saxon escape than be late on the field. “But that is not likely,” replied Rollo, and as his opinion was supported by the whole of the troop, Sidroc found it useless to oppose him. The Danes were again mounted, and quickly on their way in pursuit of the fugitives; again Sidroc commanded them.

to halt, and this time they cheerfully returned, for a messenger was indeed hurrying towards them to inform them, that a battle had already commenced, and Sidroc and his party were particularly wanted.

But a stop was now put to their progress towards the field, for Marian was no where to be found; the centinel who watched her tent, declared that she had not passed nor had any one, except the before mentioned hermit, and how he had entered the man knew not. Without commenting on these mysterious circumstances, we leave the reader to guess who personated the hermit, as also who aided the Saxon in his escape.

We will now (with the readers permission,) proceed to the field. The Saxon chieftains were assembled, in the spacious tent of their king, who was giving them directions, but when the Earl of Wiltshire was called, he was not to be found, and had been missing since the setting of the sun, the preceding day: another chieftain was however, soon appointed to fill his station, but it was evident Alfred considered him inferior to the Earl, for turning to one who stood near, he whispered, we shall have no match for Sidroc.

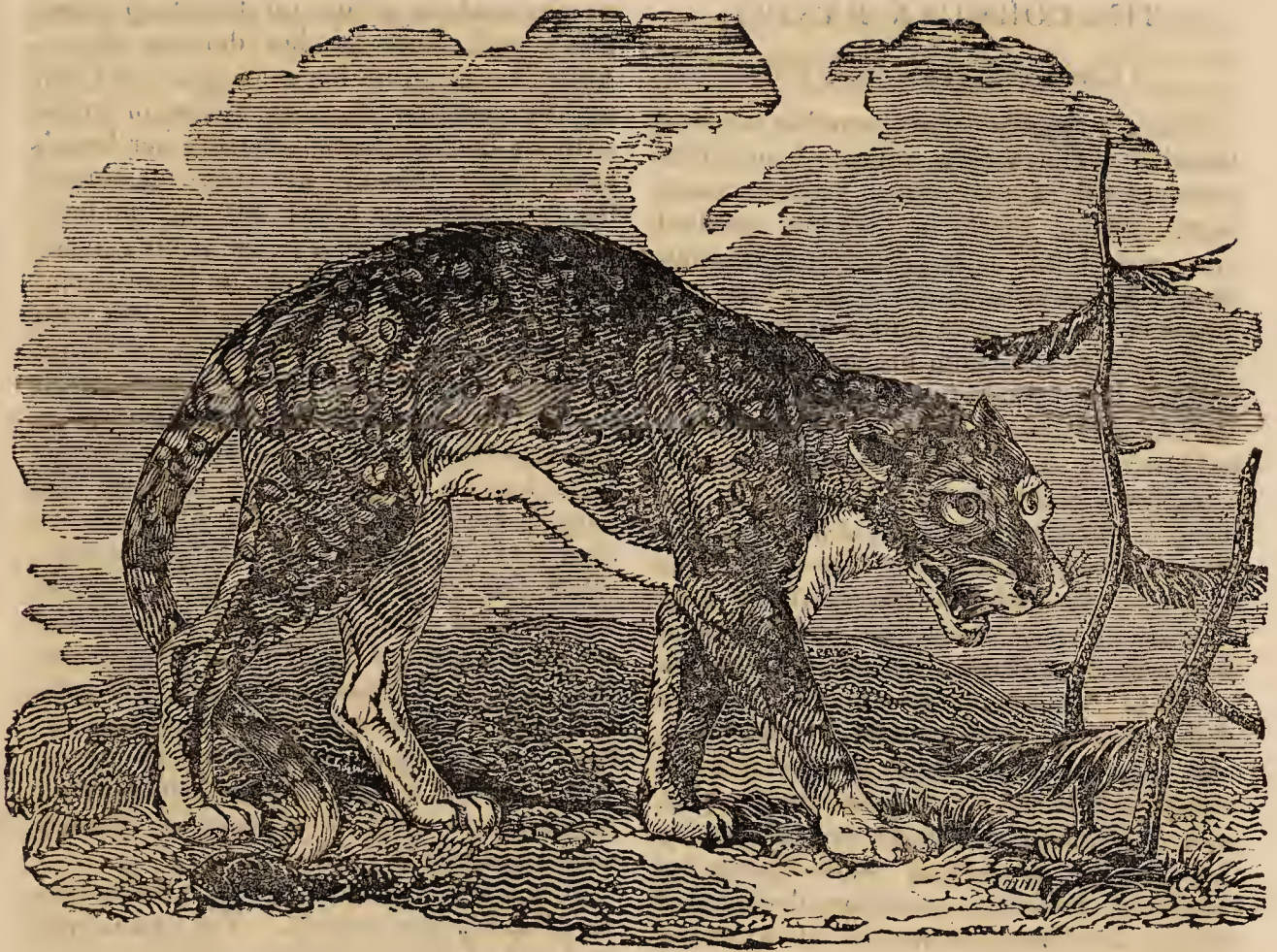
On the other hand, the Danes were regretting the absence of that very Sidroc, whom the Saxons so much feared; they considering there was not amongst all the sea kings, a match for the Earl of Wiltshire. The numbers of the Danes were far superior to those of their enemies, but, in discipline and courage, the Saxons were at least their equal.

The battle was fierce and determined, on both sides, for, although in some parts the Danish ranks were often broken, they as often rallied, and the Saxon lines, in their turn were repulsed. It long remained doubtful, for neither of the hostile armies seemed inclined to submit to the force of the other; until the little band, with Sidroc and Rollo at their head appeared, winding down the hills, to the support of their countrymen. The very name of Sidroc, was enough to cheer the spirits of the fatigued Dane, as also to spread dismay into the heart of the Saxon; and the latter's bravery, was not proof against his fresh and vigorous troops; wherever he appeared the Saxons were routed, and to all appearances the scale of the battle was decided; but there was yet a powerful rescue for the well nigh vanquished Saxons, though it consisted only of one man; that man was Edmund, the youthful Earl of Wiltshire, whose name as a warrior, was equal to that of the far-famed sea king, and capable of the same effects. He called on the disordered army

to rally; and the cry was not in vain, then placing himself at the head of the men of Wiltshire, (for so they were designated from their usually owning his generalship,) he led them forward against the exulting Danes, and such was the suddenness of his appearance, that the courage of the enemy forsook them, and they were beaten back on every side. The example of the Wiltshire men was not long being followed by the rest of the Saxon army, under the command of their king, who met with much the same success as the Earl. But Sidroc was not as yet vanquished, and against him, Edmund now led his men; personally he tried rather to avoid the sea king, yet not from cowardice, but from the affection he bore his daughter, but when he found that either Sidroc or himself must die, or be disabled, before the battle could be decided; for his country's sake he hastened to meet him. His wish was either to make his enemy prisoner, or to disable him; Sidroc, knowing the treatment which the Earl had suffered at his hands, had reason to suppose that his purposes were deadly, and therefore fought with more obstinacy; a desperate thrust from his sword, however soon decided the combat, for the Saxon jumping nimbly aside, avoided the blow, and quickly returning it, split the helmet of the sea king, and laid him senseless on the sod. In an instant the victory was decided, for the Danes thinking their champion dead, fled in all directions.

By order of the young Earl the proud Dane was borne to his tent, and his daughter (still in the garb of a hermit,) was soon by his side. "Saxon," said the dying warrior, "There is no Dane with whom I can trust my daughter, and as there is good prospect of peace, to you I bequeath her." Having said this, he raised his eyes to the heavens, and uttered a prayer to Odin, but a something seemed to whisper that he was the false god, for he turned abruptly to the prelate who stood by the side of his couch; the worthy minister was not long in discovering to him, the only sure way to heaven, and Sidroc, the sea king died happy.

It is unnecessary to add more, for every person who has read the history of his country, must know that after this victory, peace became the inhabitant of Britain: and surely the reader will conclude for her or himself, that the Danish maiden and the Saxon warrior, were not long in becoming man and wife.



No. 2.—NATURAL HISTORY.—THE LEOPARD.

The English name of the long tailed *Felis*; a beast of prey, with the spots on the back and sides round, the lower ones variegated; it is a very nimble as well as fierce animal, so that scarcely any thing escapes it. Authors call the male *Pardus* and the female *Panthera*.

This creature, when carefully examined is found to be very like a cat, particularly its head, teeth, tongue, feet, and claws; its actions also are all like a cats, it boxes with its fore feet as a cat does her kittens; leaps at its prey as the cat does; and will spit much in the same manner.

All the Leopard kind, as they walk, keep the claws of their fore feet turned up from the ground and sheathed as it were in the skin of their toes, whereby they preserve them sharp for seizing their prey.

Notwithstanding the natural fierceness of the Leopard, numbers of them are bred up tame, and kept for the Great Cham of Tartary's use for the hunting of deer and other beasts.

They are most numerous in Africa.

The Leopard of Buffon, has its hair of a lively yellow colour; is marked on the back and sides with small spots, disposed in circles and pretty close, the face and legs are marked with single spots, the breast and belly are covered with longer hairs than the rest of the body, of a whitish colour; the spots on the tail are large and

oblong. The length of this species, from nose to tail is somewhere about four feet and that of the tail itself about two feet and a half. This animal inhabits Senegal and Guinea, and spares neither man nor beast.

The Panther destroys numbers of them: the negro women make collars of their teeth, to which they ascribe certain virtues. These animals are taken by the negroes in pit falls, covered at the top with slight hurdles, on which they place a bait of flesh. The flesh is white and well tasted and eaten by them. The skins are valuable and brought to Europe.

The hunting Leopard of India has a small head, with the tip of the nose black; and from each corner of the mouth to that of the eye, a dusky line; the ears are short and tawny, and marked with a brown line, or bar; the face, chin, and throat, are of a pale yellowish brown; the body of a light tawny brown, marked with many small round black spots; the hair on the top of the neck is longer than the rest, that on the belly white and very long, the tail is longer than the body, of a reddish brown colour marked with large black spots.

This animal is of the size of the Greyhound, of a long make, narrow chest, and very long legs. It is tamed and trained for the chase of Antelopes which it overtakes by its rapidity.

W. E. C.

THE CORSICAN BANDIT.

(Continued from page 60.)

Cecca's apprehensions were but too well founded. Her father, informed by some jealous rival of the lover's nightly meetings, watched Pietro in his path, insulted him with bitter taunts, and swore that, should he again be found within the precincts of the village, a bullet should effectually relieve him from his love-sick pains. Pietro's blood boiled with indignation.—He forgot Cecca; he thought of his father's sad fate. "Poor lad!" observed my guide, "his hand was unlucky, but he had his blow." Swift as the thought of vengeance that inflamed his soul, he discharged his carbine at the father of his mistress: filial affection turned aside the well-intended aim, and the old man, though within a few paces of his assailant, escaped with a slight wound. Pietro made for the forest, and from that moment commenced the wandering life of a Corsican bandit—that miserable career generally terminated by the gen-d'arme's fusil, and during its brief span, affording so many displays of energy and heroism worthy of a nobler cause.

Then commenced for Cecca, a new existence. Confined to the narrow limits of the village by the suspicions of her father, and the threats of her relatives, she felt that her heart was steeled by persecution; and the very sufferings she endured for Pietro, rendered him still dearer to her affections. Closely watched during the day, each night she quitted her sleepless couch to bear some message of peace and love to one that for her had sacrificed all. With feverish anxiety her eye watched the moment of his coming, and, if he came not, her scalding tears moistened the pittance of food which the fond girl had hoarded for the outlaw's subsistence. Cecca alone was acquainted with the impenetrable asylum where her lover had found a refuge. The thunder might roll over her head; the rain might drench her with its rushing torrents; the loftiest pines rent by the storm, might impede her passage; still would she climb the ragged path that led to Pietro's retreat among the mountains. She scarcely knew if the night was bitter, if the blast was loud. Poor Cecca! Whilst my guide told his artless tale in tremulous accents, that betrayed the emotions even of his rude nature, methought I could see her still lovely—her features still glowing with the angelic expression. The sublime of beauty which generous self-devotion leads. Methought I saw her sweeping along the valley with the swiftness of the blast that bowed her

gentle head, or toiling up the steep whose flinty path lacerated her delicate feet.—Fancy conjured up her once gracious form, nightly cheering the sad abode of crime with an hour of peace—sharing her lover's hard damp couch; his cold, exhausted frame pressed to hers; his icy forehead pillowed on her bosom; his aching heart soothed by the voice of her he loved! oh! can the tame and vulgar spirits that love with cold precision, that measure out affection with the rule and square of formal selfish propriety; can the beings with hearts narrow as their vile systems, and hollow as their hopes; the traffickers in love that bargain with their dull god, even on his altar; can such conceive aught of the adoration the world of tenderness, that filled the soul of two fond outcasts, isolated from their species by their affection and their guilt; forced to conceal their unhallowed flame among the ruder tenants of the forest, or in the solitude of the mountain; meeting with scorn the world's scorn; impassioned without hope, and devoted even in shame!

A sudden halt made by my guide roused me from my meditations. We had arrived at a sort of rocky platform, commanding a view of the whole valley. At the extremity was a cavern, defended by a natural rampart—a mixture of rock and bramble. At the entrance I observed two wooden crosses. There, as my guide informed me, was I to find Cecca; there she reigned and revelled in the wild riot of "a mind overthrown:"—on that spot her light of reason had been quenched for ever. With emotion amounting almost to terror, I approached: she was not there. A couch of withered fern, a misshapen cross, rudely carved in the wall, and a few faded flowers, were all that the cavern contained. On the walls I could still observe the blackened marks of balls. In mournful silence we seated ourselves on the fern: at length, I requested the guide to continue his tale.

The lovers' mystery was soon discovered. Reproaches were spared, they would have served but to awaken their precautions, and, like the tame animal employed by the hunter to ensnare his fellow, Cecca was destined to discover Pietro's retreat. The following night she was allowed to escape as usual, and closely followed.—At this part of the narrative, my guide, rising abruptly, and with his Italian vivacity,—“There,” said he, “on that very spot where you are now seated, Cecca too was seated with Pietro by her side.” The full moon illuminated the valley and the entrance of the cavern, the interior of which was wrapped in profound obscurity.

It was one of those lovely summer nights

whose refreshing breeze purifies the air so sweetly after the heaviness of a sultry day. No sound was heard save the distant murmur of the forest, and the rustling of the wind amongst the foliage of the pines. Cecca, exhausted with fatigue, slept with her head reclined on the shoulder of Pietro, who fearful of disturbing the slumbers of his beloved, scarcely allowed himself to breathe. Presently a slight noise was heard, which an inhabitant of the valley might have mistaken for that occasioned by the flight of some night bird, or by the rapid pace of the chamois: but the bandit's practised ear was not to be deceived. In an instant Pietro was on his feet, and the suddenness of the movement awakened Cecca. "Hark!" said he. The noise had ceased. Pietro seized his carbine, and advanced towards the entrance of the cavern, the path leading to which was solitary as before: all was calm. The pale countenance of Cecca reposed on the shoulder of her lover; "I can see nothing," said she. "There they are!" repeated he. By Saint Antonio, its something more substantial than the breeze that agitates the foliage yonder!" At the same instant, a flash lighted up the spot to which he pointed, and Pietro fell to the ground. Quickly recovering himself, but too feeble to stand upright, he raised himself on his knees.

Concealed by a projecting rock, he gave his well-furnished pouch to Cecca, who, placing herself behind him, by turns loaded each of his two fusils, which she immediately afterwards presented to him. Heedless of danger, the generous girl thought but of her lover, whom she beheld pale and bleeding, leaning against the rock, and at every instant becoming more faint. The unequal struggle rapidly drew near its close. A ball grazed the cheek of Cecca, and fractured Pietro's right arm. His eye inflamed with the expression of hatred and desperate courage, he extended to Cecca his fusil, charged with his last remaining cartridge. "Fire!" said he, pointing with his finger to an advancing enemy, "fire like a true Corsican's wife; but first take good aim."

The aim was but too well levelled;—the enemy of Cecca's lover fell weltering in his blood. Making a last effort, "I am revenged!" cried Pietro with a savage yell; "Cecca, its your father!" The wretched Cecca heard no more. Heaven, in pity to her sufferings, deprived her of the gift of reason. Since that fatal moment the maniac has wandered through the forest, half naked, and impatient of the slightest restraint.

Forced occasionally, by the cravings of hunger, to make her appearance in the

village, she begs a morsel of bread, which she is never refused; and afterwards, guided by a sort of vague instinct, returns to the cavern, where she passes her nights. A faint hope of finding her Pietro urges her sometimes to wander on the high roads; but, as my guide observed, "Its more a habit than an idea."

Poor houseless maniac! thou hast indeed drank of affliction's cup. Thy fair promise has been blighted. Thy morn of life has vanished. Thy home, thy friends, thy lover, all are lost. Thou hast passed the gradations of worldly benevolence; but thou couldst not taste their bitterness.— Providence, in its mercy has deadened thy heart to the stings of close-handed charity, cold neglect, or the still more galling pity that, looking down from its proud and prosperous elevation, insults the misery for which it feigns to feel!

We descended slowly towards the valley. I was silent, and my guide was less talkative than usual. We saw her no more; but ever and anon the breezes which now sprang up, wafted to our ears the distant sound of one of those lengthened Corsican airs—those sad mountain melodies, whose last notes, like the plaintive strain of an echo, are repeated from the hills. I recognised a love ditty, which I had often heard in the course of my excursions, and which, perhaps, had been sung by Pietro:

Mirror of young maidens of the parish,
Whiter than snow or the brochio,*
—It was the poor Maniac!

SOLITUDE.

By James Kenney, Esq.

There is a time when tears will flow,
To soothe the throb of care;
When the gaunt eye of hollow woe
Looks up and mocks despair!
'Tis where the breeze has no controul,
Where pine trees darkly nod,
And Silence yields the gasping soul
To nature and to God!
Good spirits there a healing charm,
On wounded bosoms shed;
And Virtue nerves the languid arm,
And lifts the drooping head;
And then we deem a time will come,
When tyrant wrong shall fly,
Or fondly dream of martyrdom,
And how the proud ones die!
Under the blue and boundless sky,
Couch'd on the bright green earth,
Oh! then we smile for vanity,
And feel life's only worth:—

* A sort of cheese.

We trim no coronet for wealth,
For fame nor honour sigh;
We pray to God to live in health,
In love and charity.

And he whose cares in ruthless troops
Come thronging day by day,
To sap his heart, and make his hopes
A slow and inch-meal prey,
Shall here, the legion to defy,
Inhale a heavenly power;
Breathe Resignation's balmy sigh,
And bless that silent hour!

SONG.

Throw far away that garland throw!
'Tis wove of plants from foreign bowers;
I'll have no wreath entwine my brow,
Except of British flowers.

The myrtle, though it breathes of love,
Dies when the wintry snow storms come;
The orange, too, from Lusian grove,
Boasts but a short-lived bloom.

Let her born 'neath the sultry line
Go cross the pride of Chilian vale;—
Be the green hurtleberry mine
That loves the Highland gale!

Seek, warrior, Delphos' laurel wreath,
And bid it grace thy victor head!
I only ask to sit beneath
The Rowan's minstrel shade.

Is it not sweet at eve to rove
'Mid fair Amboyna's spicy isle,
Where bowers of cinnamon and clove
Breathe perfume round the while?

To some it may be—not to me,
I'd rather range my native hills,
With spirits as their wild-winds free,
Heart, pure as their own rills.

Be mine the harebell dropt with dew,
In careless childhood's happy hand!
Be mine the heath of azure hue
From mine own native land!

Then far away that garland throw;
'Tis wove of plants from foreign bowers;
I'll have no wreath entwine my brow,
Except of British flowers.

H. B.

GLEANINGS.

ARABIAN RESPECT TO WOMEN.

So great and so sacred is the respect of the Bedouin Arabs for the fair sex, that the presence, the voice even, of a woman, can arrest the uplifted scymetar charged with death, and bid it fall harmless. Whoever has committed a crime, even murder, is safe if a woman takes him under her protection; and the right of pardoning is so completely established in favour of the

sex, that, in some tribe where they never appear before men, and in others where they are occupied in tents, if a criminal can escape to their tent, he is saved. The moment he is near enough to be heard, he cries aloud, "I am under the protection of the harem!" At these words, all the women reply, without appearing, "Fly from him!" and were he condemned to death by the prince himself, and by the council of the principal persons of his tribe, the punishment of his crime is remitted without hesitation immediately, and he is allowed to go where he pleases.

THE VEGETABLE FLY.

This curious insect is, in size and appearance, not much unlike the cockchaffer; and is found in Dominica, and several other of the West India Islands. Like all other winged insects, it goes through the several gradations of grub, or caterpillar, and chrysalis. Having passed its last transformation, and arrived at its perfect state, that of a fly, it provides for the propagation of its species. Having done this, it prepares for its dissolution. In this stage of its existence it is; that it is so remarkable, and differs so much from every other fly. It now buries itself in the ground, where it dies, and from its body springs up a small plant, which resembles a young coffee-tree, only that its leaves are smaller; the plant is often overlooked, from the supposition people have of its being no other than a coffee-plant; but on examining it properly, the difference is easily discovered; the head, feet, and body of the insect appearing at the foot as when alive.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot promise to insert the poem by C. Bradbury until we have seen it, his present piece will be inserted in an early number. We shall endeavour to improve by the advice of T. C. and shall be glad of his assistance. The only necessary alteration in the tale by Hans Busk, jun. is the title which we do not like. There is no occasion for the continuance of Charon, by Edward Gray. The following are received—Etienne.—E. J. R. and R. C. Brownell, it is not from want of inclination but from want of opportunity that we have not inserted the selections of the latter.

London: published by Sears, 29, Charterhouse Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 10.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1831.

Price 1d.



A MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

Already had the shades of night began to close around me, when I reached the dreary mountainous district which it was necessary for me to cross on my way to the town of S—; a circumstance by no means cheering to a traveller mounted upon a jaded old hack, which

'Pursued the jog-trot tenour of his way,'

pertinaciously resolved not to move a whit faster, and that, too, in defiance of the almost continued application of whip and spur, to both of which he appeared to have become so familiarized as to regard their visitations merely as a simple and necessary intimation that he must 'move on:' for, no sooner did he find a relaxation of their monitions, than a proportionate abatement of his speed was the immediate consequence.

After having endured the intolerable fatigue and jolting of a journey of forty miles, performed in such a manner, it may easily be supposed that the closing in upon me of a dark, cold, frosty, December night with the prospect before me of having an additional eleven miles to travel before I attained the end of my journey over a lonely, bleak, inhospitable moor, every yard of which was as strange to me as the wilds of Siberia, had no tendency to decrease my weariness.

I had scarcely accomplished two miles of my cheerless undertaking, when the darkness, which had been gradually growing thicker and thicker, became so black and impenetrable as to render it impossible for me to distinguish my hand, when held up, even within a few inches of my eyes. The sky was hid behind a canopy of un-

fathomable darkness, through which not the glittering of one solitary star was visible. "All was black as Erebus." The wind, which throughout the day had been intensely cold, now became more bitterly so; bringing with it a heavy fall of snow which beat so strongly in my face as to disable me from holding up my head, and frequently came in such fitful, and violent gusts, as to compel my almost worn out hack to make a dead stand. To add to my misfortunes, my horse, I now discovered, by his frequent floundering, had wandered out of his regular path; and I expected every moment that he would be either completely entangled amongst the brambles, or that we should both be buried in a morass, or hurled headlong to the bottom of some frightful precipice; all which dangers my terrified imagination magnified in a tenfold degree.

In this state of feverish anxiety, while to proceed was to encounter more imminent peril, I determined to stop my horse and remain in my then situation, either till the violence of the storm was abated, or the light of returning dawn should enable me to guide him back to the high road. Accordingly, I turned him with his head facing the opposite direction to that from whence the wind proceeded, pulled my cloak more closely round me, and, calling to my aid all the philosophy I was master of, remained anxiously waiting till I could pursue my journey with less danger.

Being now in a state of inaction, I began to feel more and more sensibly of the bitter intensity of the cold, which so strongly affected my hands and feet that I almost doubted whether it had not actually pinched them from my body. The snow which adhered to my hair, and the brim of my hat, was speedily transformed into icicles; my cloak was frozen so stiff that it became utterly useless to me, and hung from my back as though it had been a board; and at length, so perfectly benumbed was my whole body, as to be almost wholly insensible to feeling.

All the while my horse stood motionless as a statue, seemingly as incapable of exertion as his rider. But although the use of my bodily powers was denied me, I felt, aye, felt bitterly, that the passions within me were not dormant, that the power of thinking remained, that the mental faculties were unimpaired. Hope, fear, grief, rage, terror, despair, alternately rent my bosom, each urging me on to something impracticable, or hurling me to the lowest abyss of gloom, and despondency; now calling up feelings of anger and threatening, now filling me with terrible apprehen-

sions, and now overwhelming me with horror. In vain I strove to give vent to my feelings; in vain I strove to shriek aloud; the angry strife of conflicting passions choked my utterance. I wept, it is true, but the tears fell no farther than my eyelashes, where they congealed and entirely deprived me of sight.

Terrible and torturing as was this state of fearful agitation, the intervals of reflection, brief though they were, visited me with far more excruciating anguish. I thought of home, of friends, of those linked to my heart by the dearest the closest ties of affinity and affection, of *her* to whom I had plighted my troth at the altar, *her* unbounded tenderness, *her* constancy, *her* love! of the sweet pledges of our union, their happy looks, their engaging prattle, their artless smiles! of the anxiety with which all these beloved ones were awaiting my return; and then came the most agonizing pang of all, the dread that we were separated for ever, without having been permitted one last embrace, or to utter one sad, one mournful, farewell. Oh! the bitterness, the intense agony of that *one* thought is beyond the power of description!

Every moment, as it lagged on its leaden footsteps, seemed an age. A thousand wild vagaries thronged my imagination. I fancied that my body was immoveably fixed on that dreary and desolate spot, and changed into a marble prison, in which my spirit was doomed to remain pent up until the end of all things should come; and I cursed the cruelty of fate which had entailed on me so barbarous a destiny: nay, more, I even dared to call in question the justice of the decrees of heaven, and once, horrid thought! in the height of my frenzied desperation, I was on the point of imprecating its wrath; but there was a monitor within me spoke not in the still small accents of gentle reproof, but in a voice of thunder that shook my inmost soul; it cried, "Forbear!"

Again my restless imagination conjured up fresh objects of terror. I fancied that the last days had arrived, that the end of time was at hand; that the spirits of darkness, let loose upon the earth, were hovering around me; forms too hideous for description, a thousand times blacker than the darkness which clouded my bodily vision, were flitting before me, exulting in my sufferings, and making a cruel mockery of my woe; and that from this state of misery there was no hope of escaping, until the great last conflagration, when I should share the terrible fate that awaits the whole creation. Oh how I wished that that hour was come!

At length the fury of the storm abated,

the snow ceased to fall, the howling of the wind was silenced. I felt the ice which had closed up my eyes begin to melt, and in a few moments more my sight was again restored.

The sudden change, from the dark forebodings of despair to the animating influence of hope, was like an electric shock to my frame. I felt my blood, which till now seemed congealed, rushing with new vigour through every vein, and restoring to my half frozen limbs their lost animation.

Roused to exertion, by the prospect of deliverance, I endeavoured to put my horse in motion; but oh! what pain, what agony, did that first effort cost me!

Had I been stretched upon the rack I could not have experienced more excruciating suffering; but the hope of preservation enabled me to persevere, and I at length succeeded in urging my steed into motion.

The clouds, which heretofore veiled the face of heaven, had vanished, and the dim trembling rays of the few of its myriad lamps which were visible enlightened the dreariness of the scene, and combined with the light emitted from the snow, which covered the surface of the savage wilderness, enabled me once more to look around me.

Although I was wholly at a loss in which direction I ought to proceed, I determined to keep moving onward, in the hope that I should shortly find my way back to the high road. I had not long acted upon this resolution ere I perceived, at some distance before me, a light, which, from its seeming to be stationary, I judged to proceed from the habitation of some human being.

My horse, too, seemed to be aware of our near approach to the abode of humanity, as he voluntarily increased his speed as we approached nearer the spot, on which I kept my eyes fixed under a painful sensation of mingled hope and anxiety.

A few minutes more brought me to the object aimed at, which, to my infinite joy, I found to be a small public-house, and the light which had served to conduct me thither proceeded from the windows.

I hallooed as loud as I was able, and presently a rough-looking countryman appeared at the door. I inquired if I could have shelter for myself and horse during the night; and, having received an answer in the affirmative, I dismounted with great difficulty; and, after waiting till the latter was properly put up in a shed which served for a stable, with the assistance of mine host I managed to walk or rather roll into the house; where, round a large blazing fire, were seated the hostess, a servant-

girl, and two men, who from their appearance, and two packs which I observed lying on the floor, I judged to be pedlars.

Having been disencumbered of some of my frozen habiliments, and placed before the fire, the females chafed my hands and legs; and after I had swallowed a little mulled ale, which the landlady strongly recommended as most suited to my condition, I was conducted to a miserable upper room, where a bed without curtains, and altogether of the meanest description, had been hastily prepared for me. I was not, however, in a condition to quarrel with my accommodations; and, therefore, resolving to make the best of the matter I closed the rickety door, placed a dilapidated chair (the only one the room contained) against it, threw myself upon my hard bed, and was presently asleep.

I had not lain long before I was roused by the sound of footsteps advancing up the creaking staircase towards my apartment. I listened; the noise approached nearer and nearer; it ceased; an attempt was made to open the door; but this the chair I had placed against it prevented.

I started up and listened with breathless anxiety. The darkness in which my room was shrouded increased my terror—a cold sweat bedewed my forehead—the blood rushed back to my heart, the pulsations of which became audible—a dreadful faintness came over me—my frame was almost paralyzed with horror, and I sunk back upon my pillow, overcame with the painful intensity of conflicting emotions. Again I raised myself up and listened: I could now distinctly hear voices engaged in a whispering conversation, which, however, presently ceased, and I heard the sound of footsteps descending, the staircase and gradually dying away in the distance; and once more, all was dark, deep, dreadful silence. I had now a moment for reflection—oh, how horrid was that moment!—I thought of the lonely situation of the house in which I was lodged, and I doubted not it was a rendezvous for robbers and murderers, that the landlord and the two men I had mistaken for pedlars were part of the gang, and that it was their intention to add me to the number of their victims.

Appalling as was my situation on the mountain, excruciating as were the sufferings I there endured, I would gladly have braved both again to have been released from that den of horrors.

While I lay thus in delirious terror, I suddenly felt the bed move under me. In an instant I leaped from it, and ere I could turn round, it had disappeared through a trap-door, which immediately again closed

Summoning, by a frantic effort, my last expiring energies, I rushed to the window in the hope of being able to effect my escape; but, to my utter dismay, I found it secured by a strong iron grating which mocked all my puny attempts to remove it. Again I heard footsteps approaching my apartment, the door was forced open; slowly and stealthily, without any light, some one entered, and, cautiously passing his hand along the wall, came gradually round the room towards the spot where I stood. I moved on, as well as I was able in the opposite direction, and endeavoured to elude his search. Every step that he advanced increased my terror; my legs bent under me and refused to perform their office. Already he was so near me that I could hear him breathe—his hand touched me—he grasped my shoulder—I made a sudden leap, and, falling upon the trap-door, it sank with me, and I was precipitated with my head upon a hard, cold, damp pavement. A loud peal of laughter instantly broke upon my ear; I got upon my feet, and, looking round, perceived, by the light of a lamp, which was burning upon a low bench, that I was in a spacious vault, the floor of which was nearly covered with human limbs, and beside me lay the headless trunk of a man who appeared to have been but recently immolated, as the blood still flowed freely from his mangled remains.

I had scarcely time to look on the appalling spectacle, ere a door in one corner of the vault was opened, and the landlord and his two associates, each armed with a cutlass, entered. Without uttering a word they immediately seized me, forced a gag into my mouth, tied my legs and arms with a cord, and threw me across the bench.

My neck was then bared—one of the ruffians knelt upon my body, another held back my head, while the third raised his cutlass to inflict the fatal blow.

Already had his raised arm begun to descend, the glare of his polished weapon flashed upon my eyes, I felt it cleaving the air as it came nearer and nearer—when, suddenly, a piercing shriek echoed through the arched dungeon—the murderers started from their purpose, quitted their hold of my body, and I rolled upon the floor. Immediately the vault was filled with a party of armed soldiers, but they were too late to secure the assassins, who, on the first sound of danger, had made their escape by some secret outlet.

The object of their search, however, lay before them in the mangled carcase I have before mentioned, which was recognized as being the body of their comrade, who,

it appeared, had deserted from his regiment and been traced thither.

The shriek which alarmed the murderers and saved my life, proceeded from the landlady, who in attempting to prevent the entrance of the soldiers into the vault, had been slightly wounded by a bayonet.

Having been released from my bonds, I was, along with the woman, conveyed to S——, where we underwent an examination before a bench of magistrates.

As however, there was no evidence sufficiently strong to implicate the woman in the crimes of her husband and his associates, she was, after a few days' confinement, allowed to go at liberty. W. H.

HOPE.

There is a flame that flits before
The wanderer, o'er a lonely land,
A fitful gleam, that oft eludes
The grasp of the extended hand.
A vapoury flame, whose luring ray
Of dancing light,
Seen through the night,
Cheers the faint traveller on his way.
Such is hope's inspiring gleam,
That cheers our chequered earthly home,
Whose luring and enticing beam,
Still wafts before, where'er we roam,
And glads the heart with its bright ray
Of light so dear,
Yet oft when near
We think we grasp, it fades away.

C. BRADBURY.

THINK NOT OF ME, POOR PAGE!

BY T. H. BAYLY, ESQ.

My page look not so wistfully
Upon thy lady's cheek,
For she can read in thy moist eye,
The grief thou fain wouldst speak.
Thy kindness but augments the pain
It offers to assuage;
Go seek thy sunny sports again—
Think not of me, poor page!
My sadness will but make thee weep,
Thou'lt win no smile from me;
So young a plant 'twere sin to keep
Beneath woe's poison tree.
I love thee, but I send thee forth,
A captive from the cage;
I have no other friend on earth,
But heed not that, poor page!
And thou dost weep, remembering
How gay I used to be;
Weep not—for nothing now can bring
A sadder change to me.
Bowed down in youth I do not fear
The darkest frowns of age;
Go hence, I cannot shed a tear—
Think not of me, poor page!



THE VOLUNTARY AVENGER.

When the Russian army under the command of General Buxhovden, was returning from the conquest of Finland, great numbers of ferocious wolves followed the troops, to feed on the carcasses of such baggage horses as died, or to seize and carry off any stragglers that separated themselves from the main body.

These creatures still continued to infest the countries through which the army had passed, long after the cause of their coming was removed. Many travellers were devoured by them, and no prudent persons ventured alone and unarmed to traverse those inhospitable wilds.

The province of Esthonia was particularly visited by this calamity: several regiments had directed their march that way, and the numerous unwelcome visitants which they had introduced, continued to prowl about the roads and forests, and occasionally to commit depredations on the live stock of the peasantry, to a serious degree.

Yet in spite of these dangers, an Esthonian country-woman resolved to visit a relation at a distance, and actually set out in a light sledge drawn by one horse without any protection, and with three children one of whom was at the breast.

Had there been no other obstacle than the severity of the weather, and the depth of the snow, it would have been a rash undertaking, thus accompanied; but when to the dangers of the road were added the probability of a visit from ravenous beasts, the attempt was little short of madness.

A narrow path, sufficient to admit the passage of the sledge, was well beaten; but the least deviation on either side would probably have overwhelmed them in the

vast drifts of snow that were heaped up on each side.

For some time every thing went well: nothing occurred to alarm the travellers; but soon the road led along by the side of a vast pine forest, and it was not long ere the unhappy woman, fancying she heard a suspicious noise behind her, looked back and beheld with alarm and horror a troop of wolves approaching with considerable rapidity.

Shocked at the sight, she urged on her horse to its utmost speed, and the poor animal seemed as eager as herself to escape the deadly enemies he perceived behind him. But flight was vain; soon two or three of the strongest and most ravenous appeared at the side of the sledge, and seemed preparing to attack the horse.

The loss of this animal would have sealed the destruction of all. To its speed alone she trusted for deliverance from this dreadful danger, and she felt that some expedient must be adopted to divert the attention of these monsters.

Maternal affection is said to be one of the strongest feelings that inhabit the human breast; yet the approach of death in the most horrid form seemed to have extinguished it in this unhappy woman's mind. She seized her second child, which was of an infirm and sickly constitution, and had never been a favourite with her, and almost unconscious of what she was doing, and unmoved by its piercing cries, threw the innocent victim to the savage brutes, who instantly tore it in pieces.

But the respite this afforded was short: scarcely had the last cry of her murdered infant sounded in her ear, than she heard the hellish troop again pursuing and rapid-

ly approaching the sledge. Her little boy, four years of age, terrified at the fate of his brother, alarmed by the howling of the monsters that were coming on in full cry, and suspecting, from his mother's agonized looks, that he would be the next victim to their rage, crept close to her knee, and pleaded hard for his life: "Dear mother, I am good; am I not? You will not throw me into the snow, as you did the bawler."

The pressing danger renders her deaf to his entreaties; the ravenous jaws of the wolves are opened to seize her last hope: at all hazards this must be prevented, and the youthful pleader is sacrificed for that purpose.

With frantic eagerness she now lashes on the almost exhausted horse, with a faint hope that she shall yet save one of her beloved babes. The gloomy forest still lay extended before her: no sign of human habitation appeared; yet still she pressed her infant to her beating heart, anxious to preserve this last relic of her little family.

On a sudden two rough paws are laid on her shoulders from behind, and the open bloody jaws of an enormous wolf hang over her head. This furious beast had outstripped its companions, and making a leap at the sledge, had partly missed its aim; and being dragged along with it could not find a resting place for its hind legs, to enable it to make a second attempt.

The weight of the body of the monster draws the woman backward; her arms rise with her child; half torn from her, half abandoned, it becomes the prey of the ravenous animal, which hastily carries it off into the forest. The woman herself, stupified by the mingled emotions of fear and grief, drops the reins, and is hurried forward unconscious whether she is freed from her pursuers or not.

Meantime the road widens, and a side path, leading to an insulated farm-house, appears. The horse, guided by instinct, takes this path, and rushing through the open gate, enters the farm-yard, where it instantly stops, covered with foam, and panting for breath.

All the inmates of the place hasten to learn the cause of this extraordinary appearance, and the wretched woman, awakening from her stupefaction, throws herself into the arms of the first that approached with a scream of mingled joy and anguish.

Revived by cordials hastily administered she recovers to a sense of the heart-rending loss she has sustained, and, in reply to the anxious questions which were put to her, in broken accents she relates the horrid

tale. Remorse now fills her breast with anguish for the sacrifice fear had extorted from her, and the dreadful image of her babes expiring in the bloody fangs of the monsters of the desert drive her almost to frenzy.

But the wretched mother was not the only one on whom this terrible catastrophe had made a deep impression. The eldest son of the family, who stood among the auditors with an axe in his hand, with which he had been cleaving wood, unable to control the feelings to which her narrative had given rise, sternly advanced towards her: "What!" he exclaimed, "three children,—thy own children—the sickly innocent—the imploring boy—the infant suckling—all cast out by the mother to be devoured by wolves! Woman, thou art unworthy to live!"

In an instant the fatal axe descended on her head, and the wretched woman fell dead at his feet. The youth, satisfied that he had done an act of retributive justice, calmly wiped the bloody axe, and returned to his work.

But a deed so unwarrantable, from what ever motive it arose, could not be passed over in silence. The young man was arrested by the officers of justice, brought to trial, and condemned to die.

The emperor Alexander, however, to whom the circumstances were submitted for a confirmation of the sentence, perceiving that the motives which prompted the youth to become the VOLUNTARY AVENGER, were those of virtuous indignation against what he considered unnatural conduct, commuted his punishment into labour in the fortress of Dunamunde, at the mouth of the Duna, in the Gulf of Riga, during his majesty's pleasure.

THE FURLOUGH.

AN IRISH ANECDOTE.

In the spring of 1824, some private affairs called me into the sister kingdom; and as I did not travel, like Polyhemus, with my eye out, I gathered a few samples of Irish character, amongst which was the following incident. I was standing one morning at the window of "mine Inn," when my attention was attracted by a scene that took place beneath. The Belfast coach was standing at the door, and on the roof, in front, sat a solitary outside passenger, a fine young fellow in the uniform of the Connaught Rangers. Below by the front wheel, stood an old woman, seemingly his mother, a young man, and a younger woman, sister or sweetheart; and they were all earnestly entreating the young soldier to descend from his seat on

the coach. "Come down wid ye, Thady"—the speaker was the old woman—"Come down now to your ould mother. Sure it's flog ye they will, and strip the flesh off the bones I giv ye. Come down Thaby, darlin!" "It's honour, mother," was the short reply of the soldier; and with clenched hands and set teeth, he took a stiffer posture on the coach. "Thady, come down—come down now ye fool of the world—come along down wid ye!" The tone of the present appeal was more impatient and peremptory than the last; and the answer was more promptly and sternly pronounced: "It's honour, brother!" and the body of the speaker rose more rigidly erect than ever on the roof. "O Thady, come down! sure it's me, your own Kathleen, that bids ye. Come down, or ye'll break the heart of me, Thady, jewel; come down then!" The poor girl wrung her hands as she said it, and cast a look upward, that had a visible effect on the muscles of the soldier's countenance. There was more tenderness in his tone, but it conveyed the same resolution as before.—"It's honour, honour, bright, Kathleen!" and, as if to defend himself from another glance, he fixed his look steadfastly in front, while the renewed entreaties burst from all three in chorus, with the same answer.—"Come down, Thady, honey!—Thady, ye fool, come down!—O Thady, come down to me!"—"It's honour, mother!—It's honour, brother!—Honour bright, my own Kathleen!"—Although the poor fellow was a private, this appeal was so public, that I did not hesitate to go down and inquire into the particulars of the distress. It appeared, that he had been home, on furlough, to visit his family—and having exceeded, as he thought, the term of his leave, he was going to rejoin his regiment, and to undergo the penalty of his neglect. I asked him when the furlough expired. "The first of March your honour—bad luck to it of all the black days in the world—and here it is, come sudden on me like a shot!"—"The first of March!—why, my good fellow, you have a day to spare then—the first of March will not be here till to-morrow. It is Leap Year, and February has twenty-nine days." The soldier was thunder-struck. "Twenty-nine days is it!—You're sartin of that same!—Oh, Mother, Mother!—the Divil fly away wid y'ere auld Almanack—a base crature of a book, to be deceaven one, afther living so long in the family of us!" His first impulse was to cut a caper on the roof of the coach, and throw up his cap, with a loud Hurrah! His second, was to throw himself into the arms of his Kathleen, and the

third, was to wring my hand off in acknowledgment.—"It's a happy man I am, your Honour, for my word's saved, and all by your Honour's means. Long life to your Honour for the same! May ye live a long hundred—and leap-years every one of them!!"

ANTICIPATIONS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Suggested by a conversation respecting the astonishing rate at which steam carriages are expected to go, and the consequent march of refinement.

Tell John to set the kettle on,
I mean to take a drive;
I only want to go to Rome,
And shall be back by five.

Tell cook to dress those humming birds
I shot in Mexico;
They've now been killed at least two
days,

They'll be *un peu trop haut*.

I'll try that wine, too, *a la rose*,
Just brought from Ispahan:
How could those Goths of other times
Endure that vile Champagne?

The trip I took the other day,
To breakfast in the moon,
Thanks to that awkward Lord Bellaire,
Has spoiled my new balloon.

For, steering through the Milky Way,
He ran against a star,
And turning round again too soon,
Came jolt against my car.

Such fellows ought to keep below,
And never venture there;
If he's so clumsy, he should go
By no way but the Bear.

My steam is surely up by now—
Put the high pressure on;
Give me the 'breath-bag' for the way,
All right—hey—whiz—I'm gone.

THE DESERTED,

At the execution of the Deserter.

BY F. W. N. BAYLEY, ESQ.

Oh, say not the deserter kneels,
To face the death he scorned,
Upon the cold and clammy sod,
Forsaken or unmourned.
There is a being near the spot,
Unheeded and forlorn,
Who is gazing in her anguish,
And will weep when he is gone!

She dares not wave her silken scarf,
In token of adieu!
Lest 't should unman the courage,
That 's now so calm and true.

But on her pallid cheek there falls
 One burning tear—*that* tells
 She 's feeling in her agony
 A thousand sad farewells!

The warrior falls, and no one heeds
 Her dismal shriek to save;
 But she will sigh above his tomb,
 And weep upon his grave.
 And by her young and mournful look,
 And by her low sad moan,
 The world will know that she is left—
 Deserted and alone!

GLEANINGS.

ANECDOTES OF MOZART.

Before the young Mozart came to France he caused the persons at the court of Vienna to admire the unexampled precocity of his talents. The empress Maria Theresa and her husband, Francis the First, never called him any thing but the little sorcerer. He passed nearly all his days in their apartments, and was even admitted to play or sport with the young Princesses. In running one day over a floor on which an oilcloth had been newly placed, he got a violent fall. The Archduchess Maria Antoinette, she, who was afterwards the too unfortunate Queen of France, was then not more than of the same age with the little sorcerer, nevertheless she alone took pity on him, and whilst her sisters continued their play, she raised him up and busied herself in giving him assistance. Touched by this kindness, he said to her, "You are a good girl, I would wish to marry you." The young Princess told the Empress part of the declaration, which amused her very much, and on the first occasion of the little Mozart appearing at court, she asked him if he were still determined on becoming her son-in-law? "Certainly, Madam," answered he, "for your daughter Antoinette has a good heart, and is not like the other girls, who suffered me to remain on the ground."

LORD BYRON.

During his residence at Venice, the house of a shoemaker was destroyed by fire; and every article belonging to the poor man being lost, he was, with a large family, reduced to a most pitiable condition. The noble bard having ascertained the afflicting circumstances of this event, ordered a new and superior habitation to be immediately built for the sufferer; in addition to which, he presented the unfortunate tradesman with a sum equal in value to the whole of his lost stock in trade and furniture.

SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT.

About the early part of the last century, a female resided at Wanstead, who annually attracted the notice of the public by advertisements; that for 1717 was as follows:—"This is to give notice to all my honoured masters and their ladies, and the rest of my loving friends, that my lady Butterfield gives a challenge to ride a horse, to leap a horse, or run on foot, or holloo, with any woman in England, seven years younger, but not a day older, because I would not undervalue myself, being now seventy-four years of age. My feast will be the last Wednesday of this month, April, when there will be good entertainment for that day, and all the year after, at Wanstead in Essex."

DERIVATION OF HONEY-MOON.

It was the custom of the higher order of Teutones, a people who inhabited the northern part of Europe, to drink mead or metheglin, a beverage made with honey, for thirty days after every wedding. From this custom comes the expression "to spend the honey-moon."

GERMAN HONESTY AND SIMPLICITY.

Madame de Stael gives an illustration of honesty and simplicity in Germany in an anecdote which would not be believed in England—she says "An inhabitant of Leipsic, having planted an apple-tree on the borders of a public walk affixed a notice to it, requesting that people would not gather the fruit and not an apple was stolen during ten years"—does not this put to shame our steel-traps and spring guns.

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION OF PROFESSOR PORSON'S.

A gentleman observing that the names of all the ladies whose healths were drank at a public dinner began with B, Porson replied—

"How strange it is that fortune should decree

That all our fav'rites should begin with B;
 But now, to solve this paradox of ours,
 The bee flies oftenest to the sweetest flowers."

CORRESPONDENTS IN OUR NEXT.

London: published by Sears, 29, Charterhouse Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 11.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1831.

Price 1d.



MARY FLANIGAN AND TERENCE QUIN.

A SATIRICAL SPECIMEN OF NOVEL-WRITING.

By the author of Brambletye House.

And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill !

FEAR.

“It was a beautiful evening of July, and never had the rich and romantic scenery that surrounds the city of Waterford presented itself to the raptured eye of the spectator with an aspect of more enchanting loveliness. As the sun, with the whole gorgeous pavilion of purple clouds amid which it was reposing, sank majestically down towards the horizon, its roseate beams seemed to linger upon the town, upon the calm glassy waters of the Suir and the motionless trees around, as if unwilling to tear themselves away and surrender up that glowing and Elysian scene to the sombre influence of night. Not a

wave rippled—not a leaf moved—not a sound was heard ; it was a sabbath hour of universal rest and repose ; almost might it have been thought that earth and sky had fallen asleep in their own commingled light, so deep, so thrilling, so awful was the breathless silence of the landscape. When he first caught a glimpse of its tranquil loveliness, on suddenly emerging from the grove, Terence trod softly, as if his foot-fall might awaken the slumbering valley ; and his heart, under the holy influence of Nature, became filled with a solemn reverence. These delightful sensations were not less painfully than unex-

pectedly dispersed by the angry growling and barking of a dog, instantly followed by a loud scream, which seemed to scarify his ear, and almost to split his shuddering heart as he heard it. Rushing forwards to the little clump of trees whence the cry proceeded, he beheld a female endeavouring to defend herself against the assaults of a small but fierce spaniel, which by the blood upon her arm, seemed already to have wounded her. To reach the spot, to kick away the infuriated animal, to seize it by the tail, and hurl it howling into the adjacent river, was but the work of a moment; for native courage, animated by ardent love, concentrates time, and achieves apparent impossibilities. Terence Quin, our hero, was a short, athletic, ruddy youth: his leg, of which the calf was swelling and bulbous as the stone balustrade of a bridge, was generally encased in white cotton stockings; while his ankles were begirt with short black gaiters. He wore a velveteen jacket, a green neckcloth, carried a shillelagh under his left arm, and his hat jauntily on one side, with a shamrock stuck in the band. Such a sentimental figure was not to be contemplated without emotion, even by the most impassive spectator; still less by the beautiful Mary Flanigan, his present companion, who was not only grateful for her recent deliverance, but whose soul of flame and tremulously susceptible heart disposed her to receive instantaneously the deepest and most ineradicable impressions. The fountains of her young bosom were suddenly broken up,—an electrical spasm pervaded every fibre of her thrilling frame,—a new and delicious, yet soft and pensive pleasure diffused itself through all her faculties, and she timidly cast at Terence one of those glances which can only be condensed and conjured up by the magic of a first love, and which intelligibly expressed admiration without boldness, anxiety without cowardice, regard without forwardness, modesty without backwardness, and many other things without many other things.

“Nor was Terence less smitten and transfixed at the sight of Mary, whose beauty, like that of the ruffled swan or shaken rose, was only rendered the more conspicuous by her agitation. For some moments, surprise and admiration utterly deprived him of speech, almost of his senses; and when he was at length about to address her, he was prevented by her uttering a cry of horror, and ejaculating with a shudder,—‘Oh, Sir! your calf,—your beautiful calf!’ Following the direction of her agonized eyes, he now for the first time perceived that the blood was trickling down his white cotton stocking,

from a slight bite inflicted by the dog. ‘It is nothing,—a mere trifle,’ he exclaimed:—‘but oh, Miss,—your thumb,—your inimitable thumb;—it bleeds!’

“‘It is only a scratch,’ and indeed I have been more frightened than hurt,’ said Mary, ‘I will return home to my mother, that she may staunch it with some lint, and make me a silken thumb-stall.’

“‘Not a yard,—not a foot—not an inch shall you stir,’ cried Terence with impassioned energy; ‘no, not for ten thousand thousand worlds and all that they contain, until I have bandaged that bleeding thumb.’

“Mary said nothing, but she looked unutterable things. A drop of her blood fell upon Terence’s shoe. Had the world suddenly crumbled to atoms, after a red-hot rusty dagger had been sheathed in his heart, it could not have agonized him more: he tore his handkerchief from his pocket, gazed at it for a moment, and then exclaimed with a look of despair—

“‘It cannot—must not—shall not be! This handkerchief’—

“‘Oh! what of that handkerchief!’ inquired Mary with a thrilling look.

“‘It has not been changed since Saturday, and I have had a bad cold all the time. This grass-green cravat’—

“‘Oh, save it,—save it for your calf!’ murmured Mary.

“‘Never, never; I care not for myself. But by Heaven! hence you stir not until it has enwrapped your thumb!’

“Wrenching the cravat from his throat, he bound it tenderly round her hand; and then, placing her still trembling arm within his own, accompanied her towards her dwelling. In that short walk, love, omnipotent love, effected a total metamorphosis in his whole moral system: his past existence faded away from his memory; a new heart, a new soul, seemed to be infused into him; and he was born again, as it were, into another world, in which he saw, heard, thought of, dreamt of, and wished for nothing but his adorable Mary Flanigan.

“Let other writers delight to introduce into their pages none but nobles and the favourites of fortune, whose vices too often degrade them beneath the rank they occupy; be it our pleasanter task to pourtray those more deserving individuals whose virtues elevate them above their humble station. Terence Quin was in the last year of his apprenticeship to a respectable apothecary. Mary Flanigan was the eldest daughter of a cow-keeper and dairyman: her parents, who were poor, and had ten other children, would not listen to her marriage with Terence, not only because he was as poor as herself, but because she

was beloved by Bryan O'Blarney, whose addresses she had indeed peremptorily rejected; but they were still in hopes of conquering her repugnance to a match which would prove so decidedly advantageous to the whole family should it ever take place. Possessing some property and influence, but not less lawless and dissolute in his habits than violent in his temper, O'Blarney was irritated to the last degree at a refusal, which appeared to him little less than insulting, when he reflected that his ancestors, as all the world knew, had once been kings of Munster. Stern, moody, and revengeful, daring in the conception of his enterprises, prompt and remorseless in their execution, Bryan was the terror of the whole neighbourhood; for he was known to be leagued with the midnight marauders and outlaws who then infested the southern provinces of Ireland, and every one dreaded the enmity of a man who could summon numerous desperadoes to support him in his projects, however violent and sanguinary. He swore by St. Patrick,—an oath which he was never known to have violated,—that if Mary married his rival, he would wreak a swift and terrible vengeance upon both! This was dismal and alarming intelligence for the lovers. The enamoured and despairing Terence was driven to a state that bordered upon distraction, his paroxysms assuming a singular and distressing idiosyncrasy from the nature of his professional pursuits. In the wanderings of his disturbed brain it seemed as if all the phials, bottles, and gallipots he had ever seen were collected within his head, smashing, dashing, slashing, crashing and thrashing one another. Cataplasms appeared to dance before his eyes, boluses to block up his ears, electuaries to plug up his nose, gargles to be for ever rattling in his throat; while, if he attempted to grope his way in the dark, his hands clutched the most nauseous compounds of the pharmacopœia. Hideous hallucination! Nor was the sensitive Mary in a less pitiable plight: her dishevelled locks floated wildly on the night breeze; pale and haggard were her features; her vacant eye attested the frightful bewilderment of her faculties; she sang unmeaning songs to the midnight moon, milked the cows into her father's hat, although there was a hole in the crown; and fondly kissed the calf, saying it reminded her of her dear Terence's.—One only consolation was left to her. Norah, the sister of Bryan O'Blarney, and the oldest and best beloved friend she had in the world, would frequently visit her, offering her all the consolations that her mild and affectionate nature could suggest. Oh, how different was that gentle girl

from her dark-souled and implacable brother! She was the only creature that possessed any influence over him; for he loved her as tenderly as his stern character would allow, and had often been won by her intercessions to spare his intended victim and forego the gratifications of his vengeance.

"Weary with gazing at the dark sky, Mary was about to retire to bed one stormy night, when her friend Norah rushed into the apartment, exclaiming in agitating accents—

"O Mary Flanigan! dearest Mary! what will become of you and of Terence that has got such an elegant calf to his leg and of my wicked and violent brother? Ah, sure now! won't he come some day to the gallows?—It's Bryan I mean, and not you, honey dear. He saw Terence walking with you this morning; he saw him kiss you, and having gone almost clean out of his wits with jealousy, he vows vengeance, and has sworn by St. Patrick never to taste whiskey till he has destroyed one or both of you!"

"Gracious Heaven! what will become of me? What is to be done?" asked Mary in faltering accents.

"Musha, dear, there is no danger for the night; for hasn't he gone down with a party of Rockites to destroy the farm at Kilrally, because the Mahoneys set it after receiving notice to the contrary from Captain Rock? Soon as I learned his intentions, I sent father and mother down to Kilrally to warn them to quit the house, so that I trust there will be no murder committed. Oh, wirra! wirra! this desperate brother of mine is a worse torment to his family and friends than he is to his foes!"

"Tell me, tell me, dear Norah, how shall we defend ourselves from his ungovernable rage?—how shall Terence be saved from his vengeance?"

"Ah Mary darling, there is but one method: for Bryan's sake—for mine—for Terence's—for your own, you must both fly from Waterford. Take this money; it will assist in conveying you to Dublin; where you can be married, and thus preserve your own lives, and perhaps at the same time that of my ungovernable brother. Ah! if he should murder you and Terence and then be hung himself, what would become of the pensive Norah?"

"Generous, generous girl! we will depart by to-morrow's coach, and prevent these accumulated horrors. But you tremble—you turn pale—you are ill. Dearest Norah, your agitation and your hurried journey over the hill have been too much for you. Repose yourself awhile upon my bed, and I will watch beside you."

(To be continued.)



STOW'S MONUMENT.

The monument which forms the subject of our second engraving (this week) is situated in the church of St. Andrews Leadenhall-street.

The figure has a venerable appearance, with a short white beard and moustaches, the crown of the head bald, and with short hair above the ears. It has the appearance of stone, but Mr. Strype (the editor of Stowe's Survey) says it is terra cotta painted. If this be so, and we have no reason to doubt the authority, it is a proof that the art of making figures of artificial stone, which has been generally attributed to the latter part of the last century, was a much earlier invention. It was used in Italy in the age of Michael Angelo, and in fact by the ancients, for, says the same gentleman, "what are the vessels, vases, altars, &c. of the Romans, but artificial stone?"

John Stow, the faithful and laborious historian and chronicler, was born in London, on Cornhill, about 1525, and is supposed to have followed his father's business as a tailor; but the inclination of his mind early developed itself, and he began to apply himself to the study of history and antiquity. He prosecuted his researches with great diligence, and neglect-

ing his business, travelled on foot to many cathedrals, churches, and other public establishments for the sake of collecting and reading manuscripts, histories, church grants, records, registers, journals, &c.; from which he formed his invaluable "Survey of London," his "English Chronicle," and other works, which will carry his name to posterity with respect and admiration. At the time of the Reformation Stow was a material sufferer for his religious opinions, and in 1570 was accused by his own brother before the commissioners of the Star Chamber, upon no less than one hundred and forty charges. This was the forerunner of the poverty, which, to the disgrace of the age in which he lived, overtook him. He was reduced to the necessity of seeking relief by soliciting charitable contributions at the 78th year of his age. Heart-broken at the ingratitude of the world, and worn out by a complication of disease and penury, he died two years afterwards,; and well may be applied the sarcasm, that was said over Butler's tomb, "he asked for bread and they gave him a stone:" but old John Stow needed no pomp of marble, "no storied urn," to transmit his name and actions. It is a sufficient eulogy to say, that his works

survive him, and will be read with pleasure and instruction as long as the language shall remain.

SIR JOHN MOORE.

The Burial of Sir John Moore, after the Battle of Corunna, in Spain, in 1809.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried:
Not a soldier discharged a farewell shot,
O'er the grave, where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few—and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,

But we stedfastly gazed on the face of the dead,

And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread
o'er his head,

And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,

And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But nothing he'll reck if they let him sleep on,

In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,

When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring,

And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,

From the field of his fame fresh and gory,

We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,

But we left him alone with his glory.



JUNE.

Was most probable so named by the Romans, from their goddess *Juno*, the queen of the heavens, to whom the month was dedicated. It is also supposed to have been termed by Romulus, *Junius*, in honour of the youth of Rome, (in honorem *juniorum*,) who served him in his wars. Some say that June derived its name from *Juventus*, youth, because it is the gay and seeming youthful part of the year. *Mercury*, the messenger of the gods, and himself the god and patron of thieves, mer-

chants, travellers, and orators, &c. was likewise protector of this month.

The Saxons called June *Weydmonat*, because their beasts did then *weyd*, or feed in the meadows. In the Teuonic language, *weyd* signifies a meadow, and from *weyde* comes our modern word *wade*, which means going through watery places, which formerly meadows generally were. *Weyd* also, being derived from *weyden*, to go about as if to pasture, was used to signify the feeding of cattle in this month; and

hence the name of *Weyd-monath*, or *Feed-month*. June was also called by the Saxons *Woed-monath*, or *Weedmonth*; *Medemonath*, *Meadmonth*; *Midsumormonath*; and *Braeckmonath*. This latter name was derived from the Saxon verb *bræcan*, to break, and was so applied to June, because of the breaking-up of the soil in this month: they also named it *Lida-erra*; the word *Lida*, or *Litha*, in Icelandic, signifying *to move* or *pass over*, it implied the sun's passing its greatest height; and *Lida-erra* meant the first month of the sun's descent in the ecliptic.

The Romans celebrated many minor festivals in this month, but none of any note.

Many *Saints'* days are foolishly preserved in the church of England calendar: the most important in this month, are that in honour of St. John the Baptist, on the 24th day of the month, which is also considered to be *Midsummer* day; and the feast of St. Peter the Apostle, on the 29th.

A SEA-SIDE STORY.

(For the Scrap Book.)

Some years since there lived on the coast of Devonshire a fisherman, his name was Ralph Hudson; he was of a robust and hardy constitution, possessed rather handsome features, over which his dark hair hung in thick curls; he was considerably above the middle stature. His rude dwelling was situated on a shelving ledge of the cliff, whose base was washed by the foaming surge, and whose lofty crest overhung the beautiful bay below; a narrow pathway cut in the rock led to the cottage the sole inhabitants of which were Ralph and his inseparable companion, a fine Newfoundland dog, to whom he was devotedly attached in consequence of his having been instrumental in saving his life more than once.

Ralph was of a brave and undaunted disposition, but charitable and humane; if ever the wearied traveller wandered from his road and chanced to enter his humble cabin, he was welcome to all that it contained; if he were hungry he might share the coarse though wholesome food of its owner, were he thirsty the water that flowed down the rocky steep would supply him with a beverage as wholesome as it was pure; if he were tired he might stretch himself before the cheerful hearth secure from danger lulled to repose by the fresh and cooling sea breeze: in short if it were in his power, he never suffered the unfortunate to pass by unpitied or unrelieved. Such was the character of this benevolent and worthy man, who passed

an obscure though happy life in a remote district many miles from any village.

One stormy night, after the labours of the day were ended, and he had retired to rest with his faithful dog at his side. The wind beating violently against his cottage the breakers dashing their heads against the shore, the lightning flaming through the dark and starless sky rendered by their combined efforts, a scene that might almost battle description. Yet amid this fearful warfare of the elements, at intervals the loud sound of the signal gun might be distinguished by an experienced ear, and as the frequent flashes of lightning shed their pale lustre over the troubled surface of the ocean, from afar the dimasted hull of an Indiaman might be seen bearing down with a fearful rapidity upon the rocky shore, where certain destruction awaited her; the piercing cries of distress, died upon the midnight air alike unheeded and unheard. Suddenly Ralph was awakened from his sleep by a tremendous shock. The devoted vessel, had struck upon a rock—the crew having previously trusted themselves to the frail protection of the long boat, which unable to withstand the violent sea, with the weight of the numbers that crowded into her, was swamped, and sank to rise no more.

The first emotion that occurred to the mind of Ralph upon perceiving the melancholy event, was to descend the precipice, and endeavour to rescue those who might still cling to the shattered wreck. He accordingly arose, took a lantern in one hand and a piece of rope with a hatchet in the other; it was with difficulty he found the spot where the vessel lay, and climbed her slippery side, having however, arrived upon the deck, over which the sea broke, as if exulting in the work of devastation; the scene was truly appalling. Some unhappy wretches, who to prolong the thread of their existence, had lashed themselves to those parts of the ship most elevated from the water, remained cold and lifeless in the spot which they had chosen. Others to prevent the pang of death from being so severely felt, had broken open the spirit room, and fallen victims, others again, preferring a speedy to a lingering death, had put a period to their precarious existence with their own hands. He went below, a similar sight met his eyes; mothers with their children clasped to their bosoms, lay covered with water, lifeless on the deck. He passed on; at length in the corner of a cabin, in a small cot, he perceived the body of an infant, apparently about two or three years of age, but cold and stiff. Yet a benignant and placid smile played upon its pale features, the eyes were closed

and the colour had fled its cheeks. His heart was struck at the sight, and he, from whom no pain, no anguish, could extract a tear, wept, a token of his generous and charitable disposition. He then raised the poor infant to his bosom, ascended upon deck and quitted the vessel. He went with all haste to his cabin, and kindling a fire placed his charge before it and chafed its cold temples with his hands, what was his joy at length to trace the wanted colour returning to her cheeks. The eyes at length opened, the pulse began to move, and animation returned—his heart beat with delight at the pleasing thought that he had saved at least one human being from death, from a dreadful death.

He returned to the wreck to see whether his efforts might again be successful. The violence of the wind had by this time considerably abated, the first bright rays of the sun illuminated the eastern heavens, and the waves no longer impelled by the wind, rolled with a heavy swell upon the shore; the bodies of many who had perished on the preceeding day lay strewed upon the sand or floated on the deep. The vessel had sunk considerably lower and thus rendered the approach to it more dangerous. Ralph, however, undaunted, once more entered the cabin where he had found the child, and on the same cot he perceived a ring with the name E. Denham, engraved upon it. He preserved this carefully, in hopes that it might be the means of discovering a clue to the relations of his little stranger, whom he named Ellen, from the name of the vessel in which she was discovered. Upon his return she was sufficiently recovered to welcome his approach in the tender accents of infancy. He adopted his little guest, and treated her as tenderly as if she had been his daughter, and in return she repaid his care with the love and respect due to a father. She would at night hang the lantern at his door to guide his bark over the deep. If he were ill she would perform numberless little offices to mitigate and relieve his pain. When he returned with the spoils which his industry had procured she would joyfully trim the cheerful fire on his hearth and prepare his frugal repast.

Twelve years had elapsed in this manner since the day in which he had snatched her from a watery grave—twelve years had she dwelt an inmate under his humble roof, when the arrival of a stranger was announced at the Manor Hall. This was a venerable mansion that had for ages withstood the iron hand of Time—had smiled upon the tempest and defied its destructive power; it stood in the midst of

a large and noble park, and overlooked the bay below, workmen were busily employed in making preparations for the arrival of the lord of this stately domain. Which had been long uninhabited. He was an aged and infirm man, who had passed the last twenty years of his life in India, and during that time, having accumulated an immense property, was returning to spend the remainder of his days in ease and opulence. He had not been long established at his mansion, when happening to walk out one fine summers evening, he strolled towards the shore, and in endeavouring to ascend the cliff, in order to reach his home by a shorter rout, he trod upon a prominent piece of rock, which giving way beneath his foot precipitated him with some violence upon the beach below. The accident was observed by Ellen from her cottage—she called her father, and by their united assistance they raised the sufferer and conveyed him to their lowly dwelling. He had been stunned by the fall, and it was some time before he recovered the shock, during which time every attention was paid to him which his situation required.

When he had in some measure recovered he saw the gentle form of Ellen bending over him and anxiously anticipating his wants. As he gazed upon her he perceived on her hand a ring of peculiar form; he recognized it, and uttering a faint cry sunk back upon his couch, he enquired hastily, how she had become possessed of the gem, and Ralph, in his blunt but honest manner related faithfully the circumstance, and observed the settled melancholy fly from his brow. "'Tis she!" he cried, "'tis my long-lost daughter."

The fact was that he had sent his daughter at an early age to be educated in England, when the vessel in which she had embarked was wrecked as we before related, and she was received by the hospitable fisherman. The sick man ordered her to be instantly removed to his mansion, and rewarded handsomely her humble protector for the care bestowed upon his little guest, who then discovered in her real parent the rich, the illustrious Sir Francis Denham.

Hans Busk, Jun.

FAREWELL.

(ORIGINAL.)

By S. W. Linstead.

What moves the heart with trembling fear,
And fill the eye with flowing tear?
'Tis when to those we love so well
We falter out the word Farewell!

How feels the lover on the day
When forced to tear himself away
From her, whose heart he alone could tell,
Would break to speak the word Farewell.

How droop the husband and the wife,
When honour calls to wars dread strife,
Ah, then indeed 'tis sad to tell
The misery that's in the word Farewell.

But when the hand of death is near
To husband, wife, or children dear,
Convulsive throbs too plainly tell.
The anguish of the last Farewell.

DECEMBER.

Short the day, and dull, and dreary,
Long and dark the lingering night;
Wild fowls, hungry, wet, and weary,
Homeward wing their airy flight;
Winds in winter's fury raving;
Meteors shooting o'er the sky:
Woods their naked branches waving;
Withered leaves are whirling by.
Changed the face of fair creation;
Skies are gloomy—fields are bare;
But amidst the desolation,
Christmas comes to banish care:
Still we see the cheerful holly
Richly growing, fresh and green;
Thus when press'd by fate or folly,
Faithful Friendship smiles serene;
Light-wing'd Time glides on—to-morrow
Brings Hogmonay—the year is done;
Still we from the future borrow,
Hope to see the New begun.
Thus months and years steal unperceived
away,
And we, like flowers, spring, blossom, and
decay.

GLEANINGS.

SINGULAR POETICAL WILL.

The following is given as a correct copy
of the Will of the late Mr. Joshua West,
the poet of the Six Clerk's Office, Chan-
cery Lane, dated December 13, 1804.

Perhaps I die not worth a groat!
But should I die worth something more,
Then I give that and my best coat,
And all my manuscripts in store,
To those who shall the goodness have,
To cause my poor remains to rest
Within a decent shell and grave—
This is the will of—JOSHUA WEST.
J. A. Berry,
John Baines.

EASTER.

From the varied contents of Time's Tele-
scope we collect the following amusing

account of the custom, observed on the
anniversary of the Paschal Festival.

"In Ireland, at the festival of Easter, a
cake, with a garland of meadow flower, is
elevated upon a circular board upon a
pike, apples being stuck upon pegs around
the garland. Men and women then dance
round, and they who hold out longest, win
the prize."

A SHARP RETORT.

A certain lady of rank quarrelling with
another, who had been raised from hum-
ble life to the sphere she then moved in
asked her, by way of reproach, what
dowry she had brought her husband?—
"Chastity," was the immediate reply.

THE HEIGHT OF PRESUMPTION.

An old woman was praising, in rather
unqualified and enthusiastic terms, the ser-
mons of a Scotch minister, who had ac-
quired a great name for depth and sub-
limity. The suspicions of her auditor were
a little roused, and she ventured to propose
a question to her, "Well, Jenny, do you
understand him?"—"Understand him!"
said Jenny, holding up her hands with the
utmost astonishment at the question, "Me
understand him; wud I hae the presump-
tion?"

EPITAPH.

The following epitaph, in the church of
St. Como, is inscribed on the tomb of
Francois Treillac, whom nature had deck-
ed with a horn on his forehead.

In this retired paltry corner,
Lies a most eccentric horner,
For horned he was without a spouse,—
Pray, passenger, for his repose.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Remarks on the Paintings of Mr. R.
Turner, R. A. by P. R. C. and Distant
Bells, by C. Bradbury will appear in an
early number. J M. has been unsuccess-
ful, as also Poor Joseph by J. A. Mobbs.
The Venetian Tale by J. L. will appear
immediately after its announcement in the
play bills, we should like to know which
theatre it is likely to be produced at. We
are obliged to R. C. Brownell,—T. S.
Channon,—and S. Farley for their com-
munications.

London: published by Sears, 29, Charter-
house Square; Berger, Holywell Street,
Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange,
Paternoster-row; and may be had of all
Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 12.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1831.

Price 1d.



JOAN D'ARC.

Joan d'Arc, called the *Maid of Orleans*, one of the most extraordinary heroines mentioned in history, was the daughter of a peasant named *Jacques d'Arc*, of Domremi, near Vaucouleurs, in Lorraine, where she was born, in 1402. The instruction she received in childhood was such as is generally bestowed upon persons in so humble a situation ; and to relieve her parents from the burden of her maintenance, at an early age she hired herself to the master of a small inn, and as he could not afford to keep two servants, she filled the double office of waiting-maid and groom. To the latter employment she appeared to give a

preference, for she possessed an active temper and a robust frame ; but she was always observed to pay a particular attention to the conversation of her master's customers, when it turned upon the distresses which then disturbed the peace of France. The misfortunes of the Dauphin excited an interest in her bosom, and being of an enthusiastic turn, and ardent in the cause of religion, she fancied that Heaven had inspired her with zeal in the cause. Full of this idea, she quitted her situation, and contrived, in February, 1429, to gain admission to Baudricourt, the governor of Vaucouleurs, told him that Heaven had

sent her to his assistance, and implored him to let her fight in their cause. The governor, believing her to be insane, paid no attention to her proposal; but she urged him with so much ardour, that he at length sent her to the French court, where the superstition of the times had acquired such a degree of influence, that the account she gave of her divine inspiration was believed. She told them, the Supreme Being had ordered her to raise the siege of Orleans; to conduct the dauphin to Rheims, and there anoint him king; and after a variety of controversial arguments, whether she was or was not an impostor, her services were accepted, and it was decreed that she should raise the siege. Armed cap-a-pee, she was exhibited to the populace, who eagerly credited every thing she had declared, and the soldiers, fired with the ardour displayed by this martial heroine, vowed they would die or conquer. The beauty of her person, the enthusiasm of her language, united to the complete management with which she conducted her milk-white steed, together with the consecrated banner which was carried before her, impressed the people with the idea that she was fighting by the command of God. Prodiges of valour were doubtless performed by this female, whom the English at first pretended to despise: and when wounded in the neck by one of their arrows, she drew it out, exclaiming, "It is *glory*, not blood, which flows from the wound!" Wherever she appeared, victory followed her footsteps: no longer was it doubted that her mission was divine; the English fled before her invincible banner, and she was hailed by the people as the saviour of their lives! Having performed part of her mission in raising the siege of Orleans, where success had crowned her desires, she insisted upon performing the other part of her embassy, and crowning Charles at Rheims. Charles testified his gratitude for her extraordinary services, by ennobling her family, and giving it the name of *du Lys*, (probably in allusion to the *lilies* of her banner,) with a suitable estate in land. But the tide of success, which had flowed in such an unabating channel, at length seemed to vary its course; for though, after the coronation of Charles, new victories had succeeded, the ill-fated Joan at last fell into her enemies' hands. By the advice of Dunois, she had thrown herself into the town of Compigne, then besieged by the duke of Burgundy and the English. To describe the various acts of bravery achieved by this heroine, would far exceed our limits; but, on making a sally, she drove the enemy from their entrenchments, when she was

treacherously deserted by the French officers, who were jealous of the honour conferred upon her by her monarch; and was immediately surrounded by the foe. After having received several wounds, her horse fell under her, and she was captured by the Burgundians, who basely sold her to the English for ten thousand livres. The purchasers indulged a malignant triumph on the capture of a woman who had caused such a reverse in their affairs, and resolved to shew her no mercy. The regent, the duke of Bedford, immediately commenced a prosecution against her; and because he could find no just charge on which to arraign her, he accused her of *sorcery, impiety and magic!* In June 1431, to the perpetual shame of her cruel and unjust prosecutors, she was burned in the marketplace of Rouen. She met her fate with resolution, and the English themselves beheld the scene with tears. She ascended the funeral pile amidst the shouts of a multitude, who, instead of commiserating, insulted her fate. "*Blessed be God!*" were the last words which she uttered: her ashes were scattered to the wind; and thus treacherously died, in the thirtieth year of her age, the woman to whose memory altars ought to have been erected.

AFFECTIONS TEAR.

(ORIGINAL.)

By S. W. Linstead.

For tears such as these I am sure there's
no need
Such arts to ensnare me can never suc-
ceed
With counterfeit tears don't dim thy bright
eyes
'Tis the tear of affection alone that I prize.

Believe me the tears so unworthily shed
Dishonour the heart as they weaken the
head
Believe me no tear can such pleasure im-
part,
As that which affection sends warm from
the heart.

The dew drops of morn the chrystal so
bright
The planets which gild the dark dome of
the night,
The lustre of pearls or of brilliants so
clear,
Are gems of less worth than affections soft
tear.

A MILITARY EXECUTION AT PARIS.

I went to-day (Friday) to see a military execution which took place in the rear of

the Ecole Militaire, opposite the Bois de Boulogne. The culprit, Fournet, a soldier, of the fourth regiment of Guards, in a fit of revenge and jealousy, had shot his serjeant. He was a very fine looking young man, about twenty-five years of age; and, if anything could palliate the dreadful crime for which he suffered, the circumstances of provocation which hurried him into it might be deemed some excuse. He had for a considerable time been treated with extreme harshness by his serjeant, who imposed upon him the severest military duties. The immediate cause however, of the fatal act of revenge, for which he suffered the last penalty this morning, was an attempt upon the part of the serjeant to deprive him of the affections of a young woman to whom he was attached. Upon ascertaining this fact, he sent him a challenge, which was refused, and the challenger subjected to punishment in consequence. Upon being restored to liberty he went to the serjeant's quarters, sent a person to say that he wished to speak to him, and, upon his coming out, shot him through the heart. He made no attempt to escape, but delivered himself up immediately, saying that he knew he should suffer death, but that, having deprived his enemy of life, he should suffer with pleasure. It is a singular fact that he would have been entitled to his discharge, his period of service being nearly expired, in a fortnight after the time which he selected for the commission of the offence; and the reason which he alleged for having chosen that particular time was, that, if he deferred his vengeance until after his discharge, he would have been tried by the civil power, and condemned to the guillot, instead of dying the death of a soldier. His conduct at the place of punishment was in conformity with this declaration. The execution was to take place at one o'clock p. m. At a quarter to one, the culprit, accompanied by his Confessor, and attended by two of the gens d'armes, appeared in a fiacre upon the ground. He descended with a firm step, and walked to the fatal spot. He was dressed in the gray undress coat of his regiment, with his sword belt across his shoulder. Upon taking his station, the Commanding Officer approached him, and read the sentence of the Court-martial which condemned him to death. The Officer then retired, and the culprit deliberately took off his coat, waistcoat, and black stock, folding his shirt collar back, and knelt down, his eyes being uncovered. The Priest who had accompanied him then stooped over him, and having spent a few minutes in prayer with the unhappy man,

kissed him on both cheeks, and bade him farewell. The soldiers who were to perform the office of executioners, twelve in number, having received the word, raised their muskets, in the act of doing which the prisoner crossed himself, and, the word being given, the fatal volley was fired, and the sufferings of the poor wretch terminated. He fell flat on his face, and a quivering of the limbs being perceptible, one of the soldiers advanced and fired his piece into his ear. The whole of his regiment was present, and about five or 6,000 spectators, amongst whom were a number of females. He refused to have his eyes covered, and to the last moment kept them fixed upon the party who were to fire at him. Such an instance of cool unflinching courage, without the least appearance of bravado, I never beheld; and one could not help regretting that its possessor had not been reserved for a different fate, or suffered in a better cause.

DR. JENNER'S SIGNS OF RAIN.

An Excuse for not accepting the Invitation of a Friend to make a Country Excursion.

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs creep,
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head.
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see! a rainbow spans the sky,
The walls are damp, the ditches smell;
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack;
Old Betty's joints are on the rack.
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry
The distant hills are looking nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine!
The busy flies disturb the kine.
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings;
The cricket, too, how loud it sings;
Puss, on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits smoothing o'er her whisker'd jaws
Through the clear stream the fishes rise
And nimbly catch the incautious flies;
The sheep were seen at early light,
Cropping the meads with eager bite.
Though June, the air is cold and chill;
The mellow blackbird's voice is still.
The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
Illumed the dewy dell last night:
At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
Popping, crawling, o'er the green.
The frog has lost his yellow vest,
And in a dingy suit is dress'd.
The leech, disturb'd is newly risen
Quite to the summit of his prison.

The whirling winds the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays.
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones, on grass to feast ;
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight !

They imitate the gliding kite ;
Or seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
'Twill surely rain :—I see, with sorrow,
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.



PIRATE'S DEFENCE.

Alexander the Great was about to pass sentence of death on a noted pirate, but previously asked him, "Why dost thou trouble the seas?" "Why," rejoined the rover boldly, "dost thou trouble the whole world? I with one ship go in quest of solitary adventures, and am therefore called pirate; thou with a great army warrest

against nations, and therefore art called emperor. Sir, there is no difference betwixt us but in the name and means of doing mischief." Alexander, so far from being displeased with the freedom of the culprit, was so impressed with the force of his appeal, that he dismissed him unpunished.

MARY FLANIGAN AND TERENCE QUIN.

(Continued from page 83.)

"Overcome by her bodily exertions and mental disquietude, Norah got into her friend's bed, where she presently fell fast asleep, and Mary retired into an adjoining closet, from the window of which she might watch the uprising of the moon, apostrophize the planet Venus, and think of her approaching nuptials with the youth of her affections. Here she had not long remained, or at least the delicious nature of her reveries made the lapse of time imperceptible, when hearing as she thought the sound of a stealing footstep in the bedroom, she applied her eye to a chink in the closet-door. Heavens! what was her amazement—her consternation—her agony at seeing Bryan O'Blarney creeping on tiptoe towards the bed, holding a dark lantern in one hand and an unsheathed dagger in the other! The gleaming of the

uplifted weapon,—the hideous light thrown upon the glaring eyes and ghastly rage-distorted features of Bryan, which too surely betrayed his murderous intention, had such a petrifying effect upon Mary, that she remained transfixed to the spot where she stood. The blood curdled in her veins—her eyes almost started from their sockets, as with bristled hair, half-open mouth, and a look of unutterable horror she gazed upon the midnight assassin. In vain did she try to move, in vain attempt to cry out; her feet were like those of a statue, her tongue cleaved to her mouth as if she were suffering under some hideous night-mare; while the low creaking of the murderer's shoes pierced through her ears like a knife, and made her heart wither with the sound. He reached the bed, and grasped the dagger with a fiercer

clutch, muttering between his clenched teeth—'Mary Flanigan! Mary Flanigan! didn't I swear by Saint Patrick that you should never marry Terence Quin, and sure won't this prevent it?' With these words, he unwittingly plunged the dagger into the heart of his own hapless sister, the affectionately beloved Norah; and drawing out the reeking weapon, under the impression that he had destroyed his intended victim Mary, he continued, as he gazed upon it with a look of diabolical ecstasy—'Never shall this same be wiped till I have sheathed it in the heart of Terence Quin, and then I'll be happy; for I'll have done what I swore, as every good and pious man ought to do!'

"So saying, the wretched parricide slunk scowling from the house. Parricide have we called him? Once! twice!! thrice!!! did he deserve the name, although, like *Œdipus*, he was not conscious of his crime. But who, when he has once commenced a guilty career, can guess the unforeseen enormities to which it may conduct him? We have stated that Norah had dispatched her father and mother to the farm at Kilrally, in order to apprise the inmates of her brother's violent intentions, and to urge their early flight as the sole means of preserving their lives. Alas! what is the forethought,—what are the precautions of mortals? This well-meant but most unfortunate measure, instead of saving the tenants of the farm, did but occasion the sacrifice of the ill-fated messengers. The aged couple, being received at Kilrally with that hospitality which invariably distinguishes the peasantry of Ireland, and which upon the present occasion was naturally called forth with a more than usual cordiality, were persuaded to indulge in deeper potations of whiskey than the conjuncture warranted. While they were thus occupied, and before they were aware of their danger, their lawless son and his confederates, after having surrounded the farm, set fire to it in three places at once. Bryan had given orders that not a soul should be spared: to enforce which sanguinary mandate, he stationed himself at some distance from the front-door with a double-barrelled gun. Unable in the darkness of the night to distinguish individuals, his first bullet passed through his mother's heart; the second lodged in the centre of his father's brain! His relentless banditti completed the work of carnage: ever human being belonging to the farm of Kilrally was butchered; the domestic animals were burnt with the house; and it was from this scene of blood and horror that the infuriated parricide, rushing to the house of Mary Flanigan,

had plunged his dagger into the heart of his only sister, the fond and gentle Norah!!!

"This unfortunate victim of his misdirected rage had expired almost immediately, uttering only one deep and dreadful groan, which fell upon the shuddering ear of Mary, without dispersing the bodily and mental paralysis by which she was enchained. There, at the chasm of the closet-door did she stand, her starting eye riveted upon the bed on which her friend lay murdered, and watching with a helpless horror the gradual discoloration of the clothes occasioned by the sanguine stream that issued from the wound. It oozed through the counterpane—it trickled drop by drop upon the floor—it formed a hideous pool beside the bed—it began to flow slowly towards the closet-door—it passed underneath it—it approached her feet! Had it been molten lava, Mary could not have felt more horrified: worlds would she have given to have torn herself away, but all her powers were in abeyance;—she could not move. At length the revolting, the soul-sickening gore plashed against her foot—it passed through a hole in her shoe,—she felt her foot warm with the heart's blood of her friend! Nature could endure no more: the spasmodic agony of her soul restored her suspended functions; she gave a convulsive leap nearly to the ceiling, uttered a terrific shriek that made the whole neighbourhood shudder, and fell upon the blood-stained floor in violent hysterics.

"Her first thought, when she recovered her faculties, was the danger to which her dear Terence was exposed; in the hope of averting which, by procuring the arrest of Bryan O'Blarney, she gave immediate information of the murder she had witnessed. So daring an outrage, coupled with the atrocities committed at Kilrally Farm, stimulated the magistrates to vindicate the supremacy of the insulted law, and a party of soldiers were dispatched to secure O'Blarney in the hold to which he had retired amid the rocky fastnesses of a steep acclivity that overhung the river Suir. To this solitary and almost inaccessible cabin the wretched murderer had retired after his discovery of the triple parricide he had perpetrated, maddened, rather than smitten with compunction. To his perturbed faculties it seemed as if Fate, on purpose to overwhelm him, had been malignantly pushing him on to the commission of unintentional enormities; his indignant heart spurned at such oppression, and he steeled himself with a gloomy desperation against the destiny that awaited him, whatever it might be. Towards his fellow-creatures,

and the world in general, his feelings, stung into a morbid exacerbation, assumed an additional degree of ferocity ; but when he reverted to the victims of his blind passion, his heart became at length intenerated, and remorse began to haunt him with a hideous phantasmagoria. If he looked upwards to the sky, he beheld an ensanguined firmament, through which, instead of a sun, his mother's bleeding heart held its appalling course, shedding scalding drops upon his head from the bullet wound his own hand had inflicted. If he gazed upon the earth, it seemed to be strewn, not with flowers, but with the still reeking and scattered brains of his father, whose skull rolled for ever before his eyes, pouring forth a tide of gore. Ocean presented to him the floating corpse of his beloved sister, the dagger still sticking in her bosom, and crimsoning the waters with the bubbling flood of life ; and in the sound of winds, waves, and trees he heard nothing but the shrieks, wailings, and maledictions of his murdered victims.

Such was his frame of mind when the soldiers, climbing over rock, precipice, and cataract, approached the cliffy height upon which his cabin was perched. Bryan O'Blarney had never been a man to surrender without resistance ; still less was he so disposed in his present paroxysm of hopelessness and fury. Seventeen of his assailants had already fallen victims to his double-barrelled gun, when he presented himself in front of his cabin, declaring that as his ammunition was exhausted he surrendered at discretion. Collecting themselves together, for all feared to approach him singly, the remainder of the soldiers rushed towards him, when he fired his pistol into a subterranean store of gunpowder that had been collected for the use of the rebels, and himself and his attackers were instantly blown into the air. Immediately after the thunder of the explosion, there was heard from on high a sound of fiendish laughter :—it was the last triumph of O'Blarney. In another instant his dis-severed limbs fell around, amid the scorched and mangled remains of the soldiery. Thus perished this wretched outlaw,—a man who, if he had devoted his powerful mind and dauntless energies to laudable and legal objects of ambition, might have become a useful member of society, and in all probability would have avoided the tragical fate which it has been our painful task to record.

“As our feelings affect us rather by their relative than their abstract proportions both our pains and our pleasures depend materially upon contrast. This was eminently experienced by Mary and her lover

who, after such a rapid and frightful succession of tragical occurrences, were disposed to enjoy with a double intensity of delight the blissful visions that now began to dawn auspiciously upon their career. With Bryan O'Blarney had passed away all their terrors and all the impediments to their union, which was now no longer opposed by the parents of Mary. It is true that the latter still grieved tenderly for the loss of her affectionate Norah ; but she looked forward complacently to her union with Terence ; and after having delayed the match for three weeks, out of respect to the memory of her friend, she did not any longer hesitate to consult the wishes of her lover by naming the wedding-day. The marriage was celebrated with the festivity always observed by the Irish upon these happy occasions. The friends assembled were numerous and jovial ; the dinner provided was of the handsomest description. The health of the bride had been drunk with three times three, and Mary, whom we must now no longer call Flanigan, but Quin, was about to lift the glass to her lips to give that of the guests, when she turned away from the liquid with unutterable loathing ; a shudder agitated her whole frame ; convulsive spasms affected all the muscles of her throat, as well as every feature of her face ; she foamed at the mouth, and began to bark like a dog ! Struck with indescribable dismay, her husband rushed to her assistance ; but had no sooner felt her pulse, and marked the nature of the saliva round her mouth, than, aghast with horror he struck his hand violently upon his forehead exclaiming,—‘Gracious Heaven ! the spaniel from which I rescued her, after he had bitten her thumb, must have been mad !—Mary ! my beloved Mary ! is evidently attacked by hydrophobia !’

“Unutterable was the agony occasioned by the mention of this appalling word. All seemed suddenly dumb-founded and petrified : none could move or speak, until Terence continued :—‘Harrowing as it is, we must ascertain beyond all doubt the nature of her complaint.—Fetch me a basin of water.’

“This was accordingly done, and the bridegroom was reaching out his hand to receive it, when his arm suddenly fell shuddering and helpless by his side ; he felt an indescribable loathing at the sight of the water, and all the terrible symptoms that we have described in the wife manifested themselves in the husband, with such an instantaneous and aggravated violence, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could exclaim in mournful accents—‘Mercy upon me ! I was bitten in the

leg by the same dog, and I am myself attacked with hydrophobia! I am as mad as Mary;—I know it—I feel it—my brain's on fire!—Away, away, with that accursed water!—Ha! do you still torture me with the sight of it? Then have at thee, villain!—Bow, wow, wow!!!

“At these words, the wretched maniac, seizing a carving-knife, and rushing upon the man who held the basin, pursued him with yells, screeches, barkings, and hideous distortions of face, that struck a panic terror into the whole assemblage. In a second all was flight, struggling, and confusion; in the midst of which, every one of the guests was fortunate enough to escape from the room without serious injury, when the door was locked and secured on the outside so as to prevent the egress of the raving bride and bridegroom. Never surely since the world began was a bridal so rapidly, so awfully, so frightfully terminated! Harrowing were the sounds that proceeded from that prison-chamber of phrenzy and horror. For some time the barkings and howlings were incessant; presently missiles of every sort, plentifully furnished by the Lapithean banquet, flew crashing through the broken windows: anon, loud screams of agony announced that the frantic pair were attacking one another with knives, forks, dishes, benches and decanters:—crashing of bones, and gnashing of teeth succeeded, gradually subsiding into groans and low moaning sighs, until every sound was hushed, and an ominous silence reigned within that chamber of terrific deeds!

“Not until the next day could the astounded neighbours gather courage to open the door and re-enter the apartment. Oh heavenly powers! what a spectacle was presented to their seared and blood-shot eyes! The paper swims before us—the pen drops from our hand—we can go no further.

“Sympathizing Reader! thou hast doubtless heard the pathetic tale of the two hungry and hostile cats who, being locked up in a garret, attacked one another with such animosity that on the following morning nothing was left of the combatants but a little bit of flue.

“This was nearly a parallel case; for nothing was discovered in the chamber but the nail of Mary's right-hand thumb and that of Terence's left-hand, both so much notched and torn that it was evident they had been engaged to the last in the work of mutual destruction and demolition.—Oh! Oh! Oh!

“P. S. We again reluctantly resume the pen to add, that the parents of Mary, upon learning her unhappy fate, swallowed

oxalic acid, of which they both died after great and lingering agonies!”

Midsummer Medley.

NATURAL HISTORY.

NO. 3.—THE REIN DEER.

An animal very common in all the northern nations, and called by some authors *tarandus* and *machlis*. It is of the shape of a stag, but its body is thicker, and its whole make much more robust and strong. The breast is thick, and covered with very long hairs, the legs very hairy, and the hoofs moveable; for the creature expands and opens them in going; it is an extremely swift, as well as strong animal; its horns are very long, and finely branched and particularly run out immediately from the forehead into two fingered branches; in the middle there is a little branch, like the joints of the stalks in some plants; and thence again they are divided into broad fingered segments. They differ from the horns of the Elk in their length, and from those of the stag or red deer, in their breadth, and from both, in the multitude of branches, and in their colour which is white. The lower branches, which fall off very near the forehead, are said to be used by the animals to break the ice, when the waters are frozen over, that it may get drink. It feeds on shrubs and plants, and on the moss, which it finds on the earth, and upon the barks of trees. It is of prodigious use, as a beast of carriage, to the Laplanders, and almost all the other nations far north. Scheffer alleges, from Tornaëus, that the Rein Deer, though a cloven footed animal, and plainly of the deer kind, does not chew the cud. This, however, is wholly disbelieved by the more accurate naturalists.

Its horns and hoofs are of use in spasmodic affections. W. E. C.

THE MAID OF CILAN.

Ah! look at the face of yon woe begone maiden,

How the blast of affliction has darken'd her cheek;

The tear quickly starts from her eye almost fading,

And the deep sighs of sorrow her anguish bespeak.

Oh! she cries—Oh! she cries, how soon will my lover

Return to his Mary, and bless her again;

Ah, when shall I wretched, my Henry recover—

Ah! never—he is a cold corpse on the plain.

I stood on the rock when the moon shone
in glory,
And ting'd with her bright beam the
face of the wave ;
I beheld the thin form of my Henry all
gory,
Unadorn'd with the gloomy array of the
grave.

The Mermaid had now long deserted her
pillow,
The seals were all sporting along on the
deep ;
No sound but of them was there heard on
the billow—
All nature was hush'd up in silence and
sleep.

Adieu, to thee, lov'd one ! adieu to thee,
Mary—
'Twas thus said the shade of my lover
to me ;
He left me alone on the rock cold and
dreary,
And sunk from my view in the depths
of the sea.

Oh ! he fell in the field, like a hero with
glory ;
He fell in the fore-ranks, the first of the
brave,
And I'm left thus lonely to tell his sad
story—
To howl like the night-wind, o'er my
dead lover's grave.

His spirit now beckons, and tells me that
never
In death shall his love for his poor Mary
cease ;
Shall I then delay to attend him, oh,
never—
I'll plunge in the billows, and meet him
in peace.

'Twas thus spoke the maid, with her eye
darkly gleaming.
And she plunged from the high rugged
rock to the deep ;
I saw her black locks on the smooth waters
streaming—
I saw her wild features all wrapp'd up
in sleep.

GLEANINGS.

TRAVELLING HALF A CENTURY AGO.

An old inhabitant of Cirencester, having
had occasion to visit London "about sixty
years since," was asked by a friend if he
intended to go by the coach or diligence,
which at that period slowly wended its way

to the metropolis. He replied, "No, I am
in a hurry, and therefore would rather
walk." He started accordingly, and ac-
tually reached the end of his journey some
hours before the coach.

AN ODD MOTION.

The following account is given in *The
Annals of King George the First*, year
fourth, under the head "An Odd Motion
in the Irish House of Peers :"—"A very
surprising motion (says the historian) was
made in the House of Lords by an Arch-
bishop, viz, 'That for the honour of reli-
gion, and for propogating the reformation
in Ireland, he was willing to divest himself
of part of the revenues of his bishopric, to
augment the incomes of poor livings in the
country, and for the encouragement of the
inferior clergy to do their duty ;' but it
was coolly seconded, and very artfully lost
in a few days.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We should feel obliged, if our correspon-
dents would mention, (at the time they
forward them) whether their communica-
tions, are original or not. We can assure
Maliard that we have not time to alter his
bad grammer, and worse language, that is
the reason we have not inserted the tale
received some time since, as also the reason
we do not intend to insert the present.—
We suppose C. M. R. W. must have in-
closed the tale he mentions, in his note
and it has slipped out at the post office,
be that as it may, we have received the
note but not the article. A correspondent
whom we forgot to answer in our last is
informed we shall be glad to receive well
written communications without remunera-
tion. We also forgot to acknowledge (in
our last) the receipt of a letter from Uné
Ennuyée. It is not our wish to discourage
any young person in a praiseworthy attempt
but we can assure Alfred he is not capable
of poetic composition K. D. W ; C. J.
jun. H. R, Edward Gray and James
Stewart have also failed. Communica-
tions have been received from S. Farley,
R. C. Brownell and J. Mobbs.

London : published by Sears, 29, Charter-
house Square ; Berger, Holywell Street,
Strand ; Steill, Paternoster-row ; Strange,
Paternoster-row ; and may be had of all
Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 13.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1831.

Price 1d.



RHINOCEROS ATTACKED BY ELEPHANTS.

RHINOCEROS ATTACKED BY ELEPHANTS.

To the Editor of the Scrap Book.

SIR,

I herewith inclose a drawing, which you will perhaps consider worthy to be engraved, and as an engraving without a description would look somewhat odd, I also transmit an account of animal courage which perhaps was never before equalled.

In the course of my travels I have witnessed many instances of the bravery of quadrupeds, but the one I am about to relate surpasses them all. As I was proceeding up an eminence in one of the most remote parts of Bengal, my attention was suddenly attracted by a noise rather resembling the distant sound of cannon; I looked round but could scarcely discover from whence it proceeded, for the long grass nearly concealed five of the finest and largest Elephants I ever beheld, they were attacking a single Rhinoceros, who instead of flying (as might be expected) from his enemies was defending himself with the most determined courage. Already had one Elephant fallen a victim to his tremendous tusk and another was entirely disabled when one of them striking (as I should suppose) with all his strength laid the Rhinoceros senseless on the ground. They seemed to consider him dead for the three that were able immediately hurried from the spot. I now descended the hill one Elephant lay dead, and the disabled one was proceeding as fast as his wounds would allow after his companions, when the Rhinoceros who seemed to have the keenest sense of revenge sprang forward and the Elephant turning to defend, himself received his deadly tusk in his eye and instantly fell lifeless to the ground. The Rhinoceros now hobbled from the spot but from his appearance I scarcely think he survived the day.

The drawing I made immediately after witnessing the scene, and hoping it will prove interesting to your readers,

I remain Sir

Your sincere well wisher,

ROBERT MA'CAULY.

A LEGEND OF NORWAY.

Long ages ago, when the whole of Northern Europe was sunk in barbarism and dark idolatry, a young and beautiful maiden was found at sun-rise upon the rugged coast of Norway. There she stood, and looked wistfully over the retiring waves which had left their fringes of silvery surf at her small naked feet.

The night had been stormy, and a ves-

sel lay wrecked among the rocks. All the crew had perished but that gentle lady. The savage people gathered about her, wondering much at the rare fashion and the richness of her flowing garments, and at her fresh and delicate beauty; but most of all at the sweetness and dignity of her demeanour.

It was this maiden who became the wife of Regnar, the young Prince of Norway; she was of equal birth with him, being a king's daughter, but obliged to flee from the usurper of her father's throne. The Princess Gurith, for so she was called, was not an idolater, yet for nearly a year after her marriage few persons but her husband knew the name of her religion. They soon learned, however, that in her it was pure and peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy; and so she was loved by all and might have been happy, had not Queen Temora, the widow of the king's eldest son, visited the court of Norway. Now this Temora was very beautiful, but proud and revengeful, and so skilled in magic, that by many she was named the Sorceress. Temora was queen, in her own right, of the far Orkney Isles; and, notwithstanding her husband's sudden death, she had cherished the hope to reign in Norway also: for Regnar, then the younger brother, though now the heir, had wooed her, when, from ambition, she preferred the elder prince.

When Temora came to court, hiding her fiery passions with a smiling face, and saw the beauty of the innocent Gurith, and the influence she had won in the hearts of those around her, she devoted her to ruin. It is said that she went at midnight, far up among the hills, into the depths of a black pine forest, where stood a rude but famous temple of the idol Woden (the ruins are now scattered about the place), and there sprinkling her own blood upon the altar, vowed to accomplish a deep and horrible revenge. From that hour she left no way untried to reach her ends. At first, she sought, under the mask of friendship, to introduce into the heart of Gurith some dark suspicion of her husband's faith, and so, at length, to break that gentle heart; but the young princess was above suspicion; love, and her perfect confidence in him she loved, were as a breast-plate of adamant to her, from which every weapon that was aimed against it, fell off, not only blunted, but leaving no trace to show where it had struck. Thus, Temora was confounded and perplexed, for she had judged the princess by her own principles and feelings.

Still, notwithstanding all these deep devices, the guileless Lady Gurith grew in favour and tender love with all who knew her, and the sorceress inwardly cursed herself, when she beheld the effect of Gurith's presence upon the barbarous Norwegians; an effect far more grateful to her woman's heart than the most awful influence of her own magic spells. When Gurith came forth into the banquet-hall, they met her with a reverence only next to adoration. Their brutal manner caught for the time somewhat of her gentleness; their fierce disputings stopped; their coarse jests and roars of laughter sounded more faintly; the very minstrels touched their harps more lightly, and turned their war-songs to some plaintive lay, such as a gentle woman loves to hear. But the secret of this influence was a mystery to the consummate artfulness of Queen Temora: she could not comprehend that simple humility and unaffected kindness can win their way to the most savage bosom.

For instance, after a battle, when the wounded were brought home, a band of warriors came forward to the terrace, on which Gurith and Queen Temora sat, surrounded by their ladies. They had brought the richest spoil, and laid it at the feet of the two princesses. Temora snatched at once a coronet of gems, and placed it with a haughty smile upon her head. They that stood by shuddered as they saw her bright eyes flashing, and the rich blush of pleasure on her cheek; for a few dark drops clung in the threads of yellow hair upon her brow, and then trickled down her face. There was human blood upon that coronet.—Gurith had scarcely looked upon the glittering baubles set before her; she had seen a wounded soldier fall exhausted at the gate, and she flew to raise him. They that stood by smiled with tender and admiring love, as they beheld her hands and garments stained with blood for she had torn her long white veil to staunch the blood, dressing the wounds of the dying man with her own soft hands, and then as other wounded soldiers were brought from the field, she had forgot her rank, and the feebleness of her sex, to administer also to their relief. It was in such instances as these that the character of Gurith was discovered; was it strange that she should seem almost a being of a higher order to the untutored savages? But soon Temora began to fear that Gurith was herself an enchantress, for every withering spell of witchcraft had been tried in vain against her. She had met at midnight with the weird women in their murky caverns; there they sung their charmed rhymes together, and held their horrid in-

cantations. Gurith was still unharmed, still lovely, still happy in the love of her husband, and of all the people.

By a mere chance, the sorceress at length discovered what she felt convinced to be the secret of Gurith's hidden strength. There was a chamber, in a small lonely tower, that joined the palace, to which the young princess retired, not only at stated periods every day, but often, very often, at other times. There she would sometimes remain shut up for hours, and no one dared to break upon her privacy, even her husband humoured her wishes, and had never, since his marriage, visited that chamber. If sometimes she entered it mournful, dispirited, and with downcast looks, she never failed to come forth from her retirement with a new spirit, calm and smiling, and all the fair beauty of her face restored. This, then, was the chamber where those spells were woven which had baffled all the skill of the sorceress.

Not long after the queen had made the discovery of the chamber, the aged king, her father-in-law, while visiting the princess Gurith, was struck with blindness. Temora began to rejoice, for an opportunity, well suited to her own dark purposes, had at last occurred.

There was a solemn festival held in honour of the goddess Freya. In the midst of the rejoicing, the sorceress (her yellow hair streaming upon her shoulders, and her rich robes all rent) rushed into the hall. With frantic cries she bade the feasting cease, and, seizing from an aged scald the harp that he was striking, she tore away the strings, and then, in sullen silence, she sat her down before the idol's image. Again she rose, and with a dagger's point scratched a few rough characters upon the altar. The priests had gathered round her, and when they saw those letters they also shrieked aloud with horror: they fell before the idol, and bowed their faces to the ground, howling, and heaping dust upon their heads. Upon this, with a fixed and dreamy stare, Temora arose, and beating upon a sort of shapeless drum, commenced a low and melancholy chant.

She told them, that the nation had cause to mourn that heavy calamities had fallen upon them, that the gods had sent a curse among them. A monster had been cast up by the treacherous waves, and none had known their danger. Their king, their prince, nay, she herself, had been deceived; for that fearful monster had come among them in a human form, even as a beautiful maiden. They had cherished her, and now the judgement had fallen upon them: it had begun with the king—

he was struck with blindness—where would it fall next? with prophetic glance she could foresee. But here the drum dropt from her hands; at once her frantic violence was stilled; she sunk upon the ground, and her long hair fell like a veil over her stern features.—She had said enough. As she began, a smothered sound of cursing rose on all sides; now the whirlwind of furious passion burst forth, and knew no bounds. The tumult spread far and wide among the people. Led by the wizard priests, they rushed to the palace, and demanded that their king should come forth to them. Now the poor old king, being in his dotage, and almost governed by the priests, had been persuaded, and tutored, to think, and to answer, just as they suggested. Led by the sorceress, he came forth, sightless and trembling, and his few faltering words confirmed all that the artful Temora had declared.

All this time Prince Regnar had been absent. He came in from hunting just when Temora had brought his father forth. Horror-struck, he soon perceived the purpose of the fiend-like woman; but in vain he sought to quell the furious tumult, his father was totally under the dominion of the priests, and when a cry was raised, demanding, as their victim, the young and innocent Gurith, the king's assent was given. As for the princess, she was not to be found. Two persons, however, who at once had guessed the place of her retreat; met at the door of her mysterious chamber. For once that door was scarcely closed. It opened at the gentle touch of Regnar, but there was something arrested him. "Stop, stop," he whispered, holding the door firmly with one hand, while he thrust forth the other to prevent Temora from advancing. "Stop but a little while. Let us not disturb her yet." Temora obeyed. Curiosity for a time mastered her vengeance. She wished to hear distinctly the words which were pronounced in that chamber: but what were the words that fell upon her ear? The low, sweet voice of Gurith, breathing forth prayers to the God she worshipped; pleading for her worst enemy, praying that He, whose favour is life, would give a new spirit, and sweet peace of mind, and every blessing to her sister Temora! The voice of Gurith ceased, and Regnar entered softly. Temora had sunk upon the step where she had stood; she did not enter, though at last that chamber stood open before her; but with still greater astonishment than that with which she had listened, she gazed upon its inmate. Gurith had not heard the light step

of her husband. She was kneeling, with both her hands covering her face. The tears that trickled through her fingers too well betrayed the anguish that had stopped her voice in prayer. And this, then, was the secret of the mysterious chamber. Gurith had trusted to no spell but that of innocence: her strength had been in the confession of her utter weakness to Him, with whom she held her high and spiritual communion, to Him whose strength is made perfect in the weakness of his children. To Him who hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows, whose gracious invitation is to the weary and the heavy laden, she had gone in every time of trial, and from the foot of his cross, where she ever laid the burden of her griefs, she had brought forth into the world that sweet and holy cheerfulness which passed even the understanding of the wretched Temora. Struck to the heart, the sorceress slunk silently away. Some feelings of remorse had seized upon her, and now she would have gladly stopped the tumult. Alas! she had no power to calm the storm which she had raised.—The frantic multitude had burst the palace gates.—Regnar was overpowered, and they were dragging their meek and innocent victim to the altar of the horrid idol, when suddenly, and it seemed miraculously, a higher power interposed and stopped their blind fury. The aged monarch fell dead into the arms of his attendants—the excitement of the last few hours had proved too much for his feeble frame. Instantly, and almost at a venture, a single voice cried out, "Long live King Regnar!" There was a breathless pause—and then the cry was echoed by the shouts of all the people. Gurith, the Christian Gurith, was saved.—*Fireside Book.*

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

Distracted with care
For Phillis the fair,
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Resolves in Despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish:
But mad with his love,
To a precipice goes,
Where a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes.

When in rage he came there
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep:
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting

That a lover forsaken
 A lover may get,
 But a neck when once broken
 Can never be set ;
 And that he could die
 Whenever he would,
 But, that he could live
 But as long as he could :

How grievous soever
 The torment might grow,
 He scorn'd to endeavour
 To finish it so.
 But bold, unconcern'd
 As thoughts of the pain,
 He calmly return'd
 To his cottage again,



CHARACTER AND METHOD OF WARFARE OF THE TYROLESE.

The Tyrolese are a brave and patriotic people, warmly attached to the house of Austria. This attachment was most strikingly displayed during the invasion of the empire by Buonaparte, when these hardy mountaineers bravely disputed every inch of their territory with their formidable invaders ; fired with unerring aim amongst them from their rocky fastnesses, or rolled great stones from the precipices which overhung the vallies through which they were marching, frequently devoting themselves to certain destruction, that they might effectually annoy the enemy.

In August, 1809, General Lefebre entered the passes of the Tyrol, with a large army, and for some time meeting with little resistance, fondly imagined that the terror of his arms alone would soon put him in possession of the country, but the following striking incident, related by an officer of the invading army, soon fatally convinced him of his error :

" We had penetrated to Inspruck," says he, " without great resistance, and although much was every where talked of about the Tyrolese, stationed on and round the Brenner, yet we gave little credit to it,

thinking the rebels had been dispersed by a short cannonade, and we were already considering ourselves as conquerors. Our entrance into the passes of the Brenner, was opposed only by a small corps, which continued falling back, after a smart resistance. Among others, I perceived a man at least eighty years old, posted against a rock, and sending death into our ranks at every shot. Upon the Bavarians descending from behind to make him prisoner, he shouted aloud *hurrah!* killed the first man, seized the second by the collar, and with the ejaculation, "*in the name of God!*" precipitated himself with him into the abyss below. Marching onwards, we heard resound from the summit of a high rock, "*Stephen! shall I chop it off yet?*" to which a loud "*no*" replied from the opposite side. This was reported to the duke of Dantzic, who, notwithstanding, ordered us to advance, but at the same time prudently withdrew to the rear.

The van, consisting of 4000 Bavarians, had just clambered up a steep ravine, when we again heard halloo'd over our heads, "*In the name of the Most Holy Trinity!*" Our terror was completed by the reply

which immediately followed—"In the name of the Most Holy Trinity! Cut all loose above!" Ere a minute had elapsed, were thousands of my comrades in arms crushed, buried, and overwhelmed by an incredible heap of broken rocks, stones, and trees hurled down upon us from the top of the mountains. Those that survived the catastrophe were *petrified* with astonishment, and each fled as he could—but at the moment a shower of balls from the Tyrolese, who now rushed from their concealment in immense numbers, and among them boys and girls of ten and twelve years of age, killed or wounded a great many of us. It was not till we had left these fatal mountains six leagues behind us, that we were re-assembled by the duke, and formed into six columns. Soon after appeared the Tyrolese, headed by Hoffer, the inn-keeper. After a short address from their chief, they gave a general fire, threw away their rifles, and rushed upon our bayonets with no other weapon than their clenched fists. Nothing could withstand their impetuosity. They darted at our feet, pushed or pulled us down, wrenched the arms from our hands, and, like enraged lions, killed all—French and Bavarians, and Saxons, that did not cry for quarter. By doing so, I, with 800 men, was spared and set at liberty."

"When all besides lay dead around and the victory was completed, the Tyrolese, as if moved by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and poured forth the thanks of their hearts to Heaven—a scene so solemn, so awful, that it will never fade from my remembrance. I could not but join in their devotion, and never in my life, I suppose, did I pray more fervently."

A TRUE AND FAITHFUL INVENTORY.

Of the Goods belonging to Dr. Swift, Vicar of Laracor, upon lending his House to the Bishop of Meath till his Palace was re-built.

An oaken broken elbow chair ;
A caudle-cup without an ear ;
A batter'd shatter'd ash bedstead ;
A box of deal, without a lid ;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint ;
A back-sword poker, without point ;
A pot that's crack'd across, around
With an old knotted garter bound ;
An iron lock, without a key ;
A wig, with hanging quite grown grey ;
A curtain, worn to half a stripe ;
A pair of bellows, without pipe ;

A dish, which might good meat afford
once ;
An Ovid, and an old Concordance ;
A bottle-bottom, wooden platter,
One is for meal, and one for water ;
There likewise is a copper skillet,
Which runs as fast out as you fill it ;
A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save all :
And thus his household goods you have all.
These to your lordship, as a friend,
'Till you have built, I freely lend :
They'll serve your lordship for a shift ;
Why not, as well as Doctor Swift ?

DEATH OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. ANNO 1087.

This same year, king William made his abode in Normandy for some time, during which he delayed the war which he meditated against the king of France. But Philip abusing his patience, is reported to have scurrilously said, "The king of England keeps his bed at Rouen, like a woman on childbed ; but when he comes forth to his churching I will light him to church with a hundred thousand candles." The king exasperated by this and other like sarcasms, in the ensuing month of August while the corn was on the ground, the grapes in the vineyards, and the apples in the orchards, in all the abundance of the season, assembled a numerous army, and made an inroad into France, wasting and depopulating the country through which he went. Nothing could appease his resentment, but he resolved to avenge the insult he had received at the cost of multitudes of innocent persons. At last he burned the town of Mantes, and destroyed in the flames the church of the Blessed Virgin, together with two of the holy Vestals (who remained within it, believing that even in that extremity it was not lawful for them to quit their habitation). The king, rejoicing in the sight of this destruction, called to his people to heap fuel upon the flames, and, approaching himself too near the conflagration, contracted a fever from the violence of the fire added to the unwholesome heats of the autumnal season. His disorder was further increased by an internal rupture, occasioned by leaping a ditch on horseback, so that he returned to Rouen in great pain of sickness ; and, as his fever grew worse from day to day, took at last to his bed, being compelled by the violence of the distemper. The physicians who were consulted predicted his fast approaching dissolution from an inspection of his water. In an interval of strength, after having received the viaticum, and performed the Christian duty of confession he bequeathed Normandy to his son Ro-

bert ; England, and his maternal possessions, together with his treasures, to William Rufus. He commanded all prisoners to be released, and great sums of money to be distributed among the churches. He assigned a sufficiency for the repair of St. Mary's church, lately burned by fire ; and having thus duly settled all his affairs, he died on the 8th of the ides of September, in the twenty-second year of his reign as king of England, and the fifty-second as duke of Normandy, the fifty-ninth of his age, and the 1088th of the holy incarnation. His body was conveyed down the river Seine to Caen, and there buried, amidst a large concourse of prelates of the church.

Robert, the eldest son of the conqueror, was in France, engaged in the war against his father at the time of his death ; and William Rufus hastened to England, while he was yet alive, conceiving that it would be more for his advantage to undertake that voyage immediately than to wait and attend his father's funeral. Henry alone, of all his children, was present at that solemnity, and paid, of his own money, 100 pounds of silver to a certain knight (whose patrimony extended to the spot in which the body of the king was interred), in order to restrain his tongue from uttering any reproach.

However William was neither slow nor niggardly in spending of money. He soon brought forth all the treasure which his father had accumulated at Winchester, and charitably assigned to the monasteries large sums of gold, together with five shillings of silver to the parish churches, and one hundred pounds to every county, to be distributed among the poor. After a time, moreover, he caused his father's tomb to be ornamented with a profusion of gold and silver and precious stones. After these things he was received by all men willingly for their king, and reduced all England under his subjection, and obtained the keys of all the treasures ; in doing which, Lanfranc was of no small assistance to him ; by whom he had been educated, and consecrated a knight, during his father's life-time. By him also he was crowned king of England, on the day of the holy martyrs Cosmus and Damian ; and he afterwards spent the remaining part of the winter in peace. Soon afterwards, however, the nobles of the realm, almost all of them (not without the sin of perjury), made war against him, although crowned king, and, adopting his elder brother, Robert, to govern in his stead, committed the greatest ravages all over the country.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

When Friendship, Love, and Truth abound
Among a band of brothers,
The cup of joy goes gaily round,
Each shares the bliss of others.
Sweet roses grace the thorny way
Along this vale of sorrow ;
The flowers that shed their leaves to day
Shall bloom again to-morrow.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy Friendship, Love and Truth !

On halcyon wings our moments pass,
Life's cruel cares beguiling ;
Old Time lays down his scythe and glass,
In gay good-humour smiling ;
With ermine beard and forelock grey,
His reverend front adorning,
He looks like Winter turn'd to May,
Night soften'd into morning.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy Friendship, Love, and Truth !

From these delightful fountains flow
Ambrosial rills of pleasure :
Can man desire, can heaven bestow,
A more resplendent treasure !
Adorn'd with gems so richly bright,
We'll form a constellation,
Where every star, with modest light,
Shall gild his proper station.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy Friendship, Love and Truth !

BEAUTY.

I saw a dew-drop, cool and clear,
Dance on a myrtle spray ;
Fair colours deck'd the lucid tear,
Like those which gleam and disappear
When showers and sunbeams play :—
Sol cast athwart a glance severe,
And scorch'd the pearl away.

High on a slender, polish'd stem,
A fragrant lily grew :
On the pure petals many a gem
Glittered, a native diadem
Of healthy morning dew :—
A blast of lingering winter came,
And snapped the stem in two.

Fairer than morning's early tear,
Or lily's snowy bloom,
Is Beauty in its vernal year :
Gay, brilliant, fascinating, clear,
And thoughtless of its doom !
Death breathes a sudden poison near,
And sweeps it to the tomb !

GLEANINGS.

EPITAPH.

On a Dyer in Lincoln Church-yard.

Here lies John Hyde;
He first liv'd, and then he died;
He died to live, and liv'd to die,
And hopes to live eternally.

LANDING OF WILLIAM III, AT BRIXHAM
QUAY, TORBAY.

On the landing of King William, he was met by the Magistrates, headed by the Mayor, whom "the gods had made poetical." It had been settled that the address to his Majesty should be delivered by him in verse of his own composition, and it was as follows:—

Please your Majestee,
You're welcome to Brixham key,
To eat buckthorn and drink tea,
Along with me,
So you be,
An't please your Majestee
King William.

BEGGAR'S BUSH.

James I. being near this place, observed to his Chancellor, 'Sir Francis! you will soon come to *Beggars Bush*, and I may go along with you too, if we be so *Bountiful*.'

SIXTUS THE FIFTH.

This Pope was so great an admirer of Queen Elizabeth in her young days, that he was often heard to wish for an evening's conversation with her: "The produce (said the sanguine Pontiff) must have been an Alexander."

ANECDOTE OF A SPANIARD.

A Spanish gentleman, who had but one eye, used frequently to attend a tennis court, whenever any match of skill was played there. One day, the ball was so violently struck against the other eye, as in a moment to deprive him of the use of it. He bowed to the company, and without apparent emotion, left the court, saying "*Buenos Noches!*" Good night, gentlemen?

THE PARSON'S TOAST.

Lord Clive, one day after dinner, asked a chaplain to one of the regiments in the East India Company's service, for a toast who after considering some time, at length exclaimed with great simplicity, "Alas! and alack-a-day! what can I give!"—

"Nothing better," replied his Lordship;—"Come, gentlemen, we'll give a bumper to the parson's toast.—A *lass*, and a *lae* a day."

A TRUE ESTIMATE.

A Frenchman went up to an English officer in Dublin, and requested permission to examine his waterloo medal. "Humph!" said he, turning it over and over with an air of contempt, "a paltry affair; it didn't cost your nation above three franks"—"True," replied the officer, "but it cost your's a napoleon?"

DR. JOHNSON'S INTERVIEW WITH THE
REV. JOHN WESLEY.

The late Dr. Samuel Johnson, was on terms of great intimacy with Mr. Wesley's sister for many years, and in the course of conversation he expressed to her a desire to have an interview with her brother, which she accordingly made known to Mr. Wesley, and a day was appointed for him to dine with the doctor, at his house in Salisbury court. The doctor conformed to Mr. Wesley's hours, appointing two o'clock for the dinner hour. The dinner was not ready, through some unforeseen delay, till three: they conversed till that time. Mr. Wesley had set apart two hours to spend with his learned host, in consequence of this he rose up as soon as it was ended and departed. The doctor was extremely disappointed and could not conceal his chagrin. Mrs. Hall (Wesley's sister) said, "Why, doctor, my brother has been with you for two hours!" He replied, "Two hours, madam! I could talk all day, and all night too, with your brother."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several of the articles forwarded by R. C. Brownell will be inserted in our next. We shall be happy to receive the tale mentioned by J. Lambert. It would afford us great pleasure to insert the description of Stone henge had it not appeared in the old series of this work. Our thanks are due to J. B. Turner and E. J. T. for their communications. None of the articles which we have received from R. G. W. have sufficient merit for our pages. E. R. W. is also rejected.

London: published by Sears, 29, Charterhouse Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 14.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1831.

Price 1d.



MARGARET ROPER.

Margaret, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Moore, lord high chancellor of England was born in 1508. She received a learned education, and men of the first literary reputation were procured by her father for her preceptors. Under their care, aided by her own superior talents and genius, she became mistress of the Greek and Latin languages, and made considerable progress in astronomy, philosophy, physics, logic, rhetoric, music, and arithmetic. Besides other works, she translated the ecclesiastical history of Eusebius from Greek into Latin. This labour of learning was afterwards translated into English by

her daughter Mary, who inherited the talents of her mother. Her disposition was gentle and affectionate; her sentiments were always expressed with diffidence; and her filial love and reverence throws a never-fading lustre over her memory. During the extraordinary malady called the sweating sickness, which commenced in 1483, and appeared again at intervals five times till 1528, Margaret was seized with this disorder. Her father, while her recovery was doubtful, abandoned himself to the most violent sorrow; and when all hope was given up, suggested some simple but efficacious remedy, which

had entirely, escaped the physicians, but which effected the cure of his daughter.

In 1528, she gave her hand to William Roper, Esq., a man of talents and learning, accomplished, and of an amiable disposition.

Two sons and three daughters were the fruit of this marriage, whose education was superintended by their mother with the most assiduous care. For some time her life glided on serenely in the acquisition of science and in the bosom of her family; it now became agitated and disturbed by the tragical fate of her father.

The chancellor having disapproved the conduct of Henry VIII. in his divorce from Catherine, and marriage with Anne Boleyn, resigned the seals, and thus incurred the displeasure of the king. On his refusing to take the oath of supremacy he was committed to the Tower, where his daughter was, after great importunity, allowed to visit him. She essayed every argument, expostulation, and entreaty; but all in vain—his constancy was not to be shaken. She had herself, less bigoted or less tenacious, taken the oath, with the reservation of, *As far as would stand with the law of God.*

During her father's imprisonment, a frequent intercourse of letters passed between them; and when deprived of pen and ink he contrived to write with a coal.

When sentence of death was passed on the chancellor, and as he was returning to the Tower, his daughter, rushing through the guards that surrounded him, threw herself upon his neck, and, unable to speak, wept on his bosom in an agony of despair. The guards were moved to compassion at this affecting spectacle, while he tenderly embracing her, and bestowing on her his fatherly blessing, withdrew himself from her arms. He had not proceeded many paces when she again rushed to him, again threw her arms around him, while the only words that escaped her were, "My father! O my father!" Unable to speak, while the tears flowed down his cheeks, he could only repeatedly embrace her, while all the spectators displayed the most tender sympathy. The cares of Margaret extended to the lifeless remains of her beloved parent. By her interest and exertion, the body was interred in the chapel of St. Peter within the precincts of the Tower, and was afterwards removed to the chancel of the church at Chelsea. His head having remained fourteen days exposed on London Bridge in conformity to his sentence, was about to be cast into the Thames, when it was purchased by his daughter. Being on this occasion summoned before the council she firmly avowed and justified her conduct.

This boldness excited the anger of the king and she was committed to prison, whence, after a short restraint, she was liberated, and restored to her husband and family.

The short remainder of her life was passed in domestic retirement and the education of her children. She only survived her father nine years, and died in 1544. In compliance with her desire, the head of her father was buried with her, deposited in a leaden box, and placed upon her coffin. She was interred in St. Dunstan's church, Canterbury, the burial place of the Roper family.

THE GUERRILLA BROTHERS.

The spirit of chivalry which at one time shed a lustre over the name of the unhappy Spaniard, seemed to rekindle for a moment in the day of their degradation—when the giant tread of Napoleon echoed along the track in which the Roman, the Goth, and the Moor had successively preceded him; and the annals of those desperate struggles which ensued, afford examples of high enthusiasm and heroic valour which seem to belong rather to the history of former times than to the dark and blotted page of the present.

Among the desperate adventurers of Merida's band were two brothers noted for their daring courage, if courage it may be termed, which sets every calculation of danger at defiance. They had volunteered into the band at the same time; following the same fortunes, sharing the same dangers, and reaping the same glory, it may be supposed that unknown and unfriended as they were, the children of the same cradle would have clung to each other with a warm and confiding regard, but in its place a strange mysterious reserve seemed to govern their mutual intercourse. A superficial observer might sometimes have believed them to be enemies; but there was nothing of the bitterness or the hypocrisy of hatred, either in their silence or their looks; and on one or two occasions, a burst of natural feeling was seen to break through the cold and gloomy exterior they had assumed.

These singularities of disposition were ascribed by their comrades to different causes; some attributed it to blighted love, others to the conflict of religious zeal with patriotic enthusiasm. By degrees as they pursued the dangers of war their confidence appeared to forsake them, their ardour became different from that instinctive impulse which prompts on young and fearless hearts to court danger for the very honour of opposing it; mis-

trust and suspicion usurped the place of fraternal affection; a cold reserve locked up in their bosoms every kindred sympathy; their noble emulation degenerated into a desperate and unnatural rivalry; even in the mad career of victory their enthusiasm seemed to bear some reference to the impenetrable thought which governed their destiny, and at length the fact became certain, from repeated observation, that the one only rushed into danger that the other might be forced, by some secret compact, to follow.

In one of the wildest solitudes of the Sierra Morena had the followers of Merida stationed themselves to harass the march of the French general. A desperate and bloody struggle was the result, and among those who most distinguished themselves in the fearful contest, were the Guerilla Brothers. One of them appeared to be the directing genius of the slaughter; wherever the fight was thickest, there was he foremost; at every cessation of actual struggle, his eyes were turned towards his brother, who, although severely wounded in the beginning of the engagement, was still seen sometimes by his side, but more frequently toiling after him in his furious career, vainly struggling to gain the place which the fierce and haughty glances of the other seemed to dare him to take. The signal for retreat had now sounded, and the Guerillas were suddenly beginning to separate, each taking a different route to their common rendezvous, thus melting away at once before the eyes of the baffled enemy, and eluding his grasp, just at the moment when fresh reinforcements from the glen assured him of being able to annihilate their slender force at one blow.

The foremost Guerilla, still unwounded, relinquished his prey at the sound, and, dashing into the trees, begun to re-ascend the mountain, when the clash of arms induced him to turn out of his path—and the next moment he beheld his brother, pale, bleeding, and almost exhausted, sinking under the bayonet of a French soldier. Who can paint the contending feelings which at this moment burst upon his mind—the mingled feelings of love, friendship, hatred, hope, fear, pity—all things that can warm, or chill, or melt, or madden the human heart, were there present. A single blow could yet save him—but one bound, and his interposing arm would preserve the life of the son of his own mother—a single shout from his lips would scare away the slayer from his purpose.

It was but a moment.—but one moment—the next the living statue started

from his trance of horror—the blade quivered in his grasp—the blood rushed into his guilty face—and he sprung with a shout to the rescue. It was too late—the blow had descended; the dying Spaniard turned his face towards his brother, and they exchanged one look—the last.

The Guerilla's eyes were still fixed on the lifeless body of his brother, when their comrades came to bury the dead, and it was by main force that the living was separated from the dead. He now held in his hand a miniature portrait, suspended by a richly wrought gold chain, which he had apparently taken from the neck of his brother, and which corresponded with one he himself wore. These relics appeared, even in his present state, to be objects of the most jealous care; among many incoherent words he muttered Guzman and Leonora, the former addressed to his brother, and the latter to some phantom of his fevered brain; but nothing transpired which at that time could lead to the knowledge of his family or story.

The distracted Guerilla was taken to one of the few remaining convents amongst the hills, which the footsteps of violation and sacrilege had not yet entered, where he received every attention from the pious inmates, which his case required; where many months elapsed before either his mind or body acquired sufficient strength to admit of his going once more into the scenes of the world. One day he was missed from the chapel of the convent, at the time he had devoted, ever since the return of his reason, to penitence and prayer. Another day passed, and he came not; another and another. It is not known whether, in some wandering of mind, he had strayed from his hospitable friends, and with the instinct which carries the dove, through unknown paths, to her distant home, had reached the valley in which the years of his boyhood were spent. But home he did return.

The light fell softly on the house he had come to seek—its well-known gardens, the trees, the walks—all things appeared unchanged. The Guerilla approached with a rapid step, but turned suddenly short before he had gained the door. "I will not scare her," muttered he, "with this haggard visage, in the blessed light of day!" and he retired to a distance, from which he might see the house without being perceived.

The last beams of day had at length faded in the valley, and he was astonished to perceive lights in almost every window; he became sick and faint, for the thought

struck him that Leonora was dead. At length an increased bustle stole on the night air, and he heard the sounds of music and mirth; a dreadful suspicion flashed on his mind, as he recognized an air commonly used in that province on occasions of nuptial fêtes! and he rushed forward with impetuous haste to the house.

The music and the dance were at the highest, when a confused sound from the porch reached the hall—the music ceased, the dancers stopped short in their career, and the Guerilla burst suddenly into the apartment, so pale, so haggard, so unlike the form of a living man, that it might have seemed, to that startled party, some reproving spirit, conjured up by their ill-timed mirth, from a deep and bloody grave. All shrunk back aghast—except the bride, who fixed her eyes on the unexpected guest while a death-like paleness overspread her countenance. “Leonora!” said the Guerilla; she started; stepped forward as if by an uncontrollable impulse, then suddenly paused, as if transfixed by some hideous recollection. With a trembling hand, the Guerilla undid the gold chains, and bending down, laid the portraits—both portraits of herself—at her feet; then, rising slowly, cast one long and melancholy look on the original, and saying, in a subdued and broken voice, while he crossed his hands on his bosom, “It is just!” turned round and left the apartment.

In vain the music resumed its loudest and wildest strains; in vain the dancers mingled again in the whirl; in vain the bridegroom lent his soothing caresses. The impression made on Leonora, by that dismal scene, was never effaced.

The two brothers had loved her with the most violent and impetuous passion; and she, though secretly preferring him who had just stood before her, in a romantic spirit of patriotism, had vowed that he only should obtain her love, who went forth to the battles of her insulted country, and returned with the brightest laurels: if either should fall, the survivor was to bring as a token, the portrait, which, with her own hand, she bound round his neck.

The news of the fight we have alluded to, had been accompanied with intelligence of the death of both brothers, probably owing to neither having been again seen in the band; and on this night, with the tears scarcely dry on her cheek, she had yielded an indifferent hand to the solicitations and menaces of her relations.

With regard to the Guerilla, nothing more was known with certainty of his

fate; but the body of a man, answering his description, was found long after on the ridge of a distant hill, which overlooks the scene he had quitted. Some earth was thrown over the remains, and a rude cross raised, according to the custom of the country, to mark the spot signalized by the guilt of man, or the vengeance of heaven.—*Head Pieces, and Tail Pieces.*

GIBBS THE PIRATE.

This man, whose execution for murder has taken place at New York, appears to have been the most bloody and remorseless pirate of whom we have any record. When under sentence of death—by way, we presume, of disburdening his conscience of some portion of their intolerable pressure with which it must have been tormented—he voluntarily made a full confession of his crimes, which is published at length in the New York Morning Inquirer of the 8th of April, and occupies two closely printed long columns of that Journal. He was concerned in the plunder and destruction of upwards of forty vessels; and, as “dead men tell no tales,” he and his ferocious crew, with one or two exceptions, murdered every soul on board. He admits that about four hundred were thus dispatched. It appears that Gibbs was in Liverpool for several weeks, but as he probably went then under an assumed name, he could not be identified. “His frame (says the account) is somewhat enfeebled since his trial; his face paler, and his eyes more sunken; but the air of his bold, enterprising, and desperate mind still remains. In his cell he seems more an object of pity than vengeance; is affable and communicative; and when he smiles exhibits so mild and gentle a countenance that no one would take him to be a villain.

R. C. B.

CUPID MISTAKEN.

As after noon, one summers day,
Venus stood bathing in a river;
Cupid a shooting went that way,
New strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart:
With all his might his bow he drew.
Swift to his beautiful parent's heart,
The too well guided arrow flew.

I faint! I die! the goddess cry'd:
O cruel, could'st thou find none other,
To wreck thy spleen on? parricide!
Like Nero thou hast slain thy mother:

Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could speak ;
 Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye :
 Alas ! how easy my mistake ?
 I took you for your likeness only.

R. C. B.

TRUE LOVE'S LIPS.

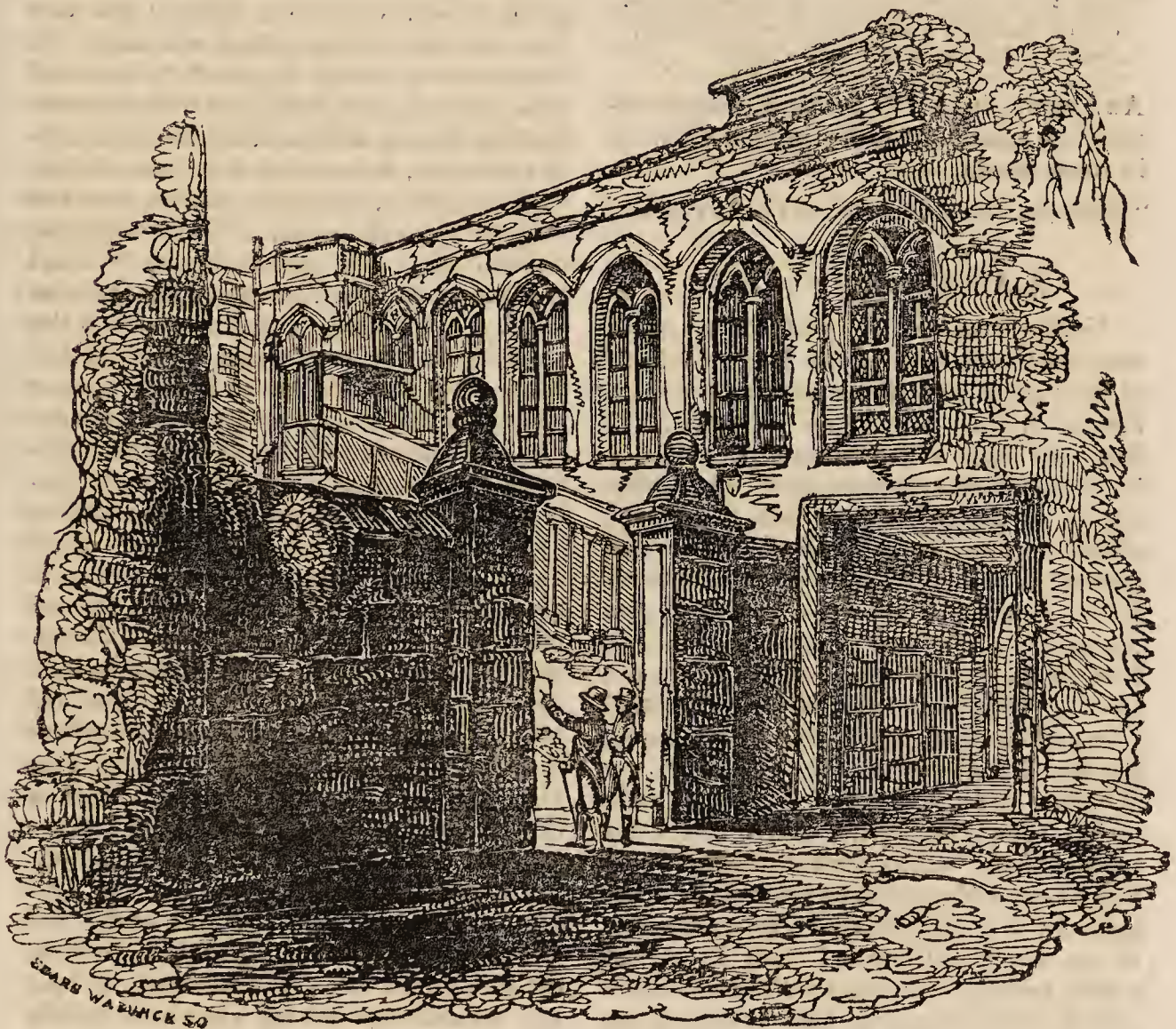
(For the Scrap Book.)

As sighs the gentle gale o'er flowers,
 Or through some whisp'ring leafy grove,
 Or as some lay of childhood's hours,
 Heard when afar from home we rove.
 Dear as the perfume gently borne
 From islets where the wild bee sips,
 So sweetly are those accents borne,
 That flow from early true love's lips.

Soothing as the fresh'ning gale
 O'er some burning desert straying,
 That cools the parching brow of one,
 From whom all hope was fast decaying.
 Glad as the lay of morning lark,
 When sun with gold all Nature tips,
 So glad, so welcome, are the sounds,
 That flow from early true love's lips.

Sounds, sweet as notes that float around
 The couch of one from earth departing,
 Or as some slumb'ring echo's sound,
 In music from its dark cell starting ;
 Cheering as Spring's returning beam
 Decking the scenes drear winter strips,
 Are those soft honied words that stream,
 From our early true love's lips.

C. BRADBURY.



No. I. VIEWS IN TOWN.—CROSBY HOUSE.

The house known by the name of Crosby-House, stood on the east side of Bishopsgate-street, and was a magnificent structure, built by Sir John Crossbie, sheriff, in 1470, on the ground leased to him by Alice Ashford, prioress of St.

Helen's. In this house, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, lodged after he had conveyed his nephew to the Tower, and was meditating the destruction of the poor innocents. The hall, called Richard III.'s chapel, is still very entire, a beautiful

Gothic building, with a bow window on one side. The roof is of timber, and much to be admired. At present this magnificent room is occupied by a packer. Henry VIII. granted it to Anthonio Bonorica, a rich Italian merchant. He was a great favourer of the merchants of this nation, for the sake of the "magnificent silks, velvets, tissues of gold, jewels, and other luxuries, (as he expresses it,) for the pleasure of us, and our dearest wyeff, the queene." In the reign of Elizabeth, it was appropriated to foreign ambassadors. Here was lodged the ambassador of France, and again the ambassador of Denmark. The site of this house is still known by the name of Crosby-square.

Shakspeare makes frequent mention of this palace in his play of *Richard III.* When the *Duke of Gloster* observes to *Lady Anne*—

"That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place."

And again, in Act I. Scene 3, *Gloster* directs the murderers of his brother *Clarence* in these words:—

"When you have done, repair to Crosby Place."

A VENETIAN SCENE.

Venice is in the *estro* of her carnival, and I have been up these last two nights at the ridotto and the opera, and all that kind of thing. Now for an adventure. A few days ago, a gondolier brought me a billet without a subscription, intimating a wish on the part of the writer to meet me either in gondola, or at the island of San Lazaro, or at a third rendezvous, indicated in the note. "I know the country's disposition well," in Venice "they do let Heaven see those tricks that they dare not show," &c.; so, for all response, I said that neither of the three places suited me; but that I would either be at home at ten at night, alone, or be at the ridotto at midnight, where the writer might meet me masked. At ten o'clock I was at home and alone (Marianna was gone with her husband to a conversazione) when the door of my apartment opened, and in walked a well-looking and (for an Italian) bionda girl of about nineteen, who informed me that she was married to the brother of my amorosa, and wished to have some conversation with me. I made a decent reply and we had some talk in Italian and Romanic, (her mother being a Greek of Corfu) when, lo! in a very few minutes in marches to my very great astonishments, Marianna S**, in propria persona, and, after making a polite courtesy to her sister-in-law and

to me, without a single word seizes her said sister-in-law by the hair, and bestows upon her some sixteen slaps, which would have made your ear ache only to hear their echo. I need not describe the screaming which ensued. The luckless visitor took flight. I seized Marianna, who, after several vain efforts to get away in pursuit of the enemy, fairly went into fits in my arms; and, in spite of reasoning, eau de Cologne, vinegar, half a pint of water, and other waters beside, continued so till past midnight. I found that Marianna, in the morning, had seen her sister-in-law's gondolier on the stairs, and, suspecting that his apparition boded her no good, had either returned of her own accord or been followed by her maids, or some other spy of her people, to the conversazione, from whence she returned to perpetrate the piece of pugilism. I had seen fits before, and also some small scenery of the same genus in and out of our island; but this was not all. After about an hour, in comes—who? why, Signor **, her lord and husband, and finds me with his wife fainting upon a sofa, and all the apparatus of confusion, dishevelled hair, hats, handkerchiefs, salts, smelling bottles, and the lady as pale as ashes, without sense or motion. His first question was, "What is all this?" The lady could not reply so I did. I told him the explanation was the easiest thing in the world; but, in the mean time, it would be as well to recover his wife—at least, her senses. This came about in due time of suspiration and respiration. You need not be alarmed, jealousy is not the order of the day in Venice and daggers are out of fashion, while duels on love matters are unknown, at least, with the husbands. But, for all this, it was an awkward affair; and though he must have known that I made love to Marianna, yet I believe he was not, till that evening, aware of the extent to which it had gone. It is very well known that almost all the married women have a lover; but it is usual to keep up the forms as in other nations. I did not, therefore, know what to say. I could not out with the truth, out of regard to her, and I did not choose to lie for my sake; besides, the thing told itself. I thought the best way would be to let her explain it as she chose, (a woman being never at a loss,) only determining to protect and carry her off, in case of any ferocity on the part of the Signor. I saw that he was quite calm. She went to bed, and, next day—how they settled it I know not, but settle it they did. Well, then I had to explain to Marianna about this never-to-be-sufficiently-confounded sister-in-law, which I did

by swearing innocence, eternal constancy, &c. But the sister-in-law, being very much discomposed by being treated in such wise, has (not having her own shame before her eyes,) half told the affair to Venice, and the servants (who were summoned by the fight and the fainting) the other half. *Moore's Life of Byron.*

IS HE MARRIED?

"What!" I exclaimed, stirring the fire to make a blaze, for I had not ordered candles, "Is it possible? *With Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thomson's compliments*—Charles Thomson married! married! poor fellow!" I hastily obtained a candle opened the packet, and found in it a piece of bridal cake with a few words, written in a small female hand, informing me that "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thomson" would be ready to receive visitors on a certain day. I was perfectly astonished. Charles Thomson married! I should sooner have expected snow at Midsummer. Married! we were upon terms of the greatest intimacy; we have dined together, day by day for several years past; and yet I never even suspected that he was in love. When I last saw him he told me that he was about to visit Tunbridge Wells on business. And then to whom is he married? Every body knows Charles Thomson; he is to be seen in every book-shop and at every book-stall and book-auction in London. His days are spent in public libraries, and his nights, for the most part, in his study. For himself he is the meekest, mildest, most unobtrusive and modest fellow in existence, he never can speak to a woman without blushing; and as for wooing—pshaw! the thing is impossible! He must have courted by deputy, and have been married by proxy. I could not understand it; and when I went out of doors the annoyance was still greater. I was continually met by such questions as "pray, who is Mrs. Charles Thomson?" "Who would have thought Charles Thomson would have married? I never was so astonished as when I heard of it: who is she?" "I don't know." "Nonsense! impossible!" "It is true," said I, surlily, and walked on.

Time, however, passed away as it was wont to do, and the period approached at which the happy couple were expected to return to town. But a few mornings before that day arrived I was astonished by the usual sudden and abrupt entrance of my old friend Charles into my parlour. "X.,", said he, "how d'you do?" I paused a moment, regarding my old friend, whose looks were full of trouble and anxiety, and then kindly inquired

"My dear Charles how are you, how—" I hesitated, I would have inquired "how is Mrs. Thomson?" but the words would not come forth, and I closed the sentence with "when did you return to town?"

"Only last night; what an unlucky affair this is."

"Ah!" said I, "I was dismally surprised to hear of it. How came you to be led into it?"

"Oh, Lord, I don't know: we are all of us overtaken at times, and I really thought I was doing a kindness."

"A kindness!" echoed I, "yes but at a very serious expense. Why didn't you talk to me about it?"

"Oh! I had a sort of presentiment that I should repent it, and I thought you would only laugh at me. But what can I do?"

"What can you do! Why, I suppose, you have already done every thing that can be done; there is no getting out of it now."

"I am afraid not, but I must change my mode of living."

"Ah, that you must; you must give up your old literary pursuits, and attend closely to your profession, and all our comfortable dinners at——"

"Ah, those are all at an end."

"But did you get no money at all?" inquired I.

"Not a sixpence," was the answer, "it was purely a matter of accommodation."

"An accommodation! why, zounds man! how could you be such a fool?"

"Oh! I was taken by surprise in an evil moment. But 'egad it will be a lesson to me. I suppose I must sell Harbour Court!"

"Nay, I hope it's not so bad as that—"

"Indeed, but it is; where think you am I to get 500*l.*?"

"500*l.*! Why what are you thinking about?"

"Thinking about," replied Charles, "why about Sillery's bills," producing, at the same time, a newspaper with the announcement of his bankruptcy—"What else should I think about?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried I, laughing at the equivocal, "and I have been talking about your marriage."

"Marriage! nonsense! what could put that into your head?"

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed I, "satisfy me that you are not married, and I will make you easy about Sillery's bills. His bankruptcy has been superseded, and I have money in my hands to pay your acceptances."

I then produced my bride cake and its

envelope—all turned out to be a hoax—we still have our old literary dinners, and Charles Thomson is not married.

National Magazine.

VERSES BY BURNS.

(Not included in any of his Works.)

O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone
mountain straying,
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
What woes wring my heart while intently surveying
The storm's gloomy path on the breast
of the wave.

Ye foam-crested billows allow me to wail,
Ere you toss me afar from my lov'd native shore,
Where the flow'r that beam'd sweetest in
Colia's green vale,
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more.

No more by the banks of the streamlet
we'll wander,
And smile at the moon's rimpled face in
the wave,
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
For the dew-drops of morning fall cold
on her grave.

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm
my breast,
I haste with the storm to a far distant
shore,
Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes
shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

GLEANINGS.

A woman in the country went for a pound of candles, when to her astonishment and mortification, she was informed they had risen a penny in the pound since her last purchase of them. "Why," says she, "what can be the cause of such an exorbitant rise as a penny." "I can't tell," says the man, "but I believe it is principally owing to the war." "Why, curse them," cried she, "do they fight by candle-light."

REPARTEE.

Louis XIV. after having informed mademoiselle, that he had fixed her marriage with Charles II. king of Spain, added, "I could not do more for my daughter." The young princess, who thought the dauphin had been intended for her, replied, "It is true; but your majesty might have done more for your niece.

"You horrid villian," said one man to another, "was not your father a thief, and your mother a receiver of stolen goods?" "That may be," said the accused, "but you can't say they were tailors."

Lord Mansfield when on the Shrewsbury circuit; having been asked to dinner by the Mayor of the town, his lordship observing an antique clock in the room, remarked to the Mayor, "that he supposed Sir John Falstaff fought by that clock," to which the Mayor replied, "He could not tell, *for he had not the pleasure of knowing Sir John.*"—Lord Mansfield then tried his host on another subject, and remarked, "that the town appeared very old"—to which the Mayor replied, "*it was always so, please your lordship.*"

Two gentlemen meeting together, one English and the other Irish: the former, in course of conversation, asked the latter how it was the Irish were so subject to blunders, "I don't know how it is," said the Hibernian, "but I believe that *if an Irishman was born in England* he would do the same."

E. L. T.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A glance at our pages we think will be sufficient answer for C. Bradbury; Distant bells will appear in our next. We again have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of a communication from H. Busk, jun. We are obliged to C. Letts, jun. and J. B. Turner whose pieces will shortly appear. Some of the poetry by our new and fair correspondent Eliza A—— will be inserted. W. B., J. B. L. and A. B. are declined. It is with reluctance we also decline the Evening Walk by C. J. jun. We have already expressed our opinion of Alfred's genius it is not altered. We do not understand the letter from J. M. R. W. Letters from R. C. Brownell. T. S. Dentry and C. —, have come to hand.

London: published by Sears, 29, Charterhouse Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 15.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1831.

Price 1d.



THE NEGOCIATION.

Among the many examples which ancient and modern history have produced, of persons rising from the lowest order of society to the highest pinnacle of ambition, few, if any, possess more individual interest than the subject of the following anecdote. Had not her name been engraved on the page of history, we might have deemed the adventures of her early life the work of fiction; but even fiction, in its most romantic flights never imagined a heroine who suffered greater distress than Catherine Alexiowna. It is not our intention (for our limits will not allow of it) to present our readers with a memoir but we think the subjoined anecdote which

the engraving illustrates cannot but prove interesting.

In 1712, her marriage with Peter the Great was publicly solemnized with great pomp at Petersburg, and the same day she set out with him on his celebrated expedition against the Turks. When they arrived at the banks of the Borysthenes, Peter, afraid to expose her to dangers which became every day more formidable, endeavoured to persuade her to remain behind; but she considered this an insult on her courage and affection, and entreated with such earnestness to be allowed to accompany him, that he consented, and the army with joy again saw her on horseback

at the head of the troops, encouraging them by her example, and enlivening them by her gaiety ; affording assistance to those officers who were sick, and extending her care even to the soldiers. It was in this campaign, that Peter, having led his army into a disadvantageous situation, took the desperate resolution of cutting his way through the Turkish troops. With this determination he retired into his tent in an agony of despair, and gave positive orders that no one should be admitted under pain of death. In this important juncture, the principal officers assembled in the presence of Catharine, and drew up certain preliminaries in order to obtain a truce from the grand vizier. With these, notwithstanding the prohibition, Catharine entered the tent and persuaded her husband to try the effect of a negociation. She collected the few jewels which she had brought on this warlike expedition, and sent them, with two sable pelisses, as a present to the vizier ; and a truce was obtained on more reasonable terms than might have been expected. Catharine, by her conduct on this occasion, acquired great popularity, and the czar particularly specified her behaviour at Pruth, as one of the reasons which induced him to crown her publicly with his own hand.

THE BLACK GONDOLA.

AN ORIGINAL TALE, BY J. LAMBERT, Esq.

The glowing splendour of an autumnal day gradually yielded to the mild approach of eve, and the pale moon slowly advanced in solemn majesty, extending her boundless line of radiance over the luxuriant shores of the Adriatic. The soft stillness of the air was agitated only by the swelling harmony from the various gondolas calmly gliding on the silvery bosom of the peaceful stream ; the mild blue heavens above, and the calmness below, would have tranquilized the most irritable ; but to those whose feelings harmonized with the scene it was enchantment, and none experienced its sweet influence more than the lovely and loving Astor and Elora ; the season, the scene, the music, together united their magic influence to bind closer their souls in mutual sentiments of tenderness and love.

Although they never gave the fond emotions emanating every moment from their susceptible bosoms, a name, yet was love their ideal world, the very essence of their being—she was the genial spirit of his existence, and he the

“ God of her idolatry,”

and without love where is human happiness ? It is the roses of Heaven to strew

Earth's thorny path, the only bright ray to illumine the dreary void of this world. What else could produce reciprocal happiness, what compensate us for the privation of the heart's union ? Woman's susceptibility, mildness and love is so admirably adapted to calm and sooth the irritability of man, it produces a dependance on each other, and an indispensable union of souls. Astor gazed fondly on his beloved, as she uplifted her timorous eye, trembling with a tear—it were the fond avowal, the sweet acceptance of his vows, truer, dearer than the most ingenuous expression ; he kissed off the impressive acknowledgement, and the evening waned with fond reiteration of their indissoluble attachment.

The air began to chill, and the “gondolieri” began to ply their oars, but they had scarce turned the gondola when a loud scream burst from the lips of the alarmed Elora. “Wherefore that cry,” quickly enquired the count, “what mysterious horror is thrilling every nerve.” “Look, look,” she uttered, “at yon moving shade of ebon darkness,” directing his attention to the object that alarmed her. “Fear not my love,” said the Count, “it is but a gondola.” “Ah” said Elora, “but such a gondola that—but observe it retires.” At this moment the moon bursting from a dark envelope of clouds, gleamed athwart its sable flag—and Count Astor exclaimed “By the heavenly saints it is the duke Angriano's Black Gondola, called by all the Fatal.

“Fatal indeed,” sighed Elora “what can be its import now ?”—“That would I have demanded had it not left us,” said Astor. “No, no !” fearfully exclaimed the alarmed maid, terror blanching her fair cheeks. “Fear him—fly him—or death awaits you.” “What means my love,” enquired the agitated youth, “Angriano sues me for his bride, and of late as been most importunate, and had I never beheld thee, my beloved Astor, never would I have been his. Ill betide the maid who plights her truth to the possessor of the Black Gondola.

“But what, my love, have you to fear,” enquired the count. “I fear me, much ! Listen. The duke de Angriano is a Spaniard by birth, rich, haughty and revengeful and for the many enormities committed by him on his dependents was obliged, for personal safety, to fly his native place ; he settled in Venice, and taking advantage of this disturbed state, soon made himself popular by his immense wealth and bold daring, he soon became the terror of Venice. No Spaniard ever feared more a visit from the Inquisitor than did the Venetian who had excited his anger. To such

a height did his imperious will carry him as to delight in spreading terror, and to effect which was the design of the Black Gondola, and woe is the hour it darkens the canal, many have been his victims, yet no other suspicion falls on him than the fatal appearance of the Black Gondola. The exigencies of the times prevent the state's interference or investigation, and thus protected what private individual would interfere. None—not one, except my lamented parent who has suffered for his temerity. The duke, actuated by the deepest revenge, determined to accomplish his ruin. The Black Gondola was launched and my parent was aware of its import, he received a visit from Angriano, who stated he had prepared a letter of accusation to place in the Denunzie Secrete, accusing him of disaffection towards the state, and as suspicion was almost equal to proof, death, or what was worse, eternal imprisonment was certain. To escape this Angriano said he must make over his property to him and leave Venice for ever. To which my father proudly answered he would confront his accusers, and never basely through fear submit to ignominy. The duke became exasperated, and my father no less so, when I opportunely entered the saloon. Angriano stood transfixed, I was but fourteen years old, and the duke was pleased to compliment me. My parent seized the opportunity and said “Can you not feel for the parent—could you deprive my child of her support—banish her parent and seize on her possessions?” “St. Hilda forbid,” said the hypocrite, “for her sake I banish my resentment, on condition that at your decease she becomes my ward, and either by marriage, or death I possess the property.” “Of two evils my father conceived he was choosing the least, therefore acquiesced to his proposals. The duke appeared satisfied he imprinted a kiss on my forehead, cordially pressed my father's hand and retired. You must spare me the melancholy detail—suffice to say shortly after our house had to mourn my parent's death, untimely and enveloped in mystery; suspicion rested on the duke, for previous to my parent's corse being washed on shore the Black Gondola had been observed floating on the canal; no proof could be found, and this crime, like many others, in a few days ceased to excite attention.

“Scarce had the gloom subsided when the duke professed himself attached, and made his proposal, which I decidedly rejected—he cared not to conceal his rage, but gave me time to consider the effect of his displeasure. Since that time he is completely altered. He is sullen and gloomy. To day before I left my palace he again

renewed his pretensions. I asked him if he never intended to withdraw his suit, as his visits were troublesome, to which he most vehemently exclaimed—“You court my enmity, you baffle my rage, you defy my threats—but beware you are in the tiger's lair—think not thy arrogance shall escape with impunity my resentment—again I repeat, beware I know I am rivalled, and by whom? My deadly foe—eternal torment on me if he escape my fury; sooner than thou shouldst be his I'd give thee to death and the grave.” He rushed from my sight saying “We shall meet again.” “Oh my beloved Astor be wary, I know his heart is capable of any enormity—and now the appearance of the Black Gondola is fatal; be careful, I tremble for the consequences.”

The noble blood of Astor rushed to his cheeks as he said “Tremble not my beloved, but nerve your swelling bosom with just resentment against the monster who would sacrifice thee. By St. Anselm I swear never to call thee mine till the ruffian as made atonement for his enormities. Shall Astor Montville fear the contumelious Angriano or his Black Gondola. Shall he triumph over Elora and spread dismay while I draw the vital stream of life—Never!—Never!!”

Elora kissed the scorning proud lips of her beloved with grateful extacy, and owned his words would infuse courage in a less timid soul than her own. The Gondola had reached her palace stairs, and now with a fond embrace he handed her over to her maids,—“Farewell,” trembled from her coral lips, she felt a presentiment of dread. “Adieu my beloved Elora,” sighed Astor “to morrow eve we meet again,” he fondly folded her to his bosom, again their lips met, and again was responded farewell, then tearing himself from her fond embrace, threw himself in the Gondola, and it darted quickly under the Rialto to his cheerless abode.

The moon was now so deeply enveloped in gloom that scarce an object was perceptible on the canal, nor till a crash aroused them to a sense of danger was Astor disturbed from his deep reverie; they had come in contact with a gondola. Astor sprang forward, his pulse beat quick and the blood rushed in tumultuous tides through his agitated frame on his discovering himself by the side of his deadly antagonist and Black Gondola. The gondolieri plyed quickly, Astor demanded to lay too unheeded; he fired a pistol in the air and threatened to discharge another in the gondola unless they observed his mandate. They obeyed, and the gigantic figure of Angriano for the first time stood before him

his dark eyes fixed intensely on him, in a vociferous tone that would have appalled any one but Astor, he exclaimed "and who is he that dares to arrest the progress of the Duke Angriano."

"Count Astor Montville," answered he, "as noble a name as any bare and far beyond the infamous Angriano—nay reserve thy scathing glances for those who fear thee—turn them on woman—helpless woman, to whom you utter your vile threats, for if they met the ear of man, chastisement would follow what insolence had provoked."

"Amazement paralyzes me, thy immeasurable insolence detains my arm! Presumptuous slave! speak but again and my sword——" "Draw it forth," echoed Astor, "seek no mean subterfuge—do not mistake," and flourishing his sword in the air, said "dost understand me now villian." "Nay then guard thy life" yelled Angriano. "Look to thine own," answered Astor, making a lunge which entered Angriano's wrist and appeared at the elbow; defiance and fury strived for mastery in Angriano's features, with demonical ferocity he thrust at Astor's heart, which would have ended their mortal strife, but for his cool skill and dexterity; he parried, and returned the thrust with such rapidity that Angriano sprang some inches from the ground in agony and fell prostrate, Astor followed him close and placing his foot on his chest bade him ask his life.—"Never" groaned Angriano—"I am defeated—strike—strike to my heart! Death, death to dishonour!!"

"Nay, live and mend thy life, and remember thou art but weak man." Angriano's voice was scarcely audible, rage and disappointment racked his soul, he cried, "Death were happiness to this torture, although lying beneath thy point I defy thee, if I live it shall be to avenge me."

The noble, generous, forgiving feeling fled Astor's bosom and he was about to exterminate the malignant soul of the ruffian when a bravo rushed forward and with one furious blow severed Astor's hand from his body. Astor's gondoleri rushed forward with his oar and levelled the ruffian, never to rise again; Astor was conveyed bleeding to his gondola and in a senseless state reached his chamber.

Contests of this kind were of such frequent occurrence as scarcely to excite a moment's thought; Count Astor's gondoleri observed the contest with careless indifference considering it some honourable affair until the bravo disguised rushed on Astor, then they interposed and saved his life.

At Astor's mansion all was gloom, res-

toratives were applied in vain, the morning found him feverish and unrefreshed. A violent tempest broke his frequent attempts to slumber, and he vainly attempted to leave his couch. The morning passed, and he would have dispatched his servant Nicolo to his beloved Elora, but fear of alarming her restrained him.

All day the weather was tempestuous but the evening was ushered in with a gleam of sunshine. Astor fearful of disappointing his expecting love at length sent Nicolo with an excuse of slight indisposition. He departed but quickly returned with consternation on his features.

He stated that Elora had departed in her own gondola in consequence of a billet supposed to have been sent by Astor.

Frantic with apprehension he leaped from his couch, scarcely allowed Nicolo to attire him, ordered his gondola, and reckless of his health or gathering storm was quickly on board and urged the rowers to ply with the utmost speed. Deep sulphurous clouds rolled in masses through the dense atmosphere occasionally discharging their electric stores amid the pouring showers; unheeded was the raging tempest without, compared to that within Astor's bosom, carefully did he scrutinize every moving thing on the canal and long was it to him before he came to the object of pursuit.—Its gloomy shape and hue was sufficient without the black flag which had been shattered by the storm—"Behold,"—cried the gondoleri.—"It is—Angriano's," convulsively exclaimed the count—"Hold, hold!" he cried to Angriano's men—but they moved not—for on coming along side the men, although sitting in an upright posture, were dead—the lightning glaring on their inanimate grisly faces, and made them look terrific, fit companions for such a vessel thought Astor as he sprang into the fatal Gondola.

He rushed into the interior and delirium seized his horror stricken brain on gazing at the dreadful spectacle that presented itself—the murdered body of her he loved beyond aught else of divine creation.

In her gentle bosom of peace and love was thrust to the hilt, a dagger, held by the hand, the Bravo had severed from Astor's body, the blood yet warm was reeking from the wound down her robe of lily whiteness, Astor stood—

"A moment as a Pythoness

Stands on her tripod, agonized, and full
Of inspiration, gathered from distress

When all the heart strings like wild
horses pull
The heart asunder."

utterance was denied him—his phrenz'd

agony was beyond the power of articulation his whole frame was convulsed, and hysteric sobs burst from his breaking heart; at length a shriek gave vent to his suffocating breast and he fell on the lifeless form of his sacrificed love.

A fiendish shout of exultation, aroused Astor from his torpor and he sprang up as just awaking from some horrid vision—he glared wildly round and the blue lightning illumined the place discovering to him the forbidding figure of Angriano, and the dreadful truth flashed on his madning brain; with choking voice he exclaimed “Heartless ruffian—murderer—woman murderer, that shuns the face of man—Now shall ye not escape me—thus—thus will I crumble thee to dust.”—With maniac strength he rushed forward, seized with his remaining hand

his adversary’s throat—the blood gushed from his nostrils over the being he had slain, his eyeballs burst from their sockets, and vain was his attempt at utterance, for his tongue hung listless from his mouth—The blood ceased to flow he became ashy pale and he fell heavily prostrated, bearing with him the lifeless body of the youthful, hapless Astor, whose broken heart had ceased to beat, having avenged his murdered Elora. The Black Gondola had been during this time gradually sinking for so the wily ruffian had prepared it in case of emergency, and a few moments only elapsed before the waves flowed over the guilty and guiltless, and from this sudden disappearance many were the vague reports in circulation ascribing supernatural agency to Angriano and the Black Gondola.



No. 4. NATURAL HISTORY.—THE LION.

Leo, in the Linnæan system of Zoology, is a species of quadrupeds, belonging to the *Felis* or Cat kind with a long tail and pale red or tawny body.

The head of the Lion appears very large in proportion to its body, and is the most fleshy of the heads of all the known animals; its jawbones also are extremely large; the breast also appears very large, but this is only owing to the great quantity of long hair that covers it, for the sternum

is smaller than that of most animals of the same size; the tail, which is very long, appears also of the same thickness all the way, but this is wholly owing to the growth of the hair; the tail itself is largest at the base, and thence goes tapering to the point; but the hair being very short near its base, and continuing to grow longer all the way, as that decreases in thickness, is so exactly proportioned in its growth, that it gives the whole tail this regular appear-

ance. The length of the largest lion from nose to tail is above eight feet ; the tail is four feet.

The long hair that grows about the neck and breast, and makes what is called the mane of a Lion, only differs from the hair of the rest of the body in length, having no greater thickness or rigidity, like that of the manes of other animals. The claws of the lion have no cases, as Pliny pretends that they have, for the animal to withdraw them into in walking ; but Plutarch, Solinus, and some others, are much more in the right in saying that the Lion draws them up backwards when he walks, and places them closely among the articulations of the toes.

The tongue of the Lion is very rough and rigid, being covered with a great number of prominences of a hard matter, resembling that of a cat's claws, and nearly of the same size, the base of each being a round fleshy prominence on the surface of the tongue.

The eyes of the Lion are clear and bright even after the creature is dead. The common observation that this creature sleeps with its eyes open, is founded on this, that it has a very thick membrane lodged in the greater canthus of the eye, which it can extend over the whole eye upon occasion, as birds do their *membrana nictitans*, and thus they have no occasion to shut its eyelids, in order to exclude the light. It is very remarkable that the common cat has all the singular structure of the several parts as the lion has, its claws, feet, tongue, and eyes, being of the same kind, and its internal parts bearing as strong a resemblance.

The heart of the Lion is much larger than that of any other creature of the same size, being six inches long, and four inches in diameter, in the largest part, and terminating in a very sharp point ; and the brain is as remarkably small.

The Lioness has no mane, or long hairs upon the neck and breast which so remarkably characterises the lion. The nose also is longer in the Lioness, and the head more flatted in the upper part ; the claws also are much smaller than those of the male lion. This creature when full grown is about three feet high from the fore feet to the ridge of the back, and about five feet from the end of the nose to the insertion of the tail, which is about two feet and a half long, the claws are of a fibrose texture, the fibres being very hard in themselves, but easily separable from one another. In other particulars the lioness very little differs from the lion.

The lion is an inhabitant of all parts of Africa and the hot parts of Asia, such as

India and Persia, and some few are found in the deserts between Bagdad and Basorah, on the banks of the Euphrates ; but they most abound in the torrid zone, where their size is the largest and their rage most tremendous, being inflamed by the influence of a burning sun on a very dry soil. It is observed, that though they reign absolute masters over every beast, their rage diminishes and their timidity increases as they approach the habitation of the human race. They have been also known to spare the weaker animals and many instances are related by A. Gellius, Ælian, and Pliny &c. of their gratitude. Lions are capable of being tamed ; and the monarch of Persia is said on days of audience, to have two large lions chained on each side of the passage to the room of state, led there by keepers in chains of gold. The lion preys on all kinds of animals ; having roused them into view by his roar, he starts on his prey, striking it with his talons and tearing it to pieces. He also invades the folds, leaping over the fences with his prey, and his strength is so great, that he can carry off a middling ox with the utmost ease. He sometimes seizes his prey by surprise, and mankind fall a victim to his hunger more through necessity as it is said than choice. The Arabs have a notion of his sparing the tender sex, but Dr. Shaw humourously informs us in his travels, that the Lion observes no distinction in these days. The flesh is often eaten in Barbary, and it is said to resemble veal in taste.

The French, when they had once a sick lion, attempted to recover him from his sickness by such foods as nature never intended him, that is, by the tender and pure flesh of young animals, without any of the external coat. They gave him young lambs flayed alive for this purpose ; but nature not having given this animal the subtlety to flay his food, and the hair, wool, feathers, &c. being as necessary to these beasts of prey with the flesh, as the flesh itself, the new food bred too much blood and proved a worse disease than that he had before, so that he soon died.

W. E. C.

LORD BYRON'S LATEST VERSES.

"On this day I complete my thirty-sixth year."

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,

Since others it has ceased to move ;

Yet, though I cannot be beloved,

Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf,

The flowers and fruits of love are gone,

The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys,
Is like to some volcanic isle,
No torch is kindled at its blaze;—
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fears, the jealous care,
Th' exalted portion of the pain,
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not here—it is not here—
Such thoughts should shake my soul;
nor now—
When glory seals the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece around us see;
The Spartan borne upon his shield
Was not more free.

Awake! not Greece—she is awake!—
Awake, my spirit,—think through whom
My life blood tastes its parent lake—
And then strike home!

I tread reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood—unto thee,
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret thy youth,—why live?—
The land of honourable death
Is here—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best.
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

DISTANT BELLS.

(For the Scrap Book.)

There's music in the murm'ring breeze
That gently sighs from tree to flower,
The birds sing sweetly 'mongst the trees,
In the happy sun-rise hour.

There's music in the pacons sound,
There's music in all kind farewells,
But none doth with such sweets abound,
As the sound of distant bells.

Hark! the gentle sound is stealing
Through the vales and winding dells,
Wafted on sweet Zephyr's breathing,
Floats the sound of distant bells.

Evening's shade o'er earth hath fell,
Bewitching stillness reigns around,
Broke only by the gentle knell,
Of the bells soft distant sound.

Hark! in whisperings soft, they break,
In melody upon the ear,
Loud, and more loud the sounds arise,
As the Zephyr's waft them near.

Soft!—but now they fade away,
Submissive to the breezes power,
As the white snow melts away,
'Neath the warm sun's mid-day power.

Slowly thus they die away,
Plaintively upon the ear;
But scarce are gone, e'er winged winds
Waft them to the list'ner near.
Thus ming'ling with the flirting gales,
Playful they sport thus to and fro,
Anon a merry peal are ringing,
Then a plaintive tale of woe.

When sorrow wounds the tender heart,
Or true love, unrequited, sighs,
When from those we love, we part,
Or when alas! some fond hope dies.
What speaks such soft, such lulling sounds,
What of such soothing calmness tells,
What melts the heart, and stills the soul,
Like the sound of distant bells.

Then oh, 'tis sweet at eve'ing tide,
When pure stillness reigns around,
To roam beneath the greenwood tree,
And hear the bells soft tink'ling sound.
There's music in some much lov'd lays,
Which of our childhood fondly tells,
But naught can speak of other days,
Like the sound of distant bells.

C. BRADBURY.

Remarks on the Paintings of
J. M. W. TURNER R. A.

The genius of Turner has extended itself over the fairest part of the civilized world; as a landscape painter he is undoubtedly of the first order, there is a strength and glow of colouring about his scenes which few have equalled, and none surpassed; yet he is not such an highly finished painter as Callcot. Turner, in this years exhibition, is the star of the Academy; its walls are enriched and adorned with his productions, of which he has seven, all alike for their closeness to nature, and splendour of colouring. Life-boat and Manby Apparatus going off to a stranded vessel making signals (blue lights of distress), is splendid, and exceedingly good, as is Caligula's palace and bridge. The Vision of Medea, and Admiral Van Tromp's barge at the entrance of the Texel, are equal to any of Claude's scenes. Many place him, and we among them, with the inimitable Wilson, whose productions are now spoken of as being the true gems of British art. It is landscape, and landscape only, that Turner excels in, and by which he has made both fame and money. In the battle of Trafalgar we are sorry to say he has quite failed, but who could expect that any one could make a quantity of straight masts look well on canvas, no one can, not even if

Apelles were to rise from his grave and contend for the superiority. The younger, Daniel, also tries his brush and colours at sea-fights, and has nothing but scaffold-poles for any of the masts. If success were possible we would heartily wish it them both—but it is not, very few will buy a sea-fight, those that do, should not think that Turner's genius lies there. We will conclude with an opinion of a critic, who says, that there is a poetic feeling of colouring about his scenes, and to the least thing he can lend attractions.

P. R. C.

COINCIDENCE.

A correspondent remarks on the singular coincidence of the Royal Humane Society having for its secretary a gentleman of the name of *Frost*, when the principal accidents to which the attention of the Society is called are generally caused by *frost*.

POSTPONING AN ECLIPSE.

A coxcomb, who undertook the conducting of two ladies of quality to the observatory, to behold an eclipse of the moon, arrived with them too late, consequently the eclipse was over, and his companions much disappointed. Oh! said he, pray ladies don't be chagrined, I am upon excellent terms with the astronomer, and he is so polite a man, that I am sure it will be a pleasure to him to begin again!"

ON SOME SNOW THAT MELTED ON A LADY'S BREAST.

Those envious flakes came down in haste,
To prove her breast less fair;
But grieving to find themselves surpass'd,
Dissolved into a tear.

EPIGRAM.

If you are sick, a doctor try,
Or else you're much in wrong,
But if you do not wish to die,
You'd better not try *Long*.

In the church-yard at Ockham is a tomb-stone over the grave of John Spong, a carpenter, who died in November, 1736, on which is the following Epitaph:

Who many a sturdy oak had laid along,
Fell'd by Death's surer hatchet, here lies
Spong;
Post oft he made, yet ne'er a place could
get;
And lived by railing though he was no wit.
Old saws he had, although no antiquarian,
And styles corrected, yet no grammarian.

Long liv'd he Ockham's primier architect,
And lasting as his fame, a tomb t' erect,
In vain we seek an artist such as he.
Whose pales and gates were for eternity.

LORD NELSON'S NIGHT-CAP.

Dr. Burney, who wrote the celebrated anagram on Lord Nelson, after his victory of the Nile, "*Honor est a Nilo*," (Horatio Nelson,) was shortly after on a visit to his lordship, at his beautiful villa at Merton. From his usual absence of mind, he forgot to put a night-cap into his portmanteau, and, consequently borrowed one from his Lordship. Previously to his retiring to rest, he sat down to study, as was his common practice, and was shortly after alarmed by finding the cap in flames, he immediately collected the burnt remains, and returned them to his Lordship with the following lines:

"Take your night-cap again, my good
Lord, I desire,
I would not detain it a minute;
What belongs to a Nelson, wherever
there's fire,
Is sure to be instantly in it."

A TAX ON AIR.

Lady Carteret, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, said to Swift, 'The air of this country is good.' 'For God's sake, madam,' says Swift, 'don't say so in England; if you do, they will certainly tax it.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have not been able to illustrate The Black Gondola, as we wished, but the next communication which Mr. J. Lambert may favour us with shall be illustrated, provided it is suitable. We shall be happy if R. C. Brownell will continue his remarks on the King's of England, &c. which he has obligingly offered. We are obliged to G. J. N.; E. M. R. and B. T. for their communications, which will be shortly inserted. A letter from Birmingham, with others, has been returned, the postage being unpaid. We take this opportunity of again informing our correspondents, generally, that none will be received or inserted unless their letters are transmitted free of postage. We are obliged to J. B. Turner for his very appropriate and useful packet.

London: published by Sears, 29, Charterhouse Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

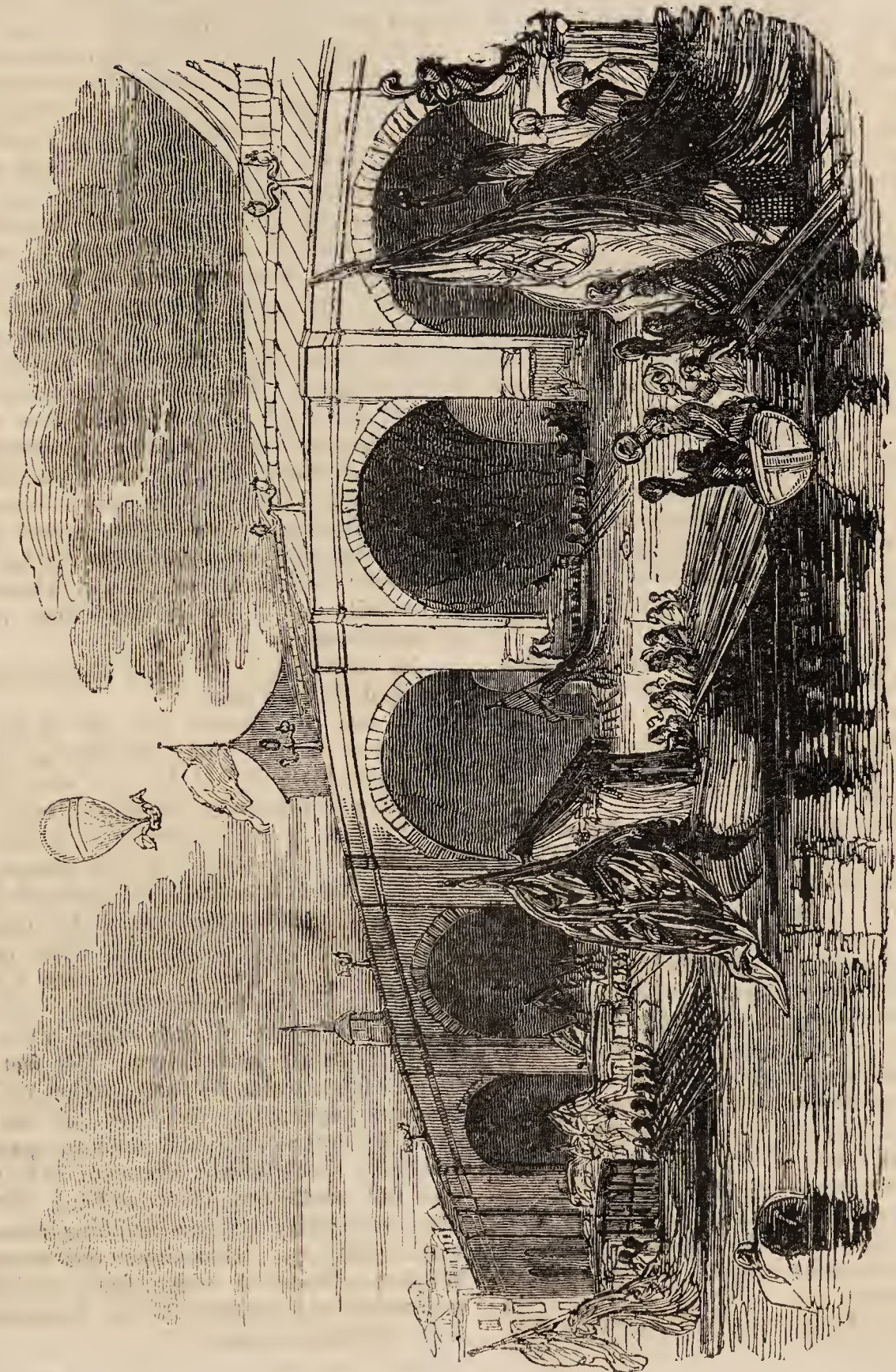
Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 16.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1831.

Price 1d.



NEW LONDON BRIDGE WITH THE PROCESSION.

CEREMONY OF LAYING THE FIRST STONE OF NEW LONDON BRIDGE.

June 15, 1825.

The destruction of the most ancient bridge in the metropolis, (and until the last 70 years the only bridge) however necessary for the convenience and ornament of the city, cannot fail to excite regret in the bosom of those who have any feelings of sympathy with legend history, and antiquity. But if we lament that it is devoted to destruction, and that its very site should be altered, a site memorable from the stamp which an antiquity of eight centuries has impressed on it; we may confidently assert, that the modern erection will never attain that horrible and blood-stained celebrity which outrage and tumult has brought on it: but yet, as these records are ineffaceable, we must regret the breaking one, and the strongest link, that binds us to the memories and the deeds of our sturdy forefathers. The new building will necessarily lead us from the present thoroughfare, some merchant will have a wharf or quay on the river bank, on the place so rich in tradition and event: and the sorrowing antiquarian alone will occasionally visit the once thronged spot, endeavouring to detect some crumbling relic that may decide the exact situation, whilst it tells the destruction of the time-endearred monument of by-gone days.

This bridge having been for some years dangerous and inconvenient, an act of parliament was passed in 1823 for building a new one on a scale and plan commensurate with the other improvements of the metropolis.

The first pile of the works was driven on the west side of the old bridge, March 1824, and the first stone was laid by the lord mayor, (Garratt) on 15th June 1825, in the presence of the late Duke of York, and a numerous assemblage of nobility and gentry. A portion of fine mortar being placed around the cavity of the stone by several of the assistants, and spread by the Lord Mayor with his splendid silver trowel, precisely at five o'clock the first stone was gradually lowered into its bed by a brazen block of four sheaves, and the power of a machine called a crab. When it was settled, it was finally secured by several masons, who cut four sockets close to it on the stone beneath, into which were fitted strong iron clamps, secured with plaster of Paris. The Lord Mayor then

struck it with a mallet, and ascertained its accuracy by applying the level to its east, north, west, and south surfaces. The work being thus perfected, the city sword and mace were disposed in saltire upon the stone; successive shouts burst from the numerous spectators; the bands again played the national anthem of England; and a flag being lowered as a signal on the top of the dam, the guns of the artillery company, and the carronades on Calvert's brewery wharf, fired a concluding salute. The declining sun, also, contributed to shed a golden glory upon the closing ceremony; for, as the day advanced, its radiance streamed through an opening in the tent covering above, and gradually approaching the stone, shone upon it with a dazzling brilliancy, at the very moment of its being deposited. The whole ceremonial terminated with an universal repetition of God save the King, and three series of huzzars, for the Duke of York, Old England and Mr. Rennie; after which, when the procession had left the dam, amidst similar acclamations to those which greeted it, many of the visitors went down to the floor to visit the stone more closely, and to boast to posterity that they had stood upon it, or walked over it.

An inscription in Latin and English was deposited with the stone.

The late Mr. Rennie gave the design for the new bridge, and it devolved on his son to complete it. It forms a striking contrast with the old gothic edifice, whose place it has so soon taken, and is more remarkable for its simplicity than magnificence. It consists of five elliptical arches, which embrace the whole span of the river, with the exception of a double pier on either side, and between each arch is a single pier of corresponding design.

The dimensions of this bridge are as follows:—centre arch; span, 150 feet; rise, 32 feet; piers, 24 feet,—arches next to centre; span, 140 feet; rise, 30 feet; piers, 22 feet:—abutment arches; span, 130 feet; rise, 25 feet; abutment 74 feet. The full width from bank to bank, 690 feet. Length of bridge, including abutments, 950 feet. Ditto without abutments 782 feet. Width of bridge, from outside to outside of the parapets, 55 feet. Carriage way, 33 feet 4 inches.



OPENING OF THE NEW LONDON BRIDGE,
BY HIS MAJESTY KING WILLIAM IV.

August 1, 1831.

Monday being the day appointed for the opening of this splendid structure. The spectacle was one of the most magnificent ever exhibited in London; the most extensive and judicious arrangements were made for the purpose of giving effect to the ceremony. The throne which was prepared for Guildhall was placed in the tent intended for His Majesty: a large looking glass formed the back of the throne which reflected the whole line of bridge, and had a very beautiful effect when the company was assembled, the canvas forming the roof of the apartment was hung with the banners of all nations, commemorative of the success of the British arms. Below the royal tent, at each side of the pass, through which the procession moved were two lines of tables occupying a space of two thousand feet, these tables extended along the bridge more than five hundred feet; the aldermen and their ladies occu-

pied the tables nearest to His Majesty's tent on either side, while others were reserved for the common councilmen and their ladies, and the rest of the company were accommodated in the same line, but lower down.

At 9 o'clock the streets of the city were thronged with people hastening to catch a glimpse of the superb procession as it passed along the river, and before eleven, every barge, boat, wharf, or bridge from which the sight could be seen was crowded to excess, not even standing room remained. We ourselves, having been too deliberate, were well nigh disappointed of our seat, which was one from whence we had a full view of the river, as well as the whole line of bridge and banqueting apartment.

We will not trouble our readers with an account of the procession by land to Somerset-house as it was very similar to

what is generally to be seen at the opening of parliament. The royal party took water precisely at 3 o'clock, p. m.

The following was the order of the procession :

1. Trinity barge took the lead ;—2. Commissioners of Customs ;—3. Commissioners of Excise ;—4. Commissioners of Victualing ;—5. Army and Navy officers ;
6. Navy-office barge ;—7. Navy-office boat ;
8. Treasurer of the Navy ;—9. Commander-in-chief of His Majesty's ships in the Medway ;—10. Master General of the Ordnance ;—11. General commanding the Forces ;—12. The Speaker of the House of Commons ;—13. Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty ;—14. Earl Grey and other Cabinet Ministers ;—15. Royal Barge with His Majesty, (of whom we this week present a portrait), and his amiable Consort ;—16. Royal boat ;—17. Royal boat ;—18. and 19. Lords, &c. in attendance ;—20. Admiral Lord Beauclerk ;—21. Duke of Buccleugh's barge ;—22. and 23. Persons of Distinction ;—24. Quarter Master General. The others of which there were several, consisted of the company in attendance.

Salutes were fired from different parts down the river, especially when their Majesties landed at the Bridge, and as soon as His Majesty arrived at the end of the tent the ballon ascended, in which was Mr. Green and Mr. Crawshay as his companion, amidst the cheerings and shouts of the overjoyed populace.

It is impossible to give any notion by description of the enthusiastic cheering which accompanied their Majesties from Southwark-bridge to the landing-place at London-bridge.

The stairs on the London side of the bridge had been covered with crimson cloth, and at the bottom of these stairs their Majesties were received with all the formalities which are "made and provided" upon the occasion of Royal visits to the city. The King was handed out of his barge by Mr. Routh, who gave His Majesty his arm. Mr. Jones, too, as chairman of the "New London-bridge Committee," was present to receive Her Majesty on landing. Upon stepping ashore, the King addressed these gentlemen in the following words :—"Mr. Jones and Mr. Routh, I am very glad to see you on London-bridge. It is certainly a most beautiful edifice ; and the spectacle is the grandest and the most delightful in every respect that I ever had the pleasure to witness." His Majesty then paused to survey the scene around him. At this moment the air was rent with the deafening cheers from all sides, and the King, taking

off his hat, acknowledged this hearty greeting of his subjects by repeated bows.

The progress of His Majesty from one end of the bridge to the other, was considered as the opening of the bridge. After the conclusion of this ceremony, their Majesties and the royal suite returned to the Pavilion, where a cold collation was laid out.

At the Royal table the principal guests were thus placed. On the right of the King were seated the Duchess of Gloster, the Duke of Sussex, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, and Prince George of Cumberland. On the left hand of His Majesty sat the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and Prince George of Cambridge. Mr. Jones was in attendance behind the King's chair, and Mr. Routh stood behind that of the Queen. The remainder of the tables in the Pavilion were filled with the other distinguished guests, and the effect of the scene was now animated and splendid in the highest degree.

As soon as their Majesties had concluded their repast,

The Lord Mayor rose to drink his Majesty's health. "His Most Gracious Majesty," said the Lord Mayor, "has condescended to permit me to propose a toast. I therefore do myself the high honour to propose that we drink His Most Gracious Majesty's health with four-times-four."

The company rose, and after cheering in the most enthusiastic manner, sang the national anthem of "God save the King."

His Majesty bowed to all round, and appeared to be much pleased.

Sir C. S. Hunter then rose and said, "I am honoured with the permission of His Majesty to propose a toast. I therefore beg all his good subjects here assembled to rise and to drink that "health and every blessing may attend Her Majesty the Queen."

The usual toasts on such occasions being given the Lord Mayor then presented a gold cup of great beauty to the King, who said, taking the cup, the city of London has been renowned for its magnificent improvements, and we are commemorating a most extraordinary instance of their skill and talent. I shall propose the source from whence this vast improvement sprung, 'The trade and commerce of the city of London.'

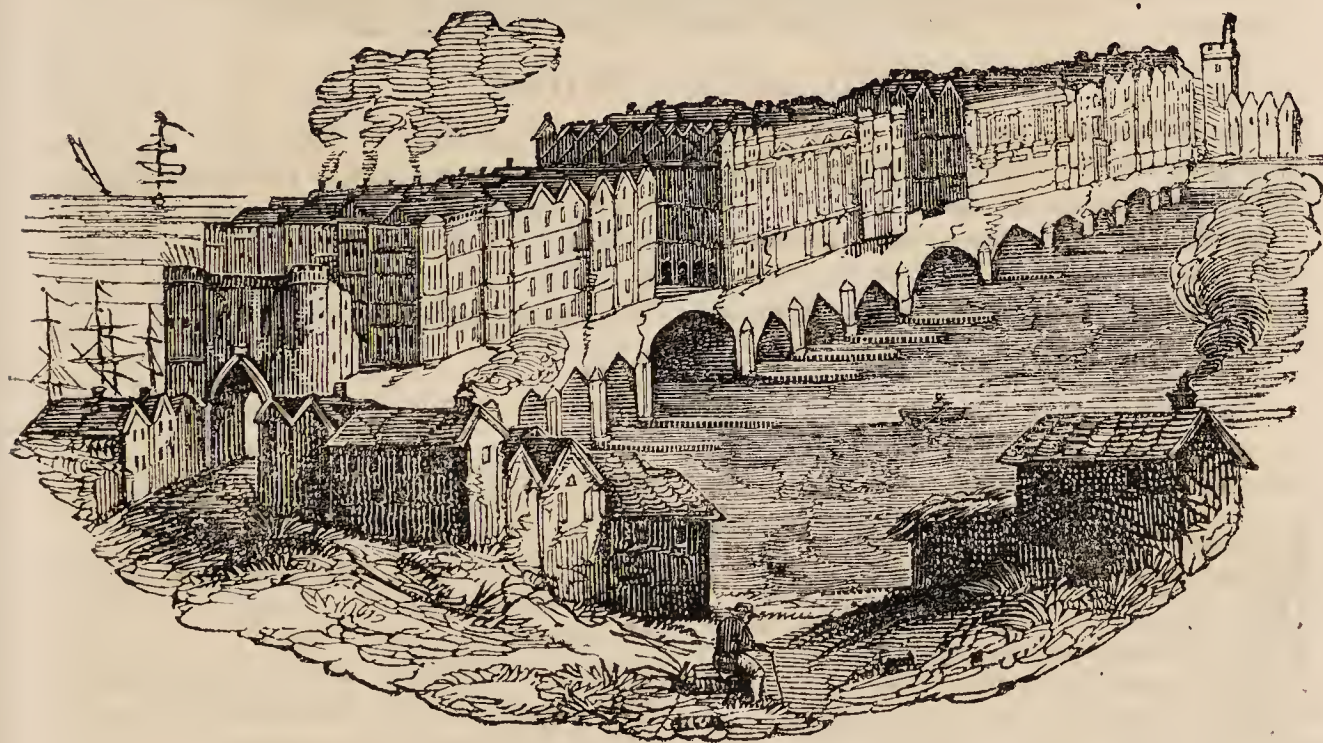
Soon after this toast was drank the King rose, it being near 6 o'clock, and, bowing to the company, intimated his intention to bid farewell. Their Majesties re-embarked amidst the loud cheering, firing of artillery, ringing of bells, and other marks of respect.

HISTORY OF THE LONDON BRIDGES FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD.

London bridge existed when the Southern Britons, the savage worshippers of Woden and Thor, were first converted to christianity by the pious exertion of St. Augustin, and the Roman missionaries deputed by pope Gregory. It has been the witness of the progressive improvement of the national character, and has stood the monument of barbaric ignorance and superstition; and of gradual progress to the highest state of cultivated civilization and refinement. It is the most venerable and time-hallowed relic in Britain, and yet condemned to destruction. Antiquity, record, past services, nothing avails when convenience is not suited. The all-levelling hand of improvement respects nothing that tells of what is past, unless it can subserve to what is present. But to turn from lament to history.

The year of the foundation of London bridge is not accurately known. Although the Romans, during their residence, introduced all the science and much of the polish of Italian art, yet we have no mention of a bridge being built; there was only a *trajectus*, or ferry.

The tradition runs, that an old miserly ferryman died, and left all his gains to his only daughter, named Mary. This pious maid built the nunnery of St. Marie Overie's and endowed it with the profits of the ferry. It was one of the first religious houses erected in this country. Their existence prior to the Conquest has been disputed, but the Domesday book, and the records of the venerable Bede, have placed the matter beyond a doubt. The convent falling to decay, was a second time endowed by Swithen, a noble lady, as a college for priests; and the clergy, being the only public-spirited men of the age, built the bridge, and kept it in repair. It was at first rudely constructed of timber, for works of stone had long been disused, and were only partially adopted immediately before the convulsion occasioned by the invasion of the Danes. Some historians affect that, the first stone bridge in London was built, or commenced, in the time of the empress Maude: but during her struggle with king Stephen it may be doubted if she had the leisure or the means for erecting new buildings in the city.



LONDON BRIDGE AS IT APPEARED IN 1666.

Pennant and other antiquarians affirm, that in 1136 the bridge was burnt down, and being rebuilt, became so ruinous in 1163, that a stone bridge was, in 1176, built by Peter, curate of St. Mary, Colechurch, a celebrated architect of that period. It proved the work of thirty-three years: and Peter dying in the interim, was buried in a chapel which he had constructed in one of the piers, in honour of St. Thomas. Solidity appears to have

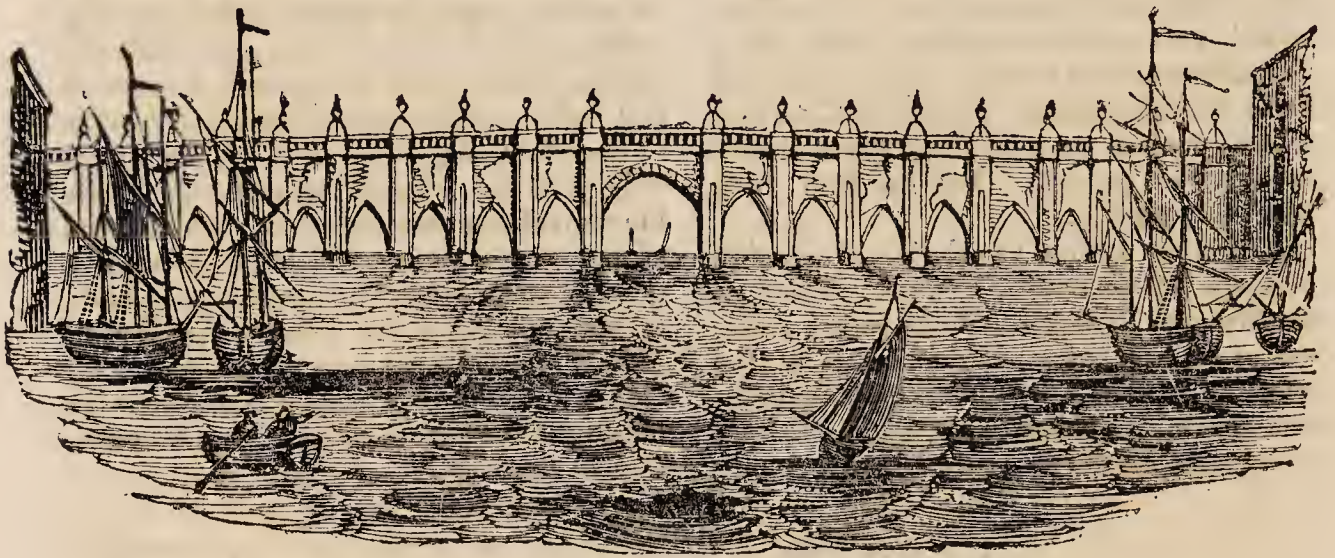
been the chief aim of the builder, and to accomplish this object all other considerations were disregarded or sacrificed.

The bridge was crowded with houses badly constructed, which leaned in a terrific manner, and were constantly obliged to be propped by timber, which crossed in arches from the roofs, to keep the building together, and to prevent them from falling into the river. Dismal confined residences in darkness, dirt, and dissonance, for ever

assailed by the din of passing vehicles, rumbling over the ill-paved road, the clamours of watermen, the rush of roaring waters, varied by the occasional shrieks of drowning wretches, overwhelmed by the tumbling cataracts below. To these were added the horrors of fire and pestilence.

Bridge gate stood upon London bridge, whence its name was derived, and was supposed to have been one of the four principal gates of the city before the Conquest, when there was only a bridge of timber, and is the seventh and principal gate mentioned by William Fitz-Stephen.

After the great fire of 1666, the bridge was not neglected amongst the general improvements undertaken. The whole of the houses from one end to the other were taken down, with the exception of one house at the north end, which had been constructed in Holland, and was called the tower of London bridge, or the Nonsuch, from its not having a single nail in it, but being pinned together with wooden pegs. New ones were erected of a uniform breadth and elevation, which were pulled down in 1759.



OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

The bridge itself consisted of 19 arches, as at present, the highest of which rises 60 feet above the water level.

London Bridge is the greatest thoroughfare across the river. When the Southwark Bridge was projected, the directors

attended one day in July 1811, in order to ascertain the extent of this thoroughfare. On that day 89,640 foot passengers, 769 waggons, 2,924 carts and drays, 1,240 coaches, 485 gigs and taxed carts, and 764 horses, passed over it.

LINES TO MISS ———.

Remember thee—dearest I will,
And whilst remembering love thee still;
Love thee alone—for charms like thine
Deserve a heart as fond as mine,
A heart reserv'd alone for thee,
A heart which false can never be.
Remember thee—yes dearest maid,
The spot too where we oft have stray'd,
The woodbine bower, the flowery grove,
Where once we talk'd, sweet maid, of love,
Yes dearest Mary talk'd of love,
And vow'd how constant we would prove,
But winter came, and all the flowers
That I had twin'd around my bowers,
In one short night hung down their head,
And show'd alas that they were dead,
Thus did thy love, unthoughtful maid,
In one short summer droop and fade,
And fill'd my breast with deep despair,
And ting'd, alas, my brow with care,

Forc'd me to quit my native shore
And rove where I ne'er rov'd before;
But distance could not change my mind,
No other Mary could I find,
No other Mary could I see
Possess'd of charms, dear maid, like thee!
My dreams brought nothing to my view
Except the lovely form of you,
In all thy youthful charms array'd,
Charms which my poor young heart be-
tray'd.—

C. LETTS, Jun.

THE QUACK DOCTOR.

Formerly the mountebank doctor was as constant a visitor at every market place, as the pedlar with his pack, almost all old customs, however have ceased in our time, and these itinerants are now rarely seen in Great Britain.

The mountebank himself is become al-

most an obsolete character. Dr. Bossy was certainly the last who exhibited in the British metropolis and his public services ceased about 40 years ago, every Thursday his stage was erected opposite the North-west colonnade, Covent Garden, the platform was about six feet from the ground, covered, open in front, and was ascended by a broad step ladder. On one side was a table with medicine chest and surgical apparatus displayed on the table with drawers. In the centre of the stage was an arm chair in which the patient was seated; and before the doctor commenced his operations he advanced taking off his gold laced cocked hat and bowing right and left began addressing the populace which crowded before his booth. The following dialogue, adlitteratum, will afford the reader a characteristic specimen of one of the customs of the last age, (it should here be observed that the doctor was a humourist), an aged woman was helped up the ladder and seated in the chair: she had been deaf, nearly blind, and was lame to boot; indeed she might be said to have been visited with Mrs. Thrale's three warnings and death would have walked in at her door, only that Dr. Bossy blocked up the passage. The doctor asked questions with an audible voice, and the patient responded he usually repeating the response in his Anglo-German dialect.

Doctor.—Dis poora vomam vat is—how old vash you.

Old Woman.—I be almost eighty sir; seventy-nine last lady day old style.

Doc.—Ah tat is an incurable disease.

Old W.—O dear! O dear! say not so—incurable! why you have restored my sight.—I can hear again—I can walk without my crutches.

Doc.—(smiling), No, no good vomans—old age is vot is incurable; but by the plessing of Gote I will cure you of vot is elshe. Dis poora voman vas lame and deaf, and almost blind. How many hosipetals have you been in;

Old W.—Three sir; St. Thomas's, St. Bartholomew's and St. George's.

Doc.—Vot and found no reliefs?—vot none—not at all?

Old W.—No none at all, sir.

Doc.—And how many medical professioners have attended you?

Old W.—Some twenty or thirty sir.

Doc.—Oh my Gote three sick hosipetals and dirty (thirty) doctors! I should wonder vat if you have not enough to kill you twenty times. Dis poora voman's has become my patient. Dr. Bossy gains all patients bronounced ingurables; pote and mid de blessing of Brovidence I shall make short work of it and set you upon

your legs again Coode bepoles dis poora voman was deaf as a toor nails (holding up his watch to her ear and striking the repeater) gan you here that pell?

Old W.—Yes sir.

Doc.—O den be thankful to Gote, can you walk round this chair? (offering his arm).

Old W.—Yes sir.

Doc.—Sit you town again, good vomans, gan you see?

Old W.—Pretty so so, doctor,

Doc.—Vot gan you see, good vomans;

Old W.—I can see the baker there (pointing to a pie man) with the pie board on his head (all eyes were turned towards him).

Doc.—And what else gan you see.

Old W.—The poll parrot there (pointing to Richardson's hotel).

Lying old — screamed the parrot all the crowd shouted with laughter Dr. Bossy waited until the laugh had subsided and looking across the way significantly shook his head at the parrot and gravely exclaimed laying his hand on his bosom, " 'Tis no lie you silly pird 'tis all true as is de gosbel." Those who knew Covent Garden half a century ago cannot forget the famed Dr. Bossy. And there are those too yet living in Covent Garden parish who also recollect Richardson's grey parrot, second in fame only (though of prior renown) to Colonel O'Kelly's bird which excelled all others upon record. This Covent Garden mock bird had picked up many familiar phrases so liberally dolled out at each other by the wrangling basket women which were often, as on this occasion, so aptly coincidental that the good folks who attended the market believed pretty poll to be endowed with reason. The elder Edwin, of comic memory who resided over the north-east piazza (improperly so termed) used to relate many curious stories of this parrot. Among others, that one day the nail of her cage which hung in front of the house, having suddenly given way, the cage fell upon the pavement from a considerable height, several persons ran to the spot, expecting to find their old favourite dead; and their fears were confirmed as the bird lay motionless; when suddenly raising her head she exclaimed "Broke my back by G—," every one believed it, even so when suddenly she climbed up with her beak and claws and burst into a fit of laughter. Nearly underneath her cage had long been a porters block and doubtless she had caught the profane apostrophe from the market garden porters on pitching their loads.

BALLAD.

By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.

I saw her when flowrets
 Bedeck'd the Spring time,
 In the first glow of beauty,
 And maidenly prime ;—
 Her heart was all gladness,
 Her soul was all truth,
 As she walk'd in the freshness
 Of feeling and youth !
 Love came with the Summer,
 'Mid roses and smiles ;
 And the heart of the maiden
 Was caught by his wiles ;—
 I saw her, when blushes
 Glow'd bright o'er her brow,
 As she knelt at his altar,
 And plighted her vow !
 But the roses soon faded
 That deck'd Love's gay bowers,
 And the bright skies were shaded
 By tempests and showers ;
 Then Autumn winds scattered
 The leaves, as they pass'd ?
 And *hearts*, too, like flow'rets,
 Were chill'd by the blast !
 I saw her, when Sorrow
 Had blighted her cheek,
 When the heart of the mourner
 Must wither—or break ;
 'Mid the chill of affection,
 That waits on decay,
 When the flowers of existence
 Had faded away !

The Cyprus Wreath.

GLEANINGS.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

When Queen Elizabeth, in her progress through the kingdom, stopped at Coventry, the Mayor attended by the Aldermen, addressed her Majesty in rhyme, in the following words :—

We men of Coventry,
 Are very glad to see,
 Your Royal Majestie,
 Good Lord, how fair you be !

To which her Majesty was pleased to return the following gracious answer :—

My royal Majesty,
 Is very glad to see,
 Ye Men of Coventry,
 Good Lord, what fools ye be !

MATRIMONY.

Anacreon Moore compares a man going to be married to one who puts his hand into a sack, in the hope of drawing out a single eel from among a hundred vipers. "It is a hundred to one," adds he, "but

he will pick out a viper." Lord Bacon maintains a directly contrary opinion, and asserts, "that in this marriage sack the eel will be in ratio of a hundred to one of the vipers."

In a Scotch brewers instructions for Scotch ale dated 1793 we meet with the following mystical instruction,—“ I throw a little dry malt, which is left on purpose on the top of the mash, with a handful of salt to keep the witches from it, and then cover it up.” Perhaps this custom gave rise to the vulgar term water bewitched for indifferent beer.

SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT.

A German, who lately lost his horse, published the following notice :—“ Rund away, or sdolen, or was sdrayed, mine large plack horse, about 18 hands hie. He has four plack legs, two pehind and two pefore ; he is plack all over his pody, put he has got some vite spots pon his pack where the skin vas rub off, but I greesed 'em, and de vite spots is fall plack again. He trods and kanTERS, and sometimes he valks ; and vhen he vaulks all his legs and feet goes on von after anoder. He has two ears pon his head, both alike, but von is placker dan toder and a small pit longer. He has two eyes, von is put out, and toder is pon de side of his head ; and ven you go toder side, he vont see you. Ven he eats good deal, he has pig pelly ; he has long dail, that hong's peind ; put I cut it short toder day, and now it is not so long vat it vas. He is shoed all round, but his pehind shoes 'comed off, and now he has got on shoes only pefore. He holds up his head and looks gaily ; and vhen he has peen frightened he jumps about like every ting in de world. He vill ride mit a saddle or a chaise, or a kart ; or he vill go py himself vidout nopody on his pack put a pag, and a poy on de top of it. He is not very old ; and ven he valks or runs his head goes first, and his tail stays pehind ; only ven he gets mad, and turns round, den him dail come first.—Vooever vill pring him pack shall pay five tollars reward ; and if he bring pack de tief dat stole him, he shall pay twenty tollars, and ax no questions.”

CORRESPONDENTS IN OUR NEXT.

London : published by Sears, 29, Charter-house Square ; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand ; Steill, Paternoster-row ; Strange, Paternoster-row ; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 17.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1831.

Price 1d.



NUPTIAL CEREMONY OF THE CRIM TARTARS.

The share which the priest has in these ceremonies is, I believe, very slight: he attends at the house of the bride's father, and asks at the window, whether she consents to the marriage. If she answers in the affirmative, he says some short ejaculatory prayer, blesses the couple in the name of the prophet, and retires. For this he receives a present of considerable value; a horse, or a sheep, or money.

The principal ceremony takes place on the day when the bride is brought home to her husband's house, and the chief visitors are then invited. Eating, drinking, and dancing to the music of a drum and bagpipes, form the greatest part of the entertainment, till the cavalcade sets out to meet

the bride. She is always met at the frontiers of the estate on which the bridegroom resides, all the guests attending, and conducting the lady to her future dwelling.

The party, when on the road, forms a gay and lively concourse, in which he, who in England would be called *the happy man*, is the only person who has not the appearance of being cheerful. Apparellled in his worst suit of clothes, with unshaven face, and perhaps badly mounted, he rides where he is least conspicuous while a friend has the charge of leading another horse for him, which is always richly caparisoned. When the party attending the bride is arrived at the place of meeting, the mother, or some duenna, who has the superintend-

ance of the business, first makes a present of value to the person who leads the horse, which, if it be a shawl, as is generally the case, is tied round the neck of the animal. Afterwards, many small handkerchiefs, coarsely embroidered, and little pieces of linen, or of coarse printed cotton, are distributed, for which the guests contend in horse-races. This occupies much time, and during the whole of it, the carriage which contains the bride, waits at the distance of nearly half a mile. It is never brought nearer to the party, but the lady's father, or one of her brothers, attends it, in order to see the charge safely executed of delivering her *unseen* into the house of her husband. The better to effect this, the carriage is hung round with curtains inside, and if the party arrive somewhat early at the village, the vehicle is detained at the entrance of it till near the close of day, and till it is supposed that all are occupied in eating.

When she reaches the door of her new prison, sherbet is brought her to drink, and some kind of sweetmeat is given with it. She is next presented with a lamb, which is actually put into the carriage with her, and afterwards transferred to one of her attendants. At length, after much bustle and preparation, the court being previously cleared of all spectators, large coarse blanketing is fixed up, so as to prevent all possibility of her being seen, and then, wrapped in a sheet, she is carried by her brother into the house. Here fresh forms and ceremonies await her. Being received into one of the most private rooms, a curtain is fixed up, so as to entirely cover one corner of it. Behind this the poor girl is placed, who, after the annoyance and fatigue she has undergone, is glad to rest as much as she is able in this nook of her cage. Decorated now in all her gayest attire, and glittering with gold and brocade, she is still not permitted to be seen, except by her mother and female friends, who busy themselves in arranging her clothes in proper order, and in adorning the room with a profusion of gay dresses, embroidered handkerchiefs and towels, rich coverlids, and cushions, of cotton, or Turkish silk. All these are distributed round the room; even the *shifts*, being new for the occasion, are hung up with the rest, along the walls of the apartment, forming an extraordinary sort of tapestry.

While this arrangement is taking place, the bridegroom, having parted with most of his guests, begins to prepare for a visit to his bride. Being now washed, shaven, and gaily dressed, he is allowed about midnight to see his wife for an hour, at the expiration of which he is summoned to

retire. Throughout the whole of the next day, she is destined to be fixed in a corner of the room, and to remain *standing* during the visits of as many strangers as curiosity may bring to see her. The men employ themselves in horse-racing; and three or four articles of some value are given to the winners.

THE SETTLERS IN THE WOOD.

Being an extract from Lawrie Todd. By John Galt, Esq.

The day being fixed for the ceremony of cutting down the first tree in the market place-to-be of Judiville, Mr. Hoskins took upon himself to make every kind of befitting and proper preparation. He communicated with nobody as to his intentions, but went about from morning to night, sometimes with the carpenters, sometimes with the blacksmith. Robin alone was in his confidence, and for two days we saw but little of him so busy was he too about the preparations.

I cannot deny that I was in the mean time as curious to know what they were doing as Bailie Waft himself, who had never got such a job in hand from the hour of his birth. He did nothing all day long but wander from Dan to Beersheba, and speak of the doing that was to be done to every body he met, inquiring what it could possibly be that kept Mr. Hoskins so constantly afoot: at last he happened to get a glimpse behind the curtain, and came primed and proud with his discovery to the store, where I was longing for information.

"Do you know, Mr. Todd," said he, "what they can have propounded by yon great iron hoops that the blacksmith is making, for he, like the rest, is as unanswering as his own bellows; what can they be for? and then the big log that the carpenters are boring, and which I thought, and I dare say every body thought, was for a pump: they never put their wumple farther into it than a foot or so, and then they sawed off the bored piece, and began to bore again, till they made seven curiosities out of it, which I do not understand."

"I'll lay my lugs, Mr. Waft," was my reply, "they are cannon, and the iron hoops are to keep them from bursting."

Sure enough it proved so, and Robin was busy making cartridges out of a keg of powder for them.

In the mean time, the woods became savoury with the fume of the numerous stewings and roastings that were in preparation under the matronly superintendence of Mrs. Hoskins. The meddling baillie went about examining them all, sometimes

taking off the lids of the stew-pans, and snuffing the flavour with pleased nostrils; sometimes tasting with his fingers if the meat was done, or sufficiently seasoned, giving his opinion on the subject to Mrs. Hoskins in a most erudite manner.

All being ready, and the important day having arrived, we were summoned to the ceremony at sunrise. The distance we had to walk was upwards of seven miles, by a path through the forest, from which the old man had caused the brushwood to be cleared; a flourish of all the tin horns of the settlement, usually employed to call the workmen to their meals, announced that the procession was ready to move.

Mr. Hoskins headed the whole with a green bough in his hat; then followed a long train of axemen, two and two. After them came seven parties, of six boys each, carrying the wooden cannon on spokes; behind them the blacksmith, with a keg of cartridges on his head, followed by two young men with lighted match-ropes; to these succeeded,—headed by Bailie Waft and me, walking hand-in-hand as lovingly as two babes in the wood,—a long desultory train of the Babelmandel settlers bearing the drink and provisions.

When we reached what was destined to be the centre of the town, the axemen or choppers cleared the brush or underwood from around a large tree, and the cannon being properly placed, the old gentleman took an axe and struck the first stroke, upon which the seven cannon were fired three times. I struck the second, and so it went round, until the tree fell with a sound like thunder, banishing the loneliness and silence of the woods for ever.

Then we gave three cheers, the cannon were fired again, and the drink being poured out into tin jugs, which the settlers had brought with them, Mr. Hoskins gave for a toast, "Prosperity to Judiville," which was re-echoed by all around, all the tin horns and trumpets sending forth a great shout.

The provisions were soon after spread upon the ground, and every body partook of the feast; but in one thing I was disappointed; I had expected the young fellows would have provided the means for a dance, but they were chiefly Americans, and of course little addicted to out-of-door balls, and no lasses had come with us. So that, notwithstanding every thing as far as it went, could not have been better, there was still too much of a solemnity. However, Bailie Waft, as became a dignitary of that degree on such an occasion, having, by the pilotage of the bottle, got the weather-gage of dull care, began to snap his fingers and to sing, which had such an effect that nothing less would serve me—

probably a little owing to the same cause—than a reel with him. Thus was the joviality set a going, and the woods rang with the derry till the setting sun admonished us that we had seven miles of the wilderness to travel home.

But the merriment did not end with the dispersion of the party; for the bailie, I must tell you—being obliged to tell the truth—had, before all was done, taken a droppie too much, which caused him to yell and laugh, without being able to utter a word, and to spin about like a peerie—never was such an oddity. But how were we to get home? for his knees had become as supple in the joints as flails; and when he attempted to clap his hands, they fell past one another as if they were powerless, and his eyes stood white in his head. He was an object.

Home, however, he must be carried, though some proposed to abide and watch him. At last six lads laid him across three of the spokes on which the cannon had been brought, and bore him along. They were not, as it happened, in the soberest order, and in swinging from side to side, the poor bailie tumbled off the bier, and was lost some time before they missed him. Indeed, had it not been for me, it is hard to say if he ever might have been found; for, although there was a great outcry, and shouting and laughter, on account of his foundering, nobody had wit enough left to go back and seek for him, till I proposed to do so, and then every body would; and the consequence was nearly fatal to him, for he lay not far behind, sound asleep, so that in running on the search, somebody fell over him, and then another and another, till suffocation seemed scarcely possible to be prevented. But I retained my presence of mind, and cried out "murder!" at some distance, making a sham as if another accident had happened. This had the effect of raising the multitude from off the poor man before the breath of life was squeezed out of him.

I got great fame by my stratagem, and the bailie next day acknowledged that he owed his life to me; but for all this he did not mend his manners; on the contrary, he was like the serpent that bit the countryman who warmed it to life in his bosom, and vexed me as much as ever.

HUNTING WITH TIGERS.

On the coast of Corromandel the natives hunt the antelope with tigers, these ferocious animals which are not much inferior in size and strength to the royal tiger are tamed by hunger and blows until they are quite docile, when a hunt is determined on

the tigers are led out by boys with caps over their eyes, that they may not break away prematurely. As soon as the hunters consider themselves sufficiently near a herd of antelopes the sign is given to the boy who instantly uncovers the tigers eyes and slips off his lash ; the antelopes with their leader at their head go bounding along the plain or valley and the tiger crouching along the long grass approaches their line of motion in an oblique direction, when he thinks himself sure of the leader he rises to his full height growls and springs for-

ward with immense force and inconceivable swiftness towards the herd. If he strike the animal he aims at, is instantly dead ; but when he misses his aim, whether through exhaustion or shame he slinks away and lies down in the most sulky humour in the first hole or ditch he can meet, when he is successful, the boy cuts out a piece of the antelope's flesh and gives it to him and with this he is satisfied and immediately, relinquishes his prey.

J. B. TURNER.



JULY.

Was first called *Quintilis* by the Romans, from the Latin word *quinque*, five, because it was the fifth month in the year, before Numa added January and February. Notwithstanding that alteration it retained its original name, although it then became the 7th month, until Marc Antony gave it the name of *Julius*, (whence July,) in honour of his friend Julius Cæsar.

The Romans celebrated the feast called *Poplifugium*, or *The flight of the people*, on the 3rd kalend of July, or the 5th day of the month. Different authors record two distinct events as the origin of this festival. Some say, that in the time of their first king, Romulus, an assembly of the people was held in the *Palus Capræ*, or Goat's-marsh, at Rome, on the 5th of *Quintilis*, or July, when suddenly a most dreadful tempest arose, accompanied by terrible thunder, and unusual disorders in the air. The common people fled for safety but, after the tempest had subsided, they could not find their king, and from that time he was never seen on earth. To commemorate his disappearance, the

Romans ever after celebrated the feast of *Poplifugium*, or, *The flight of the people*.

The other story is, that during the Gallic war, (one of the many wars which the Romans carried on,) a Roman virgin, who was a prisoner in the enemy's camp, took the opportunity, one night when she saw that they were in disorder, to get up into a wild fig tree, and hold out a lighted torch towards the city, as a signal for her countrymen to attack the enemy. By this device the Romans obtained a considerable victory ; and, as is said by some, the feast of *Poplifugium* or *Nonæ Caprotinæ*, was afterwards kept in commemoration of it, the festival deriving its second name from *Caprificus*, a wild fig tree.

THE LOVER'S SPELL.

ORIGINAL.

Oh ! wake the harp no more,
Tho' sweet the strain you sing,
Only thy hand could o'er
Its chord such magic fling.

And bid the tear,
Or stifled sighs
Quick disappear,
Or fleetly rise.

Only that voice could give
That charm—that spell at will;
And bid the bard's words live
In fleeting memory still.
Tho' months might flee
In grief, in care,
Still memory
Retain'd them there.

Sweet voice, long may'st thou sigh
Thy song of passion o'er,
To swains as dear, tho' I
Shall hear thy song no more.
Lov'd may'st thou be,
May years glide o'er,
Time steals from thee
A gift so rare.

S. W. LINSTEAD.

—
EPIGRAMMATIC ATTEMPT ON MY SISTER'S
MARRIAGE.

BY E. MANSER.

“That man can't be woman,” said Jack,
it is plain.”

Ned replied, “I'll deny it, and can, sir;
For there's my own sister, and she I'll
maintain

Was long call'd and known as a *Man*—
SER.”

“She was! a'n't she now,”—“Why no,”
replies Ned;

“For Bob on a *brotherly* plan, sir,
Late took her to church and the marriage
creed said,—”

“Indeed!—then Bob's married a *Man*
—*SER.*”

The marriage an't lawful—by nature we're
taught

That man wed with man never can, sir;
The parson his bus'ness to know better
ought

Than marry a man to a *Man*—*SER.*”

“All that's very true,” said Ned, “but
they're wed,

And I'll prove, ay, by the same plan,
sir,

That the moment my sister the marriage
creed said,

She chang'd her state—was no longer a
Man—*SER.*”

—
THE MANIAC.

ORIGINAL.

Lord Edmund Mortimer had travelled
over the greatest part of England, and
having seen all that was most curious in
his native country, bent his steps towards

the Highlands. He was of a noble and pre-
possessing figure, with a bright eye, and a
highly polished forehead shaded with curls,
that rivalled the raven's feather. To a
mind naturally sensible and feeling, was
added a strong taste for the romantic—the
traveller well knows how much that taste
may be indulged in the rocks and glens of
this lovely country. It was his wish to see
those spots once famed for Wallace's deeds
and Bruce's victories: to tread the paths
where many a brave man died to redeem
auld Scotland from slavery. Such was his
inclination, and what pleasure is it to a
mind that like his was happy but in the
loveliness of nature and simplicity.

On his arrival, he took up his abode with
one Sir Ralph Connor, and Irish knight,
who had settled in Scotland; and daily in
search of romance would he quit him for
hours, to wander up some steep precipice,
or hang over a crag, that frowned on a
sounding torrent. It was in one of these
excursions that he came to a lovely spot
that seemed dedicated by nature to silence
and repose. He flung himself on the turf—
it was mid-day—the sun was enchantingly
bright—the firmament of heaven an azure
blue, and scarce even the breeze whispered
a disturbance. The beech, spreading its
extended branches over his head, afforded
him a delightful shade. At his feet glided
a silent brook, uninterrupted by a single
pebble. A far-extending prospect to the
right delighted his eyes. Edinburgh's fine
city, though at some distance, lay before
him; and the blaze of glory with which its
lofty towers were illuminated by the me-
ridian sun, presented a sight so novel and
grand, that Mortimer was transported. He
raised himself, and gazed till the intensity
of delight overcame his senses, and he was
just sinking into a soft slumber, when the
sound of a lute broke on the scene. The
notes were so sweet and touching, that
his heart felt wounded; and ascribing it to
the spirit of the place, he did not dare to
move or breath, lest he should disturb the
ecstatic harmony. The music ceased—he
raised himself—saw nothing. Again it
began: the notes were wilder, yet melodi-
ous. He turned—the musician stood before
him.

She was of a tall and graceful figure;
the kiss of cherubs seemed to tremble on her
lips; the Peri's innocence was her smile;
her marble forehead was ivory of India;
and, oh! her eyes: bright, blue, and
beautiful, yet mixed with a certain wild-
ness of expression, that told the admiring
beholder she was a lunatic. With her
right hand she divided the curls from her
forehead, while with her left she drew her
mantle round her. Her pipe hung by a

gold chain round her neck. She advanced, casting on Mortimer a smile for which angels would have ruffled, and sang the while

Farewell, farewell, oh! the trees of the
mountain
In my sight still
Shall blossom and fade,
And the turf of the hill and the bank of
the fountain,
But belong to a
Heart broken, a heart broken maid.

Edmund would have spoken, but could not. She looked at him once and fled. He heard the pipe again as she passed along the hills; but the mountain goat could not have followed her. Casting one look on the spot where she before stood, Mortimer heaved a sigh and turned towards his friends!

At dinner he was unusually silent and abstracted, which escaped not the keen eye of Sir Ralph. It was not, however, till the cloth was removed, that the mystery was unravelled. "She is the daughter of a clergyman," said the worthy host, "and was much attached to an officer in the army. He loved her in return, and with the purest and most honourable affection. But there was another that loved her, a younger son of the Marquis D'A——. Piqued at the preference she bestowed upon his rival, the marquis sent him a challenge. It was accepted—they met.

"It was a fine summer's morning, Mary was reading in an alcove at the bottom of the garden. Suddenly a shot reached her ear: a presentiment rushed on her mind like a flash of lightning. She flew to the spot: Henry was on the ground weltering in his blood. Over him stood the marquis with unutterable anguish. 'Bear this,' said the dying man, 'to Mary, tell her'... He could say no more, Mary was before him; she embraced him as he died; and became—a Maniac."

UNE ENNUYEE.

THE MILL-STONE QUARRIES OF NIEDER MENDING.

In a very picturesque part of Germany, through which flows the noble river so emphatically called "Old Father Rhine" by the Germans, and at about five leagues lower down than Coblenz, on the left hand side of the river, are situated the very extensive mill-stone quarries of Nieder Mending. They were discovered and opened by the Romans, who long extracted from them stones for the hand-mills; which proved an indispensable part of the equipment of a Roman army. Since then they have

been constantly worked more or less; for even the wild hordes of our Saxon ancestors, who also spread over this part of Germany, destroying the dominions of the Romans, and avenging their slaughtered and conquered countrymen, were acquainted with the means of grinding corn and bruising malt, and contrived to extract mill-stones from the Roman quarries. At present they are worked to a great extent, and not only supply all the neighbourhood, but are sent down the Rhine into Holland in great numbers, whence they are again further exported to England, and to the West and East Indies. The sending them down the river forms one great branch of the commerce which is carried on by all the little towns and villages situated on the Rhine, in this vicinity, though the little town of Andernach is its principal seat. The mode of conveyance is not expensive, the stones being merely laid on some of the immense rafts of timber which are annually floated down the Rhine from the upper part of Germany, to supply the industrious Dutchman with boats, ships, and houses. Numerous small rafts which come down the little rivers, that are lost in the course of the Rhine, are united at Andernach into one great floating forest, and thence, carrying along with it many travellers, as well as a great number of various heavy substances, the produce of Germany, this forest descends into Holland, to be again broken up and distributed, and when converted into ships, destined to bear the product of one quarter of the globe to the other.

TO FANNY.

When morning through my lattice beams,
And twittering birds my slumbers break,
Then, Fanny I recall my dreams,
Altho' they bid my bosom ache,
For still I dream of thee.

When wit, and wine, and friends, are met
And laughter crowns the festive hours,
In vain I struggle to forget:
Still does my heart confess thy power,
And fondly turn to thee.

When night is near, and friends are far,
And, through the tree that shades my
cot,
I gaze upon the evening star,
How do I mourn my lonely lot,
And, Fanny, sigh for thee!

I know my love is hopeless—vain,
But Fanny to do not strive to rob
My heart of all that soothes its pain—
The mournful hope that every throb
Will make it break for thee.

THE BLACK TRADER.

The second voyage I ever made was in the *Good Intent*, of Glasgow, bound to Puerto Rico. I have reason to remember it, for an awful and solemn mystery that attended it has impressed it deeply on my memory, and few who were then with me have forgotten the perils and the horrors of that fated passage.

We had light but favourite winds for the first five weeks, and the captain and passengers were anticipating a speedy end to the voyage, when one night, as we were running about seven knots an hour, Gibbie Allan, who had the watch upon deck, saw a light to leeward shining upon the water, or rather a snowy streak, as it appeared, at the distance of little more than a cable's length from the vessel. The captain, although he imagined it to be only the foam of a wave immediately ordered Gibbie to heave the lead, but he found no bottom; and the man at the helm, who at the first alarm had altered the ship's course by the captain's orders, was now commanded to steer on as before. At that moment a large, black-looking vessel, which none of us had previously observed, came sailing swiftly over the white spot towards us. Our captain hailed her, but no one answered; and indeed not a soul was to be seen upon her deck. Her sails, like her hull, appeared to be perfectly black; and she seemed wandering like a dark spirit over the restless billows of the ocean.

"That's an ill token," said Gibbie, as he followed the departing vessel with his eye, "that's an ill token, or Gibbie kens naething about it! As sure as we are on the waters, yon's the *Black Trader*, and few who meet her, be they gentle or simple, can boast much of a prosperous voyage. Aw' is is no' right, and some o' us will find it sae afore the morn."

As he concluded, seven small, pale, blue lights were seen dancing on our deck, near the fore-castle, and, having remained for a few seconds, suddenly disappeared. The captain started, and muttering something to himself, paced up and down in a hurried and agitated manner, whilst the rest of those on deck eyed him with evident curiosity and apprehension. We had now just approached the glittering streak that I spoke of, when suddenly the vessel struck, but without doing any material injury. She struck a second time, the rudder was lost—a third time, and the foremast and bowsprit were swept away. The cries of the passengers, who were awakened from their dreams to a sense of danger enough to appal the stoutest heart, burst with a

shrill, mournful, and discordant sound on the ear of those who were upon deck. They were answered by a loud, hoarse laugh, but whence it proceeded no one knew. All stood gazing at each other unconsciously, yet with an expression that showed they were under the influence of supernatural terrors. We sounded the pump, and found that the ship had already more than three feet water in the hold. She had fallen with her starboard side on the rocks, and her ports were only about two feet above the water. The vessel still kept striking, and seemed to be settling more and more, when the captain ordered the main and mizen masts to be cut away, and the motion of the wreck was considerably diminished. Whilst we were in this situation, the wind began to increase until it swelled into a complete tempest, and the rain burst over us in torrents. Our sole remaining place of refuge from destruction was on the larboard side, where we contrived to lash ourselves, for the waves broke so frequently and so heavily over the wreck that every soul on board of her must otherwise have perished. We were now perfectly helpless, and awaited death with the fortitude of despair. Then were heard prayers from lips that but a few hours before had uttered blasphemy and wickedness, and the paleness of the sea-foam was on the sun-burnt faces of the crew. Amidst us was one fair and trembling girl, our only female passenger, who was lashed at the side of her father, and kept her arms continually round his neck, as if anxious not to be separated even when the wreck should go to pieces. It was a heart-breaking sight to see one, who appeared but a tender and weakly flower, clinging in her fear to an aged parent, and seeming to dread death less than being divided from him who had cherished her in his heart, and loved her with all the fondness that a father feels for his first-born child. She bore up, however, as well as many of our hardest seamen, for hopeless danger makes all equal; and the warrior in the field, the mariner on the sea, and the maiden who would tremble if a bee but crossed her path, may feel the same emotion and bear them in the same manner when destruction seems inevitable. Just at that cold and cheerless time, between the departure of the night and the break of day, the dark vessel again passed us within hail, but to our repeated calls, no answer was given, except seven loud and discordant yells, and Gibbie Allan, who looked out anxiously, counted seven forms leaning over that side of the dark ship which was nearest towards us. A superstitious but undefinable sensation arose in the minds of

all ; but none dared to utter his thoughts to his brother sufferer ; and as the sombre vessel shot out of sight, each betook himself to prayer, and endeavoured to make his peace with God, before whose presence all expected so shortly to be summoned.

(*To be Continued.*)

GLEANINGS.

EPIGRAM.

Says H——t, if on Sundays you have your hair dress'd,
You'll go to the devil, vile wretch, I protest ;
Yet H——t, and he thinks himself no greater sinner.
Can heartily feed on a Sunday dress'd dinner.
Now say learned critics what difference is there
Between dressing your dinner, and dressing your hair.

SLENDER REPAST.

"Have you dined," said a loungee to his friend. "I have, upon my honour," replied he. "Then," rejoined the first, "if you have *dined upon your honour*, I fear you have made but a scanty meal."

A gentleman meeting an old friend whom he had not seen for a long time congratulated him on lately coming to the possession of a large *landed* estate. "There was such a report, (replied the other,) but you may depend on it, that it was quite *groundless*."

"Nature, sir, nature,"—observed a first rate ornament of the hair, quickly rubbing his hands in order to dissolve a knob of Bear's grease which he held between them,—"*she* defies the power of man to set her laws aside !—And rest assured this grease which has *manured* and then *matured* the hair on the Bear's back, will perform the self same office on your head." "He's right, sir, he's right, quite right, I can assure you," said a wag then standing by, "for I well know a friend of mine who was quite bald, and in mistake was sold a pot of Goose grease. This he applied, and in a little time his head was covered o'er and o'er—aye, every bit of it with—feathers ! !"

THUNDER STORM.

The following extract from the Doomsday Book, St. Julian's, Shrewsbury, A. D.

1500, may excite a smile :—"The develle did put his clawe uppone the clapper of the great bell, and from his clawe there yssued a flame of fyre, which dydde melt yverie bell in the church, threw the spyre uppone the grond, and melteydd moche of the braise work candylstyks—because an holie and righteous monke had in a sermon spoke tauntinglie offe his power and authoritee uppone earthe."

Thus did our pious and philosophic ancestors solve an electric cloud.

SINGULAR ADDRESS.

A parcel was actually left directed as under, at the White Horse Inn, Great Yarmonth :

to be left at
the whit hors
in yermouth
for hanar Kolman
at misters d.
frans a skuir
martham.

On the first night of Congreve's *Way of the World*, the audience hissed it violently. When the uproar was at its height, Congreve walked on the stage, and addressed the audience. "Is it your intention to damn this play?" The cry was, "Yes, yes! Off, off!"—"Then I tell you, this play of mine will be a living play, when you are all dead and damned:" and he walked slowly off.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

When we acknowledged the receipt of the last communication from Hans Busk, jun. we had not read it, we now inform him that it cannot be inserted except as an extract from a celebrated Novelist.

Sir Bertram has appeared in the Old Series. We are obliged to our poetic Correspondents S. W. Linstead, C. Bradbury, and W. T. A. The different papers received from W. E. C. shall be inserted, although we have not been able to do so as yet. Margate, by his friend shall occupy a corner. We feel obliged to M. P.; R. C. Brownell; W. A.; J. B. Turner, and J. Mobbs. The pieces by Eliza A.; G. W. R. and M. Grimsher are declined.—We have mislaid the copy of a short piece of poetry by G. J. N. S. Farley has our thanks.

London: printed and published by Sears, 29, Charter-house Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Pater-noster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 18.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1831.

Price 1d.



SINGULAR ADVENTURES OF A SPANISH FEMALE.

When the Spaniards first laid the foundation of Buenos Ayres, in 1535, the new colony wanted provisions. All who attempted to procure them, were murdered by the savages; and it became necessary to forbid any one, upon pain of death, from going beyond the limits of the new settlement.

A woman, whom hunger had certainly inspired with resolution to brave the fear of death, eluded the vigilance of the guards who were posted around the colony, to preserve it from the dangers to which it was exposed, in consequence of the famine.—MALDONATA, for such was the name of the fugitive, having wandered about some time in unknown and unfrequented roads, entered a cave, to repose herself.

She had no sooner done so, than she perceived she had intruded into the retreat

of a lioness; and was filled with extreme terror, which, however, was soon changed into surprise, when this formidable animal approached her with signs of fear, and began to caress and lick her hands, with mournful cries, calculated to excite compassion rather than dread.

Maldonata soon perceived that the lioness was with whelp, and that her groans were the complaints of a dam who calls for help to get rid of her burthen. The woman, inspired with courage, assisted the lioness, who, being thus safely delivered, soon went out in quest of provision: which, having found, she brought and laid at the feet of her benefactress. Maldonata now daily shared the food provided for the little whelps, who, brought into life by her assistance, and bred up with her, seemed, by their playful and harmless caresses, to

acknowledge an obligation which their dam repaid with the tenderest marks of attention. But when they grew larger, and found themselves impelled by natural instinct to seek their own prey, and sufficiently strong to seize and devour it, the family dispersed into the woods, and the lioness, who was no longer called to the cave by maternal tenderness, disappeared likewise to roam about the forest, which her hunger daily depopulated.

Maldonata, alone, and without sustenance, was forced to quit a cavern which was an object of terror to so many living creatures but which her pity had made a place of safety for her.

She now felt the want of a society that had been of such signal service to her: she did not wander for any considerable time, before she fell into the hands of the savages.

Maldonata had been fed by a lioness, and was now made a slave by men. She was soon after retaken by the Spaniards, who brought her back to Buenos Ayres. The commandant, more savage than the lions or the wild Indians, did not think her sufficiently punished for her flight by the dangers and miseries she had endured; but had the cruelty to order her to be tied to a tree in the middle of a wood, and there left to starve, or to be devoured by wild beasts. Two days after, some soldiers went to see what was become of the unhappy victim: they found her alive, surrounded by hungry tigers, who, however, were kept at a distance by a lioness and her whelps, that lay at her feet.

The sight struck the soldiers motionless with pity and terror. When the lioness saw them, she withdrew from the tree, as if to make room for them to unbind her benefactress; but when they took her away the animal followed slowly at some distance, endeavouring to confirm by her caresses and tender complaints, the wonder of gratitude which the woman was relating to her deliverers.

The lioness, with her whelps, for some time followed her footsteps, showing all the same marks of regret and affliction, that a disconsolate family express when they attend a beloved relative, who is about to depart to a distant place.

The commandant was informed of the whole adventure by his soldiers; and this example of gratitude in an animal so ferocious, awakened in him those feelings which his savage heart had undoubtedly lost in crossing the seas, and he suffered a woman to live, who had been so visibly protected by Heaven.

THE CYPRESS CROWN.

A Tale, by the Baroness Caroline de la Motte Fouqué.

The promises of peace, which for many months had been depending, came at last to be fulfilled. The army returned home; with seriousness and solemnity they entered once more the liberated and wonderfully rescued capital.

It was a Sunday morning. Since day-break, young and old had been pressing through the streets towards the gates. The guards could with difficulty keep any degree of authority in the storm of unrestrained and irresistible joy.

Crowded, squeezed, and as it were, twined and twisted through each other, stood this expectant assembly; and as the wished for moment approached, became the more deeply and inwardly affected. There was scarcely a sound audible in the multitude, when at last the powerful yet melancholy voice of the trumpets gave their first greeting from afar. Then tears fell from a thousand eyes; many a breaking heart was chilled; and on the lips of all, low and anxious whispers trembled. Now shone the first gleams of armour through the open gates.—Scattered flowers and garlands flew to meet them; for every tree had paid its tribute; every garden had granted a share from its variegated treasures. A lovely child, stationed in an high bow window, raised its round white arms on high, and receiving from its weeping, turned-away mother, a coronet of leaves, threw it down among the passing troops beneath. A lancer, who happened to be the first to notice this occurrence, good-humouredly took up the wreath on his lance, while he playfully nodded to the fair little angel above. He had his eyes still directed in this manner, when his commanding officer, riding on, exclaimed, “Ha! Wolfe!—a cypress wreath! How came you by such a thing—it may be thought an unlucky omen!” Wolfe put the crown on his right arm, however, and not without some discomposure rode on!

After a long tedious delay, employed in putting up the horses in the regimental stables, giving them water and provender, the quarter-billets at last were distributed. Wolfe, on receiving his ticket, had the mortification to perceive that it directed him to the house of a well-known rich butcher! His comrades wished him joy—rallied him on the good eating which awaited him; and profited by the opportunity to invite themselves frequently to become his guests. He, meanwhile, took off his cap in silence, twisted the billet among its gold tassels, and twice passing his hand

through his luxuriant locks, he said, not without considerable vexation, "this, forsooth, is rare luck! No doubt the rich miser is well enough known!—I heartily wish, however, that I had been quartered anywhere else!" "Ha, ha! what a silly fellow you must be!" cried a bold knowing comrade—"what is it to you, pray, if your host is a miser or a spendthrift! Only let him be rich enough—then a soldier is sure to be well off. However, you must begin with politeness and address—every thing depends on good management." "That is very true, I grant you!" said Wolfe, as he threw his knapsack over his shoulder—"but there are a set of people in the world on whom all politeness is thrown away, and who have no heart or feeling for man nor beast. If ever I meet with a butcher's waggon in the streets, full of miserable animals tied and bundled together, and see how the poor beasts lie there over and under one another, groaning sometimes, so that it cuts one to the heart, and mark how the fellows plod on behind the cart in utter indifference—whistling perhaps all the time, I have much ado, to withhold myself from falling on, and beating the scoundrels heartily! Besides, to say the truth, I have had enough of blood and slaughter, and begin to be disgusted with the whole trade!"

"Oh!" cried his laughing companions, "Wolfe cannot bear the sight of blood—Thou chicken-hearted fellow!—And when did this terror come upon thee?"—"Don't talk nonsense," replied Wolfe angrily—"in battle, when man stands against man, and besides, when there are different motives for action, (laying his hand on his iron cross) one looks neither to the right nor the left, but in a soberer mood—well then, I shall not deny it, whenever I pass by a butcher's stall, and see the bloody axe, and hear (or fancy that I hear) the groans of agony. I feel inwardly, as if the fibres of my heart were torn—and therefore, I do wish that I had been quartered any where else!"

His comrades began to laugh at him more than ever, though they did not venture it till he had gone a little way. He then looked round at them, and shook his lance, half jesting, half angry. They made faces at him in return, but soon began to disperse, and Wolfe proceeded on the road to his quarters.

He had not gone far when he found the street and number. Already at a distance he saw a gigantic man in his shirt sleeves, standing under the door-way. His countenance of a dusky yellow complexion, was quite shaded over by a coal-black bushy projecting eyebrows; the small eyes, de-

void of intellect, appeared to watch the rolling vapours of a short pipe.—One hand was placed in the waistcoat pocket, the other seemed to dance up and down the silver knots of the pipe, which rested ever and anon on his goodly person. Wolfe saluted him courteously, and, with a modest bow, shewed him his billet; upon which the man squinted at him sidewise, and without attending any further to his guest, he pointed, with his thumb bent backwards, to the house—at the same time adding, in a gloomy and indifferent tone—"Only go in there, Sir! my people know already." Wolfe bit his lips, and entering somewhat abruptly, his sabre that rattled after him, happened to inflict a pretty sharp blow across the legs of Mein-herr John, his landlord. "What the devil in hell!" grumbled the butcher. Wolfe, however, did not allow himself to enter into any explanation or dispute, but passed on, and came into the court. He found there a pale and sickly-looking girl carrying two buckets of water. Wolfe, drawing near to her, inquired if she was the servant of his landlord? The girl remained silent, and as if terrified standing before him. She had set down the two buckets on the ground and looked on him with large rayless eyes unsteadily. Her complexion seemed always to become more pale, till she resembled a marble statue more than an animated being. Meanwhile, as Wolfe renewed his question, she let her head sink upon her breast, and taking up the buckets again, she said, with her eyes fixed on a short flight of steps that led by a servant's door into the house, "Come up here; and immediately at the first door on the right hand you will find your chamber."

Wolfe looked after her awhile quite lost in thought, then climbed up the narrow stairs, and found all as she had told him. The room was small and dark; the air oppressive and suffocating. From the rough smoaky walls large pieces of the lime had fallen away, and here and there were scraps of writing, initial and figures of men and women, and beasts' heads drawn with pieces of coal, or a burnt stick. Right opposite to the half-blinded window stood a miserable bed; and near it he saw a red-rusty nail, sticking a long way out of the walls. Wolfe hung his cypress crown upon it; placed his lance and sabre in a corner; threw his knapsack upon the table, and more than once, grumbling within his teeth, "What lubberly fellows these rich misers are!" he kicked aside two broken stools, went and leaned out of the window, and by degrees whistled his anger away.

Over the court and neighbouring build-

ings was visible a fine large garden, which looked out fresh and fragrant through the bluish-grey atmosphere of the town. There dark avenues twined their branches on high in arches like those of a gothic cathedral over the solitary places; golden sun-flowers waved on their limber stalks over long labyrinths of red and white roses; walks and thickets surrounded the whole. There all was silent; the rich luxuriance of the domain seemed like that of an enchanted wood, that no mortal foot had ever violated. Wolfe surveyed this garden with extraordinary pleasure, and would almost have given the world for the privilege of walking through a region of so much beauty and stillness; but however this might be, he became quite reconciled to his apartment on account of its having such a prospect.

He kept himself quiet through the rest of the day, giving himself little concern about what might be going on in the house. Towards evening his military duties called him abroad. He returned just after it had begun to grow dark. The window still remained open. He drew a chair towards it, filled his pipe, seated himself, and rolling out ample volumes of smoke into the serene air, resigned himself to the voluntary flow of his thoughts and recollections.

The solitary garden, the obscure canopy of the trees, the bright moon-shine that gleamed over them—all these things harmonized wonderfully together, and woke in his mind infinite trains of long-lost associations. He thought of his home, and of his aged mother; and by degrees became altogether oppressed and melancholy. It occurred to him, that he was here absolutely without any one who took an interest in his fate; and all at once he felt an extraordinary longing and anxiety for his brother, who had now for a long time roamed about the world, and of whom no satisfactory intelligence had for many years been received. He had at first been a baker's apprentice—had afterwards entered into an engagement as a chaise-driver—and at last all traces of his name and fortune had, among strangers, vanished quite away. "Perhaps," thought Wolfe, "he has also become a soldier; and now, when peace has come, and every nation is tranquil, news may have in all probability arrived at home of my poor brother Andrew."

With this persuasion he endeavoured to console himself; but could not help wishing immediately to write home for information; the recollection of his brother had so suddenly and deeply agitated his heart.

Wolfe now for the first time noticed with great vexation, that they had given

him no light. This at least he resolved to demand. He got up therefore, (not without a soldier-like oath) and dressed as he then happened to be, in a short linen waistcoat, and without a neckcloth, went out. According to his custom when much irritated, he passed his hands over his head several times, raising his luxuriant locks in such manner as to give a considerable wildness to his *toute ensemble*, and cautiously groped his way down stairs. In the lobby their glimmered a dusky lamp. Wolfe stepped into the circle of the uncertain radiance, looked about for some means or other of obtaining his object, and searched with his hand for the bell-rope. At this moment Mein-herr John happened to return home from his evening recreation at the ale-house; and with glowing complexion and glistening eyes, (not being aware of Wolfe's presence) gave the accustomed signal with a hard knotted stick on the door. Wolfe perceiving this, stepped up to meet him, carrying his head very high (while the light such as it was, shone full upon him), and said in a commanding tone, "Must I always sit in the dark?" Mein-herr John started as if he had been struck with a thunder-bolt, let the cudgel fall out of his hands, looked about wildly and aghast, then rushed in and passed by Wolfe, uttering a deep groan of indescribable terror. "Is he mad, or drunk!" said our hero, who, at this strange behaviour, grew more irritated, applied himself resolutely to the bell, and stood prepared to raise a still greater disturbance, when the pale interesting girl, Louisa, stepped out timidly, and, on hearing his demand, excused her negligence, and, with a light in her hand, hastened up stairs before him. She then set the candle on the table, shut the window, wiped the dust from the chairs, and, in her silent and quiet manner, employed herself for a while in the room.

Wolfe was very reserved and modest with ladies—he hated scandal; and, on the whole, perhaps, had not much confidence in the house. For these reasons, the presence of the girl rather vexed him. He kept himself turned away, and drummed with his fingers against the window. Louisa stood at the bed, with spread hands smoothing and arranging the bed clothes. Wolfe heard her sigh deeply, and involuntarily looked after her, as she retired sobbing and hanging down her head with an expression of the deepest melancholy. All this vexed him to the soul. "What then can she weep for?" said he to himself—"Has my rough manner terrified her? or, in my hurry, have I used to her some harsh words?" He had already the light

in his hands, and anxiously hastened after her—"Stop, stop, my dear!" cried he aloud; "it is as dark as pitch on the stairs!—you may do yourself a mischief!"—Louisa was still standing on the first steps. Wolfe leaned over the railing and lighted her down. She thanked him with emotion, and her humid eyes were lifted up to him with an expression of unaccountable grief. Wolfe beheld her with silent perplexity, not unmingled with pleasure, for he now perceived that she was very pretty; and a fine, but rather hectic, red played alternately over her interesting features. He took her hand respectfully—"My dear," said he, "you are so much

agitated—have I offended you?"—"Oh heavens! certainly not," answered she, beginning to weep anew. "Then, surely," said Wolfe, earnestly, "some one else has done something to distress you?" Louisa folded both hands, pressed them to her eyes, and slightly shook her head—"God has so willed," said she; "you also have been sent hither; good Heaven's! all was so well—so tranquil—now all my afflictions are renewed!" She made signs to Wolfe that he must not follow her; wiped the tears with her apron from her eyes; and went silently down the steps.

(To be Continued.)



SUMMER.

The delights of Summer are innumerable and cannot fail to awaken in a contemplative mind the purest sentiments of gratitude and praise.

All is loveliness and joy under the benignant reign of this charming season. The lover of Nature beholds her approach with joy, and discovers fresh beauties in her train. Her influence matures the plants and beautifully varied flowers, and all the useful fruits of the earth. She clothes the trees with grateful foliage, and perfects the ripening sustenance of man.

Wherever we direct our steps, we observe fresh sources of delight. Whether we climb the lofty hills, or seek the shady forest, or tread the humble vale's smooth sward, an infinite diversity of objects meet our view, and attracts our regard. If we look upward, we admire the celestial radiance of the aerial canopy; if we direct

our vision towards the earth, our eyes are gratefully refreshed by the beautiful freshness of the verdure. The harmony of the feathered tribes is exercised to delight our ears, and their sweet melody fills the soul with indescribable feelings of delight. The ear is equally gratified by the bubbling murmurs of the rivulets and brooks; and the olfactory sense derives a grateful enjoyment from the fragrant and odoriferous gales which are exhaled on every side. In every respect our senses receive the most exquisite pleasure, from an infinite variety of objects, during this joyous season.

The poet Wharton has beautifully described some of the delights of Summer, especially the appearances of Nature after one of these seasonable showers:

"But ever, after summer show'r,
When the bright sun's returning pow'r

With laughing beam has chased the storm,
 And cheer'd reviving nature's form ;
 By sweet-briar hedges, bath'd in dew,
 Let me my wholesome path pursue ;
 There, issuing forth, the frequent snail
 Wears the dank way with slimy trail,
 While as I walk, from pearled bush,
 The sunny-sparkling drop I brush,
 And all the landscape fair I view,
 Clad in a robe of fresher hue ;
 From shelter deep of shaggy rock,
 The shepherd drives his joyful flock ;
 From bowering beech, the mower blithe
 With new-born vigor grasps the scythe,
 While o'er the smooth unbounded meads,
 His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads."

THE BLACK TRADER.

(Continued from page 136.)

As the morning advanced the wind suddenly ceased, but we were still subjected to a very heavy swell which broke over us at intervals. One of the sailors found means to procure some biscuit, which, although damaged by the salt water, was peculiarly acceptable in our exhausted state. Gibbie Allen also got us a little rum, and, after having made a good meal, our hopes began in some measure to revive.

Towards the evening, a light breeze sprang up, which the captain was afraid would increase as on the preceeding day ; for the clouds, the seaman's barometer, indicated a gale. This was cruel news to beings in our desolate situation, and what was worse, we soon found it realized, for the wind began to freshen amain, and the wreck, from its repeated concussions against the rocks, seemed every moment in danger of going to pieces. At this critical period, when the fears of all were at their height, and a lingering, if not an immediate death, appeared inevitable, the captain, who was looking out with the utmost anxiety, suddenly exclaimed, "Cheer up ! there's a sail a-head ! there's a sail a-head !" And then remained breathless gazing over the ocean to mark the direction she took. "'Tis all right !" said he, "she is running down to us—see, see ! how nobly she comes into view. If these bits of timber but keep together till she nears us, all will be well ! But, death ! she alters her course ! What's to be done ! We have no signals, and we cannot fire a gun. Ha ! she changes again. Hurrah ! hurrah ! We are worth a thousand dead men yet !" The interval between the first appearance and near approach of the strange sail, was one not merely of suspense, but agony—of positive mental agony. At length, she neared and hailed us, and part of the crew having, with great diffi-

culty, lowered her boat, put off at the imminent risk of their own lives to rescue ours. After the most strenuous exertions had been used, and the greatest perils braved, by the daring fellows in the boat, we were all conveyed in safety on board the ship, which proved to be the *Carib*, from Montego Bay, bound to Liverpool. The captain treated us with great kindness, and by his aid, and the assistance of his passengers, we were furnished with dry clothes and provisions of every kind. So different was our situation, by comparison, that we scarcely heeded the increasing violence of the winds and the swell of the irritated waters, although the captain of the *Carib* by no means seemed to share our insensibility, but remained constantly on deck, and gave his orders with redoubled activity.

As we looked towards the wreck that we had quitted, a large, dark shadow glided between us, and when that had passed away, not a trace of the *Good Intent* was to be seen. The vessel went gallantly on her way, and stood the buffeting of the storm as if she gloried in it. The gale continued for two days, but, on the third morning, the wind dropped into a deep sleep, as though wearied out by its own powerful exertions. On the night of that day it was a dead clam. The ship appeared to be stationary, the sails flapped sluggishly against the masts, and the seaman, who had the watch, paced the deck with listless and unchanging steps, when the *Black Trader* again came within hail, and sailed past us, although there was not wind enough to hang a pearl-drop on the edge of a wave, or part a single ringlet on the forehead of the innocent and lovely girl who that night clung to her father's arm, and watched the cloud-like vessel taking her solitary and mysterious way over the melancholy main. The same seven figures were seen upon her starboard immoveable as before, yet apparently gazing towards us. As the ghostly stranger vanished, a clear, purple light, which shone like a brilliant star, played, for an instant, on our deck, and disappeared as on the former occasion. "That," said our captain, "is an augury of death to one amongst us, for the *Black Trader* casts not her lights about without a recompense. May heaven protect us !" "Amen !" ejaculated the voices of all on deck.

On the following morning we took our stations at the breakfast table, and awaited the appearance of the young lady, who was, generally, as early a riser as any of us. Still she came not. "My girl has overslept herself," said her father, "I will awaken her." He arose from his seat,

and tapped gently at her door, but received no answer; he knocked louder and louder, and called upon her by name, but all was still quiet within. "She is not wont to sleep so soundly," added the father in an agitated tone of voice, "pray Heaven, nothing has happened to my poor girl!" The passengers looked significantly and gloomily towards the captain, and a dead silence ensued. The father again called, but with as little effect, and then, as if the suspense were more horrible than the worst of certainties, he rushed against the door, burst it almost from its hinges, and entered the little cabin. A deep groan testified that the forebodings of the passengers were but too well founded. The innocent girl was dead. She had passed away from life to death, apparently in a dream, for there was not the slightest trace of pain on her beautiful face, and her arms encircled her pillow, even as she had held her father's arm on the preceding evening. I will not speak of the old man's grief—his tears—his heart-broken feelings—for no words can picture them. His daughter was the only relative that he had in the world, and he gave himself up to the most unrestrained and violent anguish. All on board endeavoured at first to divert him from his melancholy, but finding that their attentions rather added to than decreased his affliction, they forbore intruding upon him, and left it to the hand of time to soften down his sense of the calamity which had fallen upon him.

It was on a bright and beautiful night that we were assembled on deck, to give the remains of the poor girl to the wide and placid grave, that shone so glitteringly around us. The sea was perfectly calm and as the body was let down the side of the vessel, it almost appeared as if a heaven were awaiting to receive it: for the waters were as blue as the sky itself, and myriads of stars were reflected on its surface. A few minutes only had elapsed, when a dark shadow was observed at a distance, stealing rapidly along the ocean, and almost instantly the terrible Black Trader lay scarcely a cable's length from our vessel. A cold shudder crept through the boldest hearts, for they thought that some new victim was required, and even those who cared little for the others began to feel the most lively apprehensions for themselves. The seven men were still plainly seen, and the young maiden, who had just been committed to the deep, stood beside them without motion, but, as we thought, gazing intently upon us. At this moment, sounds, that appeared to rise from the very depths of the ocean, were heard,

and a full chorus echoed the following wild and gloomy song:—

We are the merry mariners, who trade in
human souls,
And we never want a noble freight wher-
e'er our vessel rolls;
We seek it on the eastern wave, we seek it
in the west,
And, of all the trades for mariners, the hu-
man soul is best.

Our weapons are the thunderbolt, and
strong arm of the wave,
That strike the clay from prison'd souls,
and hurl it in the grave!
We wither up the heart of man, with light-
ning from the cloud,
And ocean is its sepulchre and the tempest
sky its shroud.

We envy not the ocean depths that hold
the lifeless forms.
We only give to fishes food, that else had
been for worms;
Let others look for pearls and gold, for
diamonds bright and rare;
Oh! what are diamonds, pearls, and gold,
to the noble freight we bear.

We are the merry mariners, that trade in
human souls.
And we never want a noble freight, wher-
e'er our vessel rolls:
We seek it on the eastern wave, we seek it
in the west,
And, of all the trades for mariners, the hu-
man soul is best.

As the chorus ceased the Black Trader disappeared, and we saw no more of her, but prosecuted our voyage without further molestation, yet deeply impressed with the remembrance of what had passed, and with the fear of that which was to come. We arrived at Liverpool, where, finding a vessel nearly ready to sail for Bermuda, I entered on board of her, and in all my voyages since that time, never had the ill-luck to fall in with the Black Trader.

WHAT IS LOVE.

It is not love, when burning sighs,
Heave forth the heart's impassion'd an-
guish,
When the cheeks kindle, and the eyes,
On their bright idol fix and languish.
It is not love, when heart and mind
Are troubled like the stormy ocean,
When the press'd hands convulsive join'd
Thrill every pulse with wild emotion.
It is not love, when maddening bliss
Suspends the faculties of reason,

'Tis baneful passion urges this,
And acts t'wards love the foulest treason.

Love breathes in peace and hope and joy
Love only sighs when absence parteth,
Its trust no fancied ills destroy
No jealous fear its bosom smarteth.
From the stolen glance half veil'd and meek
Loves fondest, truest, feeling breaketh
It speaks in blushes on the cheek
Soft as when summer morning waketh.
In heart 'tis as the Christians faith
Changeless and sacred, chaste desiring,
Decay it knows not, and in death
Dies, but as life's last sigh expiring.

GLEANINGS.

THE IRISH PLACE-HUNTER.

A place under government
Was all that Paddy wanted ;
He married soon a scolding wife,
And thus his wish was granted.

In Oxford-street, over a shop-door,
Ten days ago, it might be more,
A "Mr. Fell," stuck up a bill
To say, he "Fell, from Holborn-hill."

ACROSTICS.—ON KEAN.

Know ye not this portrait of nature,
Eye it well—in its expressive feature,
All the passions view—then if you can
Not name him, you ne'er saw the man.

R. C. B.

ON LISTON.

Ludicrous buffoon ! with bold grimace
In whose unmeaning, and most ugly face,
Some gaze with rapture ! but surely it
must be
To find in nature such a rarity !
Oft in his acting some great errors fall,
No ! look in his face—you'll forget them
all.

R. C. B.

EPIGRAMS.

The characteristics of an epigram are ludicrously expressed in the following lines which may be considered as a specimen of this species of composition.

"———An epigram is like a jelly bag,
Made at the top both broad and fit.
To hold a budget full of wit,
And pointed at the end."

The following are two elegant specimens of this species of composition in our own language. The first was said to be written by Mr. Pope, on a glass with the Earl of Chesterfields diamond pencil :

"Accept a miracle, Instead of wit,
See two dull lines by Stanhopes pencil writ."

The next was written by Mr. Wesley, on occasion of erecting a monument in Westminster Abbey to Mr. Butler, author of Hudibras, who died in necessitous circumstances :

"While Butler, needy wretch, was yet
alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give.
See him, when starved to death, and turn'd
to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust !
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
He ask'd for bread, and he received a
stone."

EPITAPH ON MR. A. GREENHILL.

A Greenhill all the seasons round,
E'en to the verge of years ;—
Death hath not triumph'd :—in this mound
A—Green-Hill, still, appears. P.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

When this Emperor found his end approaching, he said to his friends who stood around him, "Have I not played my part admirably ? The piece is finished ; give me your plaudits !" A.

A PUN.

A wag speaking of the embarkation of troops, said, "notwithstanding many of them leave blooming wives behind they go away in transports."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Hans Busk is informed that from the reasons mentioned by himself we decline inserting his narrative, we shall be glad to hear from him again in a day or two. We are obliged to R. C. Brownell for his communication but we cannot promise the engraving he wishes. The narrative by Rhoderic is in the hands of our draughtsman. The pieces by W. Roe, and a lament are declined. The articles forwarded by S. Farley, J. B. Turner, T. B. and J. S. Dentry will be inserted as soon as possible. We have just received a letter from J. G——d, but have not been able to peruse it.

London : printed and published by Sears, 29, Charter-house Square ; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand ; Steill, Paternoster-row ; Strange, Paternoster-row ; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 19. SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1831. Price 1d.



ANECDOTES OF CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

Christina, daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, was born in 1626. During the pregnancy of the queen her mother, it was predicted by the astrologers, that a son was about to be born to Gustavus, destined to maintain the glory of his father. When informed of the birth of his daughter, he said, "Let us, however, thank God; this girl will, I trust, prove, not less valuable than a boy."

On the death of her father, she was proclaimed queen, at the age of seven, and appeared to take pleasure in the pomp and dignity of her station. She discovered in her childhood a distaste for the society and occupations of her sex; while she delighted in violent exercises, in exertions of strength and feats of activity.

Christina having completed her eighteenth year, assumed the reins of government, to the conduct of which she proved herself fully equal. An accident happened in the beginning of her reign, which displayed the strength and equanimity of her mind. As she was at the chapel of the Castle of Stockholm, with the principal lords of her court, attending divine service, a poor wretch, disordered in his intellects, came to the place with the design of assassinating the queen: he chose that moment for the perpetration of his design, when the assembly was performing what, in the Swedish church, is termed *an act of recollection*; in which each individual, kneeling and covering his face, performs a silent and separate devotion.

At this instant, the lunatic rushing through the crowd ascended a balustrade, within which the queen knelt. Baron Brake, chief justice of Sweden, being first alarmed cried out, while the guards crossed their partisans, to prevent the approach of the madman; but he furiously striking them aside, leaped the barrier, and with a knife he had concealed in his sleeve, aimed a blow at the queen: Christina, evading the stroke, pushed the captain of the guards, who, throwing himself upon the assassin, seized him by the hair. All this passed in a moment; the man was known to be deranged, and therefore not suspected to have accomplices. They satisfied themselves with putting him under restraint; and the queen, without any apparent emotion, returned to her devotions, while the people, with a lively interest for the fate of their sovereign, showed great alarm and agitation. Some time after, another accident happened to Christina, which brought her into greater danger than the former. Some ships of war had been built at Stockholm, by her orders, which she wished to inspect. As for this purpose she crossed a narrow plank, led by admiral Herring, his foot slipped, and he fell, drawing the queen with him, into water ninety feet in depth. Anthony Steinbeg, equerry to Christina, plunged instantly into the sea, and caught the queen's robe, and by the help of the bystanders drew her on shore. She preserved her presence of mind during the whole time: "take care of the admiral," cried she, the moment her head was raised above the water. When brought on shore she neither expressed fear nor betrayed any emotion, but, dining in public the same day, gave a humorous turn to the adventure.

Subject to extremes, in her emulation of the severer virtues of one sex, she lost sight of the delicacy and decorum of the other, and forgot to add, to the reason and fortitude which belong to *man*, the gentleness and modesty which adorn a *woman*.

This extraordinary woman died at Rome in 1689, in the sixty-third year of her age.

VISIT TO A MUMMY PIT.

We had been wandering for more than an hour in low subterranean passages, and felt considerably fatigued by the irksomeness of posture in which we had been obliged to move, and the heat of our torches in those narrow and low galleries. But the Arabs spoke so confidently of succeeding in this second trial, that we were induced once more to attend them. We found the opening of the chamber which

we now approached, guarded by a trench of unknown depth, and wide enough to require a good leap. The first Arab jumped the ditch, and we all followed him. The passage we entered was extremely small, and so low in some places as to oblige us to crawl flat on the ground, and almost always on our hands and knees. The intricacies of its windings resembled a labyrinth and it terminated, at length, in a chamber much smaller than that we had left, but, like it, containing nothing to satisfy our curiosity. Our search hitherto had been fruitless, but the mummies might not be far distant; another effort, and we might still be successful.

The Arab whom I followed, and who led the way, now entered another gallery, and we all continued to move in the same manner as before, each preceded by a guide. We had not gone far, before the heat became excessive;—for my own part, I found my breathing extremely difficult, my head began to ache most violently, and I had a most distressing fullness about the heart.

We felt we had gone too far; and yet were almost deprived of the power of returning. At this moment the torch of the first Arab went out: I was close to him, and saw him fall on his side; he uttered a groan,—his legs were strongly convulsed,—and I heard a rattling in his throat, he was dead! The Arab behind me, seeing the torch of his companion extinguished, and conceiving he had stumbled passed me, advanced to his assistance, and stooped. I observed him appear faint, totter, and fall in a moment—he also was dead. The third Arab came forward, and made an effort to approach the bodies, but stopped short. We looked at each other in silent horror. The danger increased every instant; our torches burnt faintly; our breathing became more difficult; our knees tottered under us, and we felt our strength nearly gone.

There was no time to be lost;—our American companion cried out to us to "take courage," and we began to move back as fast as we could. We heard the remaining Arab shouting after us, and calling us *Caffres*, imploring our assistance, and upbraiding us with deserting him. But we were obliged to leave him to his fate, expecting every moment to share it with him. The windings of the passages through which we had come increased the difficulty of our escape; we might each take a wrong turn, and never reach the great chamber we had first entered. Even supposing we took the shortest road, it was but too probable our strength would fail us before we arrived. We had each of us se-

parately and unknown to one another observed attentively, the different shapes of the stones which projected into the galleries we had passed, so that each had an imperfect clue to the labyrinth we had now to retrace. We compared notes, and only on one occasion had a dispute, the American differing from my friend and myself; in this dilemma we were determined by the majority, and fortunately were right. Exhausted with fatigue and terror, we reached the edge of the deep trench which remained to be crossed before we got into the great chamber. Mustering all my strength, I leaped, and was followed by the American. My friend stood on the brink, ready to drop with fatigue. He called to us "for Heaven's sake to help him over the fosse, or at least stop, if only five minutes to allow him time to recover his strength." It was impossible—to stay was death, and we could not resist the desire to push on and gain the open air. We encouraged him to summon all his force, and he cleared the trench. When we reached the open air it was one o'clock, and the heat in the sun about 160°. Our sailors, who were waiting for us, had luckily a *bardak* full of water, which they sprinkled upon us, but though a little refreshed, it was not possible to climb the sides of the pit; they unfolded their turbans, and slinging them round our bodies, drew us to the top.

Our appearance alone without our guides naturally astonished the Arab who had remained at the entrance of the cavern; and he anxiously inquired for his *hahabebas*, or friends. To have confessed they were dead would have excited suspicion, he would have supposed we had murdered them, and have alarmed the inhabitants of Amabdi, to pursue us and revenge the death of their friends. We replied therefore, they were coming, and were employed in bringing out the mummies we had found, which was the cause of their delay.

We lost no time in mounting our asses, re-crossed the desert, and passed hastily by the village to regain the ferry of Manfalout. Our cangia was moored close to the town, and we got on board by five o'clock.

M. P.

THE ORDER OF THE BATH.

Knights of the Bath, a military order in England, instituted by Richard II., who ordained that there should be no more than four; however, his successor Henry IV. increased them to forty six. Their motto was "*Tres in uno*," signifying the three theological virtues.

It was the custom to bathe before they received the golden spurs; but this was only observed at first, being afterwards gradually dropt: however it was this occasioned the denomination of knights of the bath.

The order of the bath is scarce ever conferred, but at the coronation of kings, or the inauguration of a prince of Wales, or duke of York. They wear a red riband belt-wise; to which is affixed the badge of the order, viz: a sceptre, rose, thistle, and three imperial crowns joined within a circle; upon which circle is the motto in pure gold. Each knight wears a silver star of eight points upon the left breast of his outer garment.

Camden and others say, Henry IV. was the institutor in 1399, and upon this occasion, that prince, being in the bath, was told by some knight, that two widows came to demand justice of him; when his majesty leaping out of the bath, cried, he ought to prefer doing justice to his subjects to the pleasure of the bath; and thereupon created knights of the bath.

Some authors, however, will have the order of the bath to have been on foot long before Henry IV. even as early as the Saxon times: at least, it is certain, the bath has been used long before, in the creation of knights, in France; though there was no order of knights under this name.

The Order of the Bath after remaining many years extinct, was revived under king George I. by a solemn creation of a great number of knights. W. E. C.

THE DESERTED ONE.

(For the Scrap Book.)

BY C. BRADBURY.

They say the lily now usurps,
The cheeks—the rose once occupied,
And those gay sunny smiles that play'd
Upon my coral lips, have died;
They say my once bright eye has lost,
The beams of joy 'twould often shed,
And my light form now never floats
Among the dance that once it led.

But ah! they speak not of the heart
That in my breast doth sadly sleep,
A heart where tears and ceaseless love,
For ever gloomy vigils keep,
They knew not that beloved being,
Who vow'd he was mine own for ever,
Bright link of life, that once I thought,
Encircling time could not dis sever.

But alas! such joy was made,
But to be sip'd—then torn away,
For like all things that most we prize,
He was the first one to decay,

From our first childhood's happy years.
 'Tis ever thus that pleasures ray,
 Is shortlived, and soon drown'd in tears,
 Like sunshine on an April day.
 They say the lily now usurps,
 The cheeks—the rose once occupied,

And that those sunny smiles that play'd
 Upon my coral lips, have died;
 For oh, I'd rather wear the garb,
 Of undisguised love to all,
 Than seem to put on joy's light gaze,
 And have my inmost heart in thrall.



AUGUST.

Was anciently called by the Romans *Sextilis*, it being the sixth month in their calendar, before the change made by king Numa. It, however, retained its original name, until Augustus Cæsar gave it his own surname, because in it he first became consul, celebrated three triumphs, and ended the civil wars. Since Numa's time, August has continued the eighth month in the year.

The Saxons called it *Arn-monat*, (or *Burn-monat*,) because they then filled their barns with corn. The Saxon word *Arn* signifies *harvest*. They also called it (as well as June) *Wood*, or *Woad-monath*.

August was dedicated by the Romans to *Ceres*, the goddess of corn and harvest; and its first kalend, or first day, was sacred to *Mars*, the god of war. No festival of particular note was celebrated by them in this month. The first of August is denominated in the Christian calendar *Lammas-day*; a name which has been variously accounted for, but which is most probably derived from an old Saxon term, signifying *Loaf-mass*, as on this day it was customary for the Saxons to offer an oblation of loaves, made of new wheat, as the fruits of their corn. They also gave alms of bread on *Loaf-mass*, or *Lammas-day*.

THE CYPRESS CROWN.

(Continued from page 141.)

Wolfe having returned to his room, sat for a long time right opposite to the candle leaning his head on his hands; and, without being able to account for the extraordinary and mysterious emotion by which he was overwhelmed, all his thoughts involuntarily became more and more dark and melancholy, just as if some fearful and heavy misfortune were about to fall upon him. He could not prevail over his reflections so as to bring them into any regular order; so deeply had the voice of the weeping Louisa penetrated into his heart. Her accents were now inwardly renewed, and divided, as it were, into a thousand echoes. In listening to her, it had not been without difficulty that he had refrained from tears, her touching sorrow almost broke his heart; and his own fate seemed unaccountably involved with her misfortunes.

Thus wholly occupied and lost in deep thought, he began, absently, to engrave with a pen knife, (which lay near his tobacco-pouch, and had served for clearing his pipe), all sorts of lines and angles on the crazy old wooden table at which he sat. Without knowing or intending it, he had engraven on the already hacked and disfigured boards, Louisa's name, which he had overheard frequently called aloud

through the house. On observing what he had done, he almost started; and then drew the knife several times across the letters to obliterate the name. As he was then more fully made aware of what he had done, all at once there appeared to him, clearly and undeniably, traces of the very same name, and in his own hand-writing, on several corners of the table. Wolfe again started, rubbed his eyes, and stared at these characters, comparing in them the well-known difficulty-formed great L, and the other letters, with his own writing; "Am I bewitched?" cried he; trying to recollect whether he had not absolutely and really written these other inscriptions himself—but his arms could not have reached so far; and he had not sat at any other side of the table.

"Yet all this must be d——d nonsense!" muttered he; at the same time looking about rather timidly through the obscure chamber. The fallen down broken places in the wall, especially near the bed diversifying the black distorted faces traced with charcoal—the general uncouth desolation of the visibly neglected apartment appeared, in the uncertain scanty light in a high degree disquieting and formidable. To Wolfe it seemed even as if the rudely-traced caricature faces were known to him. He shuddered involuntarily, and hastily extinguished the light, in order to escape, if possible, from such hobgoblins and preternatural impressions. Besides, it had become too late to think of writing any more. For a moment he wished to breathe the free air, for without he thought it would be cool and refreshing. He opened the window again therefore. All appeared still and slumbering; and the cool breath of night saluted him. From a neighbouring cellar, however, even now, rays of light were shining forth; and soon after Wolfe heard the hammers ringing loudly on the anvil. "Poor soul," thought he, "thou art already making the most of these midnight hours, which to thee begin a week of hard labour." The glowing iron now brightly scattered its sparks, as if from the bowels of the earth, into the lonely gloom of the night. "He probably sharpens knives and hatchets for the butcher," continued Wolfe to himself; "that suits Mein-herr John exactly, and is quite convenient and useful for both. How all trades assist one another, and depend on each other, in this world!"

He had once more become tranquil, and looked for a long time into the beautiful garden, which at night appeared for the first time inhabited; for Wolfe now plainly marked some one slowly moving up and down through the obscure walks. Some-

times the form stood still, and lifted its arm, as if beckoning to some one to follow. Wolfe could not distinguish the figure narrowly enough—for the rising veil of vapours often concealed it as if in long white robes; and the more anxiously he fixed his eyes upon it, the more faintly and glimmeringly one object, as it were, melted into another. At last Wolfe came from the window, and leaving it open, threw himself into bed. The now dry leaves of his cypress wreath, which hung upon the wall, fluttered and rustled over him in the draught of the window. Wolfe started up at the sound, calling out, "Who's there?" and he bethought himself but half awake where he was. His eyes now chanced to rest upon the window and *there* he could not help believing, that he beheld the same form that had before appeared in the garden looking in upon him. "Devil take your jokes!" cried our hero, becoming quite angry, not only with this intruder, but still more with himself, for the death like tremour which came over him. He then drew his head hastily under the clothes, and from fatigue fell asleep under loud audible beating of his heart.

One hour, as he believed, (but a longer interval, perhaps in reality,) had the mysterious influences of the world of dreams reigned over his senses, when a strange noise once more alarmed him. The moon was still contending with the light of day, of which the faint gray dawn was visible; and now a low moaning sound was again heard close to our hero. He instantly tore the clothes from his face, and set both his arms at liberty. Then with one hand stretched out, and the other lifted up for combat, he forced his eyes wide open, and stared about him. He was at first not a little terrified, on beholding a great white dog, with his two fore-feet placed upon the bed, and stretching up his head, with large round eyes fixed upon him, and gleaming in the twilight. This unexpected guest however wagged his tail, and licked the hand that was stretched out to drive him away—so that Wolfe could not find in his heart to fulfil his intention; the dog fawning, always came nearer and nearer; and, as if through customary right remained at last quietly in the same position. "Probably he must belong to some one here," thought our hero, stroking him on the back; "and now believes that I am his master. Who knows what inhabitant may have left this apartment to make room for me?" Scarcely had he said these last words, when the dreams, out of which he had just awoke, regained all their influence, and he could not help

believing that there had really been some important and preternatural visitant with him in his chamber. Reflection on this subject, however, was too painful and perplexing to be continued. He therefore sprang out of bed, and, as it was already day-break, he began to put his accoutrements in order, and prepared himself to go to the stables. The dog continued snuffing about him, and attentively watched and animated his every look and movement. Wolfe twice shewed him to the door, which the troublesome animal had opened in the night, and which still stood open; but he shewed not the slightest inclination to retire from the presence of his new master.

In the court all was now alive and busy. The butcher's men went gaily about, whistling and singing, some of them pious songs, and others, such as they had learned at the alehouse.—Wolfe stood at the window, and brushed the dust from his foraging cap, now and then looking down at the mock-fighting, wrestling, and other practical jokes, of these rude sturdy companions. One of them, who appeared somewhat older than the rest, and moreover wore a morose and discontented aspect, drew from the stable a poor old withered hack, buckled on a leathern port-manteau, threw himself into a faded shabby great coat, and with a large whip in his hand, twisted his fingers through the mane and bridle; fixed one foot in the stirrup, and endeavoured to bring up the other with a violent swing. However, the poor worn-out animal, who had not recovered from the effects of his last journey, kicked and plunged to prevent himself from being mounted; while the awkward horseman, in a rage, checked and tore him with the reins, kicked him with his feet in the side, and with his clenched fist on the head. “Infamous scoundrel!” said Wolfe, whose blood boiled with indignation, “if the fellow can't ride, what business has he to meddle with horses!—It is a miserable thing to see a fellow in this situation, who has never been a soldier!” At last, the despicable rider got himself seated in the saddle, drew a white felt cap over his eyes, and jogged away, bending his body almost double as he passed under the outward gateway. Wolfe was glad when he was thus fairly gone; yet his absence had not continued long, when our hero again heard the long-legged old gray horse trampling over the stones. The rider had forgotten something. He shouted, whistled, and cursed alternately; then rode up with much noise to an under window, and demanded, “if no one had seen Lynx?” This honest creature now

lay growling at Wolfe's feet, and shewed his teeth angrily, every time the well-known voice called him from below. Wolfe was by no means inclined, on account of his new friend, to enter into any quarrels; however, as he stood at the window, and patted Lynx on the head, he took the trouble of calling out—“If it is the great white dog that you want, here he lies in the room with me. I did not bring him hither, and do not wish to keep him; but he will not go away.” The bawling fellow started at him with his mouth wide open; once more pulled down his cap; and, without saying another word rode away about his business. “So much the better,” thought Wolfe—stroking smooth the bristly rough hair of Lynx. “Stay thou here, my good old dog, and take care of my knapsack whilst I am absent.” The dog looked at him, as if he understood every word—drew his hind legs under him, and with the forelegs stretched out, he laid himself across the threshold of the door, with his head lifted up, and keeping watch attentively.

Wolfe then went about his professional duties, endeavouring to forget the painful night that he had passed; and assumed an appearance of merriment, which he was in reality far from enjoying. In currying and rubbing down his horse, however he sung one song after another, while his comrades about him, in the mean-while, had much to complain of in their reception, and wished for the return of better days. “There he is, in high spirits,” said they, pointing to Wolfe. “But then,” added they, “a bird that sings so early in the morning, the vulture will catch before night!” “It may be so!” said Wolfe gravely; for from the first he had expected nothing good from his residence with the butcher; and it always seemed as if there was yet to come a violent dispute and quarrel with his host. “Well now,”—said another, “thou say'st nothing all this while about thy quarters, and how thou hast been entertained. Now is the time to speak out!”—“What's the use of talking?” answered Wolfe, “that will not make one's vexations a whit less. I knew very well before, the people here use so many high sounding words—and try to appear so polite and important; but unluckily most of them lag devilishly behind in making good all their professions. ‘Soldiers billeted!’ think they—that gives us no trouble—we can entertain them in our own way—for no one knows or inquires any thing about them—and as to what the poor hungry devils themselves may say—no one will believe them. For such gentry, in their own opinion, there is

never any thing good enough!" "Very true!" cried they, all laughing. "There you hit the nail on the head. So it is indeed!" But, continued one, "with the green trumpery—the leaves and flowers that they threw to meet us—there they were quite profuse and splendid. But not even a horse—much less a man, could live on such provender—yet one cannot feed on the air—this they should know still better than we do." "Let all this alone," interposed Wolfe, "and don't make such a fuss about a few morsels, which, when they are once swallowed, are forgotten." "Nay—nay," said a non-commissioned officer, "it is for the want of due respect and honour that we find fault. A soldier ought to be respected." "Respect!" replied Wolfe, "that indeed is an idea which would never enter into their heads. Out of mere shame, they are full of poison and gall, and would, therefore, wish to degrade us even in their own eyes. Therefore a bayonet or sabre, appears to them like a sword of justice; and out of sheer vexation they become insolent." "All this will soon have an end," interrupted the serjeant; "you, my good friends, will be paid off; then every one will live on his money as well as he can." "Thank God!" exclaimed our hero, "I shall gladly, with my sixpence a day, *buy off* their long faces and sulky tempers." "Aye—aye!" shouted a jovial merry companion. "Then we shall have enough for ourselves, and spend it freely, and give these gentry a share of our wealth as long as it lasts!" He then struck up the old song—

"And if then our cash and our credit grow low,

"Fair ladies adieu!—through the world we must go!" &c. &c.

All laughed at the song, (of which we have given but the first two lines) and Wolfe among the rest; for indeed it now seemed to him as if an overpowering weight had been lifted from his breast. "In a few days," thought he, "all will be well. Our present restraints and difficulties will be at an end."

Through the day he avoided being too much at his quarters. Louisa, at all events, would not let herself be visible; and as to the rest of the household, he had no wish to meet any of them.

It was now late in the evening, when he stood under the door-way, and looked about him through the street. Not long after arrived the savage rider, who had excited his indignation in the morning. He came in at a short jog trot; and, without perceiving Wolfe, rode straight forward to

the stable, whether the poor old hack, of his own accord, was steering with all his might. Having dismounted,—shaken himself two or three times,—and beat his old slovenly boots together, this elegant squire at last betook himself to the low parlour within doors, to wait on Mein-herr John. Wolfe had now stepped out into the street and walked up and down before the house. In a short time he heard loud voices within, and involuntarily looked up to the window—The fellow seemed in violent altercation with his master—He held an empty leathern purse in one hand, and beat with it violently now and then on the table that stood before him. Mein-herr John, meanwhile, walked up and down with gestures of evident mortification and perplexity, while the other exclaimed in a loud voice, "What the master wastes on cards and dice, must never be reckoned or thought of!—that one of us must be driven to make up for; but he had better not begin with me; for on my soul I won't suffer it!" The butcher would now have interfered again; but the fellow, over and over with the red flush of anger in his countenance, persisted: "What the devil! shall I allow myself to be abused in this manner for such a paltry sum—I that have helped him, in my day, to gain so much!"—"Now, now, this is all very well," said the butcher, in a conciliatory tone; his opponent, however, came a step nearer to him, and holding up his clenched fist in his master's face—"Let him forget another time," cried he, "that I have him in my power, and whenever I please, can make him as cold as a dead dog;"

To Wolfe it now seemed as if an ice-cold sepulchral hand had been drawn over him.—He ran up to his apartment, and locked himself in; for he felt exactly as if he had fallen into a den of murderers. His faithful adherent Lynx now came up to him crouching;—he caressed the animal as a companion in adversity, and looked into his honest open eyes for consolation.

It was plain, that ever since our hero came under the roof of his present abode, a heavy, resistless, and unaccountable weight had pressed upon him. He could enjoy nothing,—had no command over his thoughts,—and could not apply to any pursuit for pastime. Mechanically he measured the small room with his steps a hundred times over; and did not lay himself for the first time to sleep till it was late in the night.

(To be Continued.)

GLEANINGS.

EPITAPH.

As an elegant specimen of this species of composition in the English language, we subjoin the following, by Dr. Johnson, on a celebrated musician which has been set to appropriate music :

“ Philips ! whose touch, harmonius, could
remove
The pangs of guilty power and hapless
love,
Rest here, distressed by poverty no more ;
Sleep undisturbed within this peaceful
shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like
thine.”

The perusal of epitaphs is not to be considered as a light and frivolous amusement ; but as an introduction to pleasing knowledge, and an incentive to moral improvement. It is a sketch which marks the great outlines of character, and excites curiosity to view the portraits as painted in the pages of history. Monumental inscriptions remind us, that time is on the wing, that every rank and age must fall a prey to his depredations ; that the moments of life are too precious to be squandered away on trifles ; that religion is the only support against the horrors of death, and the only guide to the joys of eternity.

A sprig of fashion, conversing with the Hon. ——— on his sire's conduct, broke out with, “That fool of a father !” “Hold !” cried he, “I will allow no man to call Lord ——— a fool of a father.” “It was a mere slip of the tongue,” replied the other, “I only meant to say, *that father of a fool.*”

*Inscription on a Sign-Board at Crowle in
Lincolnshire.*

‘ Bibles, Blackballs, and Butter,
Testaments, Tar, and Treacle,
Godly Books and Gimblets,
Sold here.’

FAULTINESS OF MEMORY.

The following anecdote is related of a gentleman whose memory was so bad and so circumscribed, that he scarce knew what he read. A friend, knowing this lent him the same book to read several times over ; and upon asking him how he liked the performance, received for answer : —“I think it is an admirable production ; but the author *sometimes repeats the same things.*”

SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND QUEEN
ELIZABETH.

The following relates the circumstance which was the occasion of Raleigh's advancement in the Queen's favour : it is the original of the piece of gallantry, which Sir Walter Scott has worked into his Kenilworth. Raleigh found the queen taking a walk ; and a wet place incommoding her royal foot-steps, he immediately spread his new plush cloak across the miry place. The Queen stepped cautiously on it, and passed over dry ; but not without a particular observation of him who had given her so eloquent, though silent a flattery.

Shortly afterwards, from Captain Raleigh, he became Sir Walter Raleigh and rapidly advanced in the Queen's favour.

GOLDEN JEST.

Dominico, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV. at supper, fixed his eye on a dish of partridges. The king, who was fond of his acting, said, “Give that dish to Dominico.” —“And the partridges too, sire !” Louis, penetrating his art, replied, “And the partridges too.” The dish was gold.

RETORT.

A haughty courtier meeting in the street
A scholar, thus he insolently greets,
Base men to take the wall, I ne'er permit
The scholar said I do, and gave him it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Antiquarian Researches by J. G—d are acceptable and will soon be inserted. We fear we shall not be able to find room for the long account of Canterbury Cathedral by Roderic. With a little more exertion we think Junius may succeed. The Country Church by Une Ennuyee has come to hand. The poetry by W. R. does not possess sufficient merit. The letter from G. J. N. is received as also communications from I. J. B. Turner, S. Farley, E. J. R. and C. for which they have our thanks. In consequence of the postage not being paid several letters have been returned some of which were addressed to the publisher (as we suppose) for the purpose of deceiving us, should we be so deceived we beg to assure the writers, that their communication will not appear.

London : printed and published by Sears,
29, Charterhouse Square ; Berger, Holy-
well Street, Strand ; Steill, Paternoster-
row ; Strange, Paternoster-row ; and
may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 20.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1831.

Price 1d.



THE THREE DAYS OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW,
OR THE, PARISIAN MASSACRES IN 1572.

The Parisian massacre (generally known by the name of the massacre of St. Bartholomew), was carried on with such detestable perfidy, and executed with such bloody cruelty, as would surpass all belief, were it not attested with the most undeniable evidence. In the year 1572, in the reign of Charles IX., many of the principal protestants were invited to Paris, under a solemn oath of safety, upon occasion of the marriage of the king of Navarre with the French king's sister. The queen-dowager of Navarre, a zealous protestant, was poisoned by a pair of gloves, before the marriage was solemnized; and on the 24th of August, 1572, being St. Bartholomew's day, about day-break, upon the toll of the bell of the church of St. Germain, the butchery began. Coligni, admiral of France was basely murdered in his own

house, and then thrown out of the window, to gratify the malice of the duke of Guise his head was afterwards cut off and sent to the king and queen-mother; and his body, after a thousand indignities offered to it, hung up by the feet on a gibbet. After this the murderers ravaged the whole city of Paris; and butchered in three days above ten thousand lords, gentlemen, presidents, and people of all ranks. An horrible scene of things, says Thuanus, when the very streets and passages resounded with the noise of those that met together for murder and plunder; the groans of those who were dying, and the shrieks of those who were just going to be butchered, were every where heard; the bodies of the slain thrown out of the windows; the courts and chambers of the houses filled with them; their blood running

down the channels in such plenty that torrents seemed to empty themselves in the neighbouring river; and, in a word, an innumerable multitude of men, women with child, maidens, and children, were all involved in one common destruction; and the gates and entrances of the king's palace all besmeared with their blood.

In the city of Meaux they threw about two hundred into goal; and after they had ravished and killed a great number of women, and plundered the houses of the protestants, they executed their fury on those they had imprisoned, and calling them out, one by one, they were killed, as Thuanus expresses it, like sheep in a market.

In Orleans they murdered above five hundred men, women, and children, and enriched themselves with their spoil. The same cruelties were practised at Angers, Troyes, Bruges, La Charité, and especially at Lyons, where they inhumanly destroyed about eight hundred protestants; children hanging on their parents necks, parents embracing their children; putting ropes about the necks of some, dragging them through the streets; and throwing them mangled, torn, and half dead, into the river.

It would be endless to mention the butcheries committed at Valence, Romaine, Rouen, &c. I shall, therefore, only add, that, according to Thuanus, above thirty thousand Protestants were destroyed in this massacre.

Thuanus calls this a most detestable villany. It is a melancholy consideration, that it can no longer be called *unparalleled* even in France itself, the unhappy theatre of continued massacre within the last few years.

RODERIC.

NATURAL HISTORY—No. 5.

THE NYL-GHAU.

An animal brought from the East Indies it was described some years ago (about the year 1780) for the first time by Dr. Hunter. The name denotes a blue cow, or rather a bull, *ghau* or *gaw* being masculine. Most of these animals that have been brought to England, have been received from Surat or Bombay; and it is conjectured, that they are indigenous in the province of Guzarat. The nyl-ghau is larger than any ruminant of this country, except the ox; its flesh has been reckoned by some to be palatable; it is extremely troublesome to tame; it possesses very great swiftness, and immense strength. In size it seems to be a mean between black cattle and deer; being as much smaller than the one as it is larger than the other; and in its form there seems to

be a very evident mixture of resemblance to both. Its body, horns, and tail, are not unlike those of a bull, and the head, neck, and legs, are very like those of a deer. Some have made this animal a species of the antelope, but Mr. Hunter who dissected it, apprehends, that it is a new species. The colour, in general, is ash or grey, from a mixture of black hairs and white: most of them are half white towards the root, and half black: the height of the back is about four feet, and the trunk from the root of the neck to the pendulous tail is about the same length; along the ridge of the neck and back, the hair forms a short and thin, upright mane; the legs are small in proportion to their lengths; the neck is long and slender as in the deer, and when the head is raised, it resembles the Italic S; at the throat there is a shield like spot of beautiful white hair; and lower down, on the beginning of the convexity of the neck, there is a mane-like tuft of long black hair. There are six grinders in each side of each jaw, and four incisores in each half of the lower jaw; the horns are seven inches long, and of a triangular shape. The nyl-ghau eats oats, is fonder of grass and hay, and more fond of wheat bread. When thirsty it would drink two gallons of water. It is vicious and fierce in the rutting season, but at other times tame and gentle. The female differs so much from the male, that one would scarcely suppose them to be the same species. She is much smaller both in height and thickness. In her shape, and yellowish colour, she very much resembles deer, and has no horns; she has four nipples, and is supposed to go nine months with young; she has commonly one at a birth, and sometimes twins. The young male nyl-ghau is like the female in colour and therefore like a fawn.

The first of these animals that were ever brought to England, were sent from Bombay, to lord Clive, in 1767: they were male and female which bred every year. I believe Mr. Editor that no one can send you a more true account of this animal than has—

W. E. C.

SONG.

ORIGINAL.

Oh! when, the lovely star of eve
Sheds purest lustre through the west;
And slowly wearied peasants leave
Their daily toil for home, and rest;
How softly comes the gentle breeze;
How sweet the light that beams above,
But softer, sweeter far than these
Are Mary's sighs, and looks of love.

Oh! then, as fades the twilight glow,
And stars in brighter clusters throng,
Fair Cynthia lifts the silver'd brow,
And nightingales begin their song;
How sweet the tranquil smile of heav'n,
How sweet the strain that charms the
grove:
But oh! far sweeter charms are given
To Mary's smiles, and vows of love.

ODE TO ST. SWITHEN.

"THE RAIN IT RAINETH EVERY DAY."

The Dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs
On every window-frame hang beaded damps
Like rows of small illumination lamps,
To celebrate the Jubilee of Showers!
A constant sprinkle patters from all leaves,
The very Dryards are not dry, but soppers,
And from the Houses' eaves
Tumble eaves-droppers.

The hundred clerks that live along the
street,
Bondsmen to mercantile and city schemers,
With squashing, sloshing, and galloshing
feet,
Go paddling, paddling, through the wet,
like steamers,
Each hurrying to earn the daily stipend—
Umbrellas pass of every shade of green,
And now and then a crimson one is seen,
Like an Umbrella ripen'd.

Over the way a waggon
Stands with six smoking horses, shrinking
blinking,
While in the George and Dragon
The man is keeping himself dry—and
drinking!
The Butcher's boy skulks underneath his
tray,
Hats shine—shoes don't—and down
droop collars.
And one blue Parasol cries all the way
To school, in company with four small
scholars!

Unhappy is the man to-day who rides,
Making his journey sloppier, not shorter;
Ay, there they go, a dozen of outsides,
Performing on "a Stage with real water!"
A dripping Pauper crawls along the way,
The only real willing out-of-doorer,
And says, or seems to say,
"Well, I am poor enough—but here's a
pourer!"

The scene in water colours thus I paint,
Is your own Festival, you Sloppy Saint!
Mother of all the Family of Rainers!
Saint of the Soakers!
Making all people croakers,
Like frogs in swampy marshes, and com-
plainers!

And why you mizzle forty days together,
Giving the earth your water-soup, to sup,
I marvel—Why such wet, mysterious
weather!
I wish you'd clear it up.

Why cast such cruel dampers
On pretty Pic Nics, and against all wishes
Set the cold ducks a-swimming in the ham-
pers,
And volunteer, unask'd, to wash the
dishes!

Why drive the Nymphs, from the selected
spot,
To cling like lady-birds around a
tree—

Why spoil a Gypsy party at their tea,
By throwing your cold water upon hot?

Cannot a rural maiden, or a man,
Seek Hornsey wood by invitation, sipping
Their green with Pan,

But souse you come, and show their Pan
all dripping!

Why upon snow-white table cloths and
sheets,

That do not wait, or want a second washing—
Come squashing?

Why task yourself to lay the dust in streets—
As if there were no water cart contractors,
No pot boys spilling beer, no shop boys
ruddy,

Spooning out puddles muddy,
Milkmaids, and other slopping benefactors!

A queen you are, raining in your own
right,

Yet oh! how little flattered by report!

Even by those that seek the court,
Pelted with every term of spleen and spite.
Folks rail and swear at you in every place—
They say you are a creature of no bowels;
They say you're always washing Nature's
face,

And that you then supply her,
With nothing drier,

Than some old wringing cloud by way of
towel.

The whole town wants you duck'd, just as
you duck it;

They wish you on your own mud porridge
supper'd,

They hope that you may kick your own
big bucket,

Or in your water butt go souse! heels
up'ard!

They are, in short, so weary of your drizzle
They'd spill the water in your veins to
stop it—

Be warn'd! You are too partial to a
mizzle—

Pray drop it!

COMIC ANNUAL.



VIEWS IN TOWN No. 2.—CHURCH OF ST. MARY-LE-BOW.

This Church, supposed to be first erected in the reign of William I., being the first in this city built on stone arches, was called the *New Mary Church*, to distinguish it from the Alder or Elder Mary Church : St. Mary de Arcubus, or le Bow, from its being built on arches or bows.

First, we read, that in the year 1090, 3d of William Rufus, the roof was blown off by a tremendous tempest, several persons were killed, and, says Stowe, “four of the rafters of *six and twenty feet in length*, with such violence were pitched in the ground of the high street, that scanty *four* foot of them remained above ground, which were fair to be cut even with the ground, because they could not be plucked out, for the citie of London was not then paved, but a moorish ground.”

This savours somewhat of the marvellous

and is the more singular, inasmuch as the rafters must have penetrated the soil perpendicularly ; but it was in an age of wonders, and must of course be credited, though we believe it a sample of *pile-driving* unparalleled in the annals of history.

In 1271, a great portion of the steeple of Bow fell down and killed several persons ; which was by degrees built afresh. In the year 1469, it was ordained by a common council, that the Bow bell should be rung every night at nine o'clock.

This was the signal for the young apprentices of London leaving off work. But they imagining that the clerk, whose duty it was to ring the bell, did not perform the duty with necessary punctuality, they resolved on giving the worthy functionary a hint which he could not fail to understand and which they thought would stimulate

him to regularity : with this intent they placed the following lines on the walls of the church :

“ Clerk of Bow Bell,
With the yellow locks,
For thy late ringing,
Thy head shall have knocks.”

The clerk, perhaps experimentally sensible of the summary mode with which the 'prentices defended club law, or anticipating favours which he was well content to be without, replied in verse in the same strain, and with metre almost as perfect as Sternhold and Hopkins, who, perhaps, took him for their poetic model,—

“ Childrean of Cheape,
Hold you all still,
For you shall have the
Bow bells rung at your will.”

These were the bells whose musical peel, was interpreted by the cook-beaten runaway 'prentice into

“ Turn, again Whittington,
Turn, again Whittington,
Thrice lord-mayor of London,”

and tempted him to return to his master, and all the buffets of the queen of the kitchen ; comforted into endurance by the prediction, which was afterwards verified, and which we believe most true, and should regret to have disproved, as a legend told us in the cradle, and regarded by us with all truth and veneration from our childhood upwards.

In 1620, the church was newly paved and beautified, but was burnt down amidst the universal conflagration of 1666. It was re-built by sir Christopher Wren in 1673.

The principal ornament of this church is its steeple, which is considered as one of the *chef-d'œuvres* of its great master, and combines the five orders of architecture. It is erected on the north-west angle, and made contiguous by a lobby between it and the church. It is not to be excelled by any parochial church in Europe, but like all our finest buildings, there is not a situation whence it can be so viewed as to see all its beauties to advantage. At the top is a figure of a dragon, of polished brass, ten feet long, with wings partially expanded and proportionably bulky, yet it is turned by the least wind.

Dean Swift, in one of his merry moods, prophesied, “ that when the dragon of Bow church met the grass-hopper, of the Royal Exchange, great events would occur !”

By a singular coincidence, both these buildings, undergoing repair at the same

time, these two weathercocks were actually lying in the same builder's yard.

What transpired between the dragon and grass-hopper, has never reached our ears, nor do we know of any fulfilment of the prediction. The insect and monster were restored to their respective equilibriums, and discharge their functions with a precision worthy of emulation.

THE CYPRESS CROWN.

(Continued from page 151.)

When, on the following morning, the trumpet blew for feeding the horses, with a feverish timidity and trembling, he started from his sleep, out of the obscure world of dreams, by whose influences his senses, in a kind of half-consciousness, had been ruled and agitated. He sprang disordered out of bed ; the small fragment of mirror that he had in his knapsack exhibited his countenance, pale as death, and the features swollen, relaxed, almost metamorphosed, on which the traces of a miserable internal conflict still were but too obvious. Even through the whole succeeding day his endeavours to recover himself were in vain. His comrades looked at him anxiously and perplexed ; asked questions, and urged him for an answer—but he remained invincibly reserved, and would by no means enter into any explanation. Meanwhile he went about all his affairs and professional duties as if he were in a dream, managed (or mis-managed) every thing under the greatest distraction ; and encountered the reprimands, that he received for such conduct, without shame and indeed with apathy.

So passed over the whole day. In the evening he sat with several of his comrades on a bench before the guard-house. It was now very misty, and a thick oppressive sky hung over them. All seemed in good humour, and occasionally joined together in the chorus of several excellent old songs. Wolfe listened, or seemed to listen, in truth without perceiving any thing that passed around him ; but when at last his next neighbour started up, and said, “ now, it is time, every one must to his quarters !” his heart began to beat, and his knees tottered under him, so that he could hardly support himself. His comrade, however, had been observing him for a long while, and believed that he was certainly ill, now seized him by the arm, and they loitered along for a considerable distance together. When they had come at last to the neighbourhood of the butcher's house, Wolfe suddenly stood still, and, inwardly shuddering, heaved a

deep sigh. "No!" said he, "I shall no longer bear undivulged these obscure and horrible thoughts, which have rendered my conduct so reserved and extraordinary; and which, buried in my heart, torment me to death!" "Now then," cried the other, "only resolve boldly.—Come! out with it from the heart, fresh, and without any reserve or qualification!—What have you to tell?" "Don't laugh," said Wolfe "it was a dream, such as might render you and me and every one insane that hears it!" The wild eyes and faltering voice of our hero involuntarily startled his comrade—both looked fearfully and pale at one another. When at last they had arrived at the butcher's house, and entered together the mysterious apartment; "Here then," said Wolfe, "look attentively round you. In this room has appeared to me now, for these two nights past, a gray white spectre, with features blood-stained and emaciated, worn and gnawn away by the mouldering damps of the grave. This apparition seats itself on that chair before my bed; and, with its head leaned on its hands, looks at me imploringly. I wake not—I sleep not—I feel and see, and yet cannot move a limb. After a while the figure makes signs to me and points to that garden, which you may perceive yonder over the walls. The spectre moves not its lips, and yet it appears to me as if I heard a voice directing me: *"There near the ruined ice-house, under the two lime trees, growing out of one stem, shalt thou go and search!"* It ceases not to make signs, and to supplicate, till the day-light once more glimmers on mine eyes; and I awake—I cannot say to self-possession, for these horrible impressions are indelible.

Both, for some time, remained thoughtful and in silence; while, from the doubt and perplexity of his companion, Wolfe found himself, by contrast, growing more energized and resolute. "Should it appear again to-night," said he, "I shall follow the ghost. I must cut this mysterious knot with one bold stroke, otherwise it will continue to fetter and enervate both soul and body." "Indeed! are you determined?" said his comrade—"Why not?" said Wolfe. "This requires consideration," said the other. "Who knows what you may come to see there?" "That's all one," said Wolfe; "I must know the secret import of this visitation, otherwise I can have no rest. His comrade played with the tassels of his laced helmet, and was silent." It now lightened at a distance, and began also to rain.—Wolfe stepped to the window—"You must go now!" said he to his comrade; "for, at all events, your presence cannot be of any

service to me in this affair. A ghost seldom deals with more than one individual at a time." He took leave of his friend, therefore, after having escorted him to the door; and said, at parting, "Have no fears on my account—the goodness of Heaven will support me!" He had scarcely uttered these words, when, with great emotion, he recollected how visibly near to him Providence had frequently been in battle; and how often, amid difficulty and danger, a short tranquil prayer had stilled the anxiety of his heart, and recalled his wandering senses. When he had returned from seeing his comrade down stairs, scolded Lynx into quietness, and summoned all his self-possession, he extinguished the light, knelt in a corner of the room, and, with heart-felt devotion, said a pater-noster. After this, his tranquility was perfectly restored.

Towards morning (though there was yet no day-light) Wolfe began to close his eyes, exhausted and harassed. Not long after, his nightly visitant once more placed itself near him. Its gestures were now more earnest and anxious; and it appeared to Wolfe, in his sleep, as if Lynx barked very loud, and seized and dragged him by the arm. He was fearfully agitated, in a vain strife between sleep and waking, with the inability at first to break from his dream. At last a frightful gleam of lightning filled his apartment, and forced him out of this almost deadly combat. Instantly he sprang out of bed—rain and wind rattled violently on the windows—the garden opposite seemed wrapt in flames.—Wolfe beheld nothing around him but fire and devastation—yet the loud thunder gave him courage. He took his mantle from the wall, wrapt himself in it, carried his sabre under his arm, whistled for Lynx who, terrified by the thunder, ran moaning backwards and forwards, and trusting in God, proceeded on his way.

In the house, all, on account of the storm, were awake. He found the door half open, and stepped into the court. The louring clouds swept over him—it seemed almost as if the spirit of the storm were riding through the air on audible wings. The rain came pouring down, and for a moment he had nearly lost his resolution.—Lynx, however, now recovered from his fright, sprang with unwieldy gambols around him, and led him onwards sometimes barking aloud, and glaring with his eyes as if animated by some extraordinary design. In this manner our hero was drawn onwards towards a neighbouring wall, in which he at last perceived a small entrance gate. He tried the lock in different ways till it opened, and he now

found himself within the beautiful garden which he had admired so much.

The trees shook their drenched heads, and saluted him with those deep rustling sounds, by which they responded to the violent attack of the storm.

He went rapidly onwards beneath their agitated canopy, while his labouring heart became so anxious and oppressed that he could hardly breathe. Meanwhile the relentless tempest beat the flowers one against another, crushed their tender heads to the earth, and drove great whirls of red and white rose leaves through the perturbed atmosphere. At length a stream of lightning flashed through the clouds, and Wolfe found himself before the ruined moss-covered ice-cellar, where the two lime trees, exactly as they had been described to him in his dream, stretched their withered branches as if pointing, with long black fingers, to a low fallen-down door of the entrance—Wolfe instantly drove away this barrier. In his mind there was now no trace of fear. All inferior solicitude yielded before the increasing impulse here to realize some extraordinary discovery. He had become excited to such a degree, that, notwithstanding the interruption of the storm, he followed the directions received in his dream, by searching thoroughly among the raised up rubbish and mould with scrupulous attention. His faithful attendant, Lynx, assisted him with more than instinctive perseverance in this labour, scratching and turning up the earth with his snout, till, at last, he barked vehemently, and stood as if rivetted to one spot. Wolfe started back as the light fell upon an AXE OR HATCHET, that lay at his feet. "What may this import?" said he, and lifting it up, he stepped out of the dark shades of the cavern into the free air. The solitary star was reflected on the steel; but, at the same time, Wolfe beheld, with horror, deeply rusted stains of blood, which irresistibly agitated his heart, and, full of obscure apprehensions, he exclaimed, "Murder! a secret, dark, and barbarous murder!" His whole frame trembled with indignation, and the desire of just vengeance; and taking the hatchet under his mantle, without having determined what course to pursue, he returned back to his quarters.

His white cloak fluttering in the wind—his upraised hair staring and wild over his angry contracted brows; and his eyes, too, considering the temper in which he was, must have looked sufficiently formidable. He now happened to encounter Mein-herr John, who, quietly looking at the weather was smoking his morning pipe under the gate-way. "Look here, master," cried

Wolfe, drawing the hatchet from under his cloak, "see what I have chanced to find this morning!" The tobacco pipe fell from the butcher's hands—his eyes became wild, and his lips quivered, then murmuring in a hollow voice "blood will have judgment, I am doomed at last!" he clasped his hands, and fell down dead, with his face to the earth, in a fit of apoplexy.

Wolfe stood as if rooted to the spot, still holding the axe with uplifted arm, when Louisa looked over his shoulder, and in a piercing voice exclaimed, "Oh heavens! that is Andrew's own hatchet—there is his name on the handle—Andrew Wolfe!"—Then the whole connection of events flashing with the rapidity of lightning on her mind, she clasped her hands together, and almost breathless with horror, exclaimed, "That is his blood!—They have murdered him!"

The alarm had brought together all the inhabitants of the house, who thronged about Wolfe, and urged him to unravel the frightful mystery. To him it appeared, as if his head and breast were loaded with a weight of iron. Words and thoughts both failed him, as if frozen up, motionless and dead, within his soul. He stared at the letters upon the hatchet—his brain whirled—as if a wheel were within it—suddenly tears burst from his eyes—then the spirit of vengeance returned—he fell upon the prostrate butcher, and violently lifted him from the ground, exclaiming, "Thou hellish blood-hound, hast thou murdered him?" The cold, pale lips, however, opened not again, for death had finally sealed them. Wolfe drew back, therefore, after having let the stiffening corse slowly sink down; then looking wildly around him, rushed from the house towards the garden. The spectators, perceiving his design, followed him with shovels and pick-axes, with which they assisted him to search, until they had at last drawn from the grave the remains of a dead body, now reduced to a skeleton so that nothing more was recognizable but a silver ring, which, uninjured, still adhered to one of the withered fingers. On beholding this, Louisa, with trembling lips could only pronounce, "It is he—'twas I who gave him the ring!" And Wolfe, on hearing this, immediately fell down in a state of insensibility, from which they were not able to recover him.

After our hero, under the influence of frightful nervous spasms, had been carried to an hospital, where he fell sick of a mortal fever, the legal authorities of the city found evidence to prove that, seven years before, a stout, young, active lad, by name Andrew Wolfe, had entered into the ser-

vice of Mein-herr John, the butcher. He was a ready penman and accountant, and soon became indispensable to his master, whose business, after Andrew's arrival, was rapidly improved, and he himself was reconciled with customers who, for a long while, had been estranged. Mein-herr John therefore moderated, in some degree, the usual roughness of his temper and demeanour; and Andrew himself bore much with patience on account of the sincere love which he cherished for Louisa. Their attachment was mutual; and as the good diligent youth had gathered together a little capital of his own, he hoped in a short time to be able to undertake some business for himself, and provide for the worldly comfort of his intended bride. He had just made up his mind to disclose those intentions to his master, when one evening the wicked Martin, a graceless journeyman in whom no one had any trust, contrived to entice him into a game of hazard, in which Mein-herr John also joined, and both tacitly conspired together to pillage the poor lad of the little fortune he had so anxiously saved. Contrary to their expectations, however, he won from both; and when it grew late, on Louisa making signs to him to go, he broke off at last, and retired to his apartment, having first hastily embraced his mistress, and whispered her, that to-morrow all would be finally arranged for their marriage, and that she should have no fears for the future. Several people in the house had overheard Mein-herr John whispering that same evening with Martin on the stairs, and seen them afterwards go up to Wolfe's chamber. The following day Andrew had disappeared, no one knew where or how. His master gave out that he had deserted to the French army, and had marched away with them.

After these disclosures were made, it was found that the villain Martin was missing; and, on inquiry, it appeared, that in the morning early he had fled on horseback, no doubt, sooner or later to be overtaken by merited judgment.

Louisa, with calm resignation, attended Wolfe in his illness, who in lucid intervals was still able to converse with her, and often folding his hands with deep sighs, said, "God has avenged us, and we must forgive the guilty!" These indeed were his last words, and in uttering them he closed his honourably-unstained existence. Louisa laid the Cypress Crown (which she had taken down from the nail in his apartment) upon the coffin, and she and Lynx followed at a distance, when his comrades bore him to the grave, and deposited his

remains beside those of his brother, who had previously been interred with Christian rites.

Often Louisa still weeps over their grave; yet her heart is more tranquil, for Andrew was not faithless, and God has judged his murderers. With pious submission waits this poor drooping flower, till the storm of life shall wholly lay it in the dust, and refuge is found at last in the night of the grave.

SIR GEORGE ROOKE.

When the brave Sir George Rooke was making his will, some friends who were present expressed their surprise that he had not more to leave. "Why," said the worthy man, "I do not leave much, but what I do leave was honestly acquired, for it never cost a sailor a tear, nor my country a farthing."

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In consequence of the length of the Cypress Crown (which we flatter ourselves has proved interesting to our readers) we have been unable to present them with their usual chapter of Gleaning.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We had almost thought our correspondent P. R. C. had forgotten us, his communications will be inserted as soon as possible. It is a mistake in the printing that has caused the faults mentioned by C. Bradbury, the poetry just received will be inserted, his anecdotes will be acceptable. The Mysterious Duel by J. S. Dentry will appear in No. 22. Antiquarian Researches No. 2, has come to hand. The Lost Time, by J. G. B. does not suit us. Some of the anecdotes relative to Gardening will be inserted. Communications from Harriet F. and S. Farley are received. We have already so many communications waiting for insertion that we are sure we shall not be able to insert the account of Canterbury Cathedral. We think I. J. B. Turner is somewhat impatient his pieces will be inserted as soon as possible. Some narratives by J. H. Smith have been received but we have not been able to peruse them.

London: printed and published by Sears, 29, Charter-house Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 21.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1831.

Price 1d.



SOME ACCOUNTS OF THE BARONESS VALERIE DE KRUDENER.

The Baroness Valerie de Krudener, an *illuminée* of the nineteenth century, was perhaps, formed to become one of the most useful and distinguished women of the age had she not given herself up to a mystical vocation, an exalted illuminism, and a religious enthusiasm, which reason disavows and the present state of knowledge repels; and which struck with sterility, and even covered with ridicule, the most amiable gifts and the most remarkable faculties of the mind. She was the daughter of Count Wittenkoff, governor of Riga, and great grand-daughter of the celebrated Marshal Munich. She was born in 1765. She possessed an enchanting countenance, an elegant and ready wit, with flexible features, which always expressed mind and

sentiment. She was of the middle stature, beautifully formed; her blue eyes always displayed serenity, with an animation that as Diderot expressed it, traversed the past in the future. Her brown hair fell in ringlets on her shoulders, and there was something in her person and manner, that seemed new, singular, and striking.

She conceived herself to be a messenger of the Almighty, and possessed of an irresistible calling. She forgot the distinctions she had enjoyed; she forgot her friendships and all the vanities of the world; she wept over mankind, their errors, and even her own youth. She had been a widow for some years, and she divided her time between her mother and those works of charity of which she was prodigal, and which

soon drew upon her the suspicions of the government. A great number of persons in distress, to whom she gave an asylum, followed her wherever she went.

The events of the earth followed their course, and Napoleon fell. Valerie considered this a propitious moment for that conversion of mankind which she had so courageously undertaken. To Paris she followed the Emperor Alexander, whom she called "*The Lord's anointed*," and whom she seriously believed chosen by heaven to be the regenerator of the world: there, giving herself entirely to the delirium of her disordered imagination, she left no means untried to make proselytes.

Subject, herself, to the empire of that glowing faith, to which she easily converted all who heard her without distrust, this woman, whom we cannot blame without pitying, and on whom the philosopher looks with more compassion than surprise, very frequently fancied herself transported into the regions of death and eternal life, and that there she held converse with the angels.

David (by which name she designated her "*Lord's anointed*," the Emperor Alexander) quitted Paris, and she followed him. From this period her life was a series of trials and tribulations, which she received as the gifts of heaven.

Her friends in Germany had forgotten her; her faithful flock had abandoned their leader. She was forbidden to enter France; she wandered from one Swiss canton to another, tormented and persecuted by the magistrates, who would let her have no rest. At length the canton of Argovie offered her an asylum: aided by M. Empeytas, she preached a long time at Arau and its vicinity: thousands of the faithful hastened from the borders of the lakes and mountains, to eat the bread of life from the hands of the founder of the new worship. The prophetess, standing on a hillock, preached for five or six hours together in the open air, and these improvisations, these long journies, the absence of sleep, and the want of food, had no effect on the health of Valerie.

Her powers of persuasion were very great, and many who "went to laugh remained to pray." Her followers at last fell away, and, no doubt, relapsed into sin, and she was suffered to expire in the Crimea, almost alone and forgotten, in the month of January 1825.

UGGERO THE DANE.

(FROM THE ITALIAN.)

Uggero, son of Godfrey, King of Denmark, was one of the most renowned war-

riors of the days of Charlemagne. Under Duke Namo of Bavaria, he had studied the art of war, and the first battle in which he was engaged, though quite a youth, he gave the most astonishing proofs of courage and intrepidity. He now resided at the Danish court, sighing to hear once more the clash of arms.

Soon was the wish of the heroic Dane gratified. He was called into Italy by Charles the Great, who had advanced with a numerous army towards Rome, to defend it from the Saracens. In a former battle these infidels had taken from the Christians their ancient and sacred banner, which our hero now determined to recover. Therefore, throwing himself into the midst of the enemy, he seized and carried off the Oriflamme in triumph.

Commanded by two such brave warriors the Christians soon put the infidels to flight and amid the acclamations of his people, Charles the Great returned victorious to his capital.

The Emperor's son Charles served in the campaign along with Uggero; but in every respect this young man was unlike his brave and noble father. Being cowardly, base, envious, and malignant, the fame and glory of Uggero, far from inspiring him with generous emulation, served only to kindle his envy; and every heroic action of the Dane increased the hatred and dislike which he felt towards him. He allowed no opportunity to escape of disparaging our hero, and when in battle, always endeavoured to have him placed in the most dangerous situations, hoping by these means to get rid of his rival in arms; but the Danish warrior always escaped uninjured and victorious.

Uggero had left behind him a son, of whom he had formed the highest expectations. The young Baldwin had already given promise of one day surpassing his father in the practice of arms, when he received a mandate from the latter to quit the Danish court, and repair to that of France, there to benefit by his own instructions.

Under such a master, the noble youth made the most rapid progress. To a handsome person, he united courage, magnanimity, and generosity; in a word, he was all that a father could desire. Here was another rival to Charles. If he hated the father, he still more detested the son, and only waited an opportunity of venting his fury against him. That opportunity was, alas! too speedily found. Encountering the young Baldwin one day in the suburbs of Paris, he so grossly insulted him, that the hand of the Dane was instantly upon his sword but, ere he could draw it from

its scabbard, the cowardly villain laid him dead at his feet.

When the body of his murdered son, the sword still reeking with his blood, was brought before the father, horror and amazement rendered him for some time speechless. To this unnatural calmness there succeeded the most dreadful fury. Fire flashing from his eyes, he grasped the sword, madly rushed towards the palace, and furiously entered the hall, vowing vengeance against the murderer. On observing Charles, who, pale and trembling, had taken refuge behind the emperor, he sprung upon him, and grasping him with one hand, in the other he held the sword before his eyes, and exclaimed, "Wretch, behold the blood of my son,—it calls for vengeance." Brandishing it high in the air, he seemed about to strike the fatal blow, when the Duke of Bavaria suddenly rushed upon him, wrenched the sword from his hand, forced him to quit his victim, and while the emperor thundered, "Away with him to prison!" he dragged him from the chamber. On hearing the emperor's dread command, the attendant knights, afraid for the life of the hero, threw themselves at the monarch's feet, imploring his pardon; but, highly incensed at the insult he had received, Charlemagne imperiously commanded them to rise and quit his presence, and never again to mention Uggero's name before him; then turning from them the haughty monarch left the hall.

The knights now exclaimed, "Uggero is lost!" But no——. On learning how basely the young Baldwin had been murdered by his son, Charlemagne had too much justice and generosity to take the father's life, but, to mark his high displeasure, he banished him the kingdom; and the wretched parent returned to the Danish court, bitterly deploring the death of a beloved and only son.

Under the command of Bruiero, one of their bravest generals, the Saracens now renewed the war; and Charlemagne learned, with astonishment, that they were rapidly advancing towards his capital. He instantly summoned his forces to Paris; but having no such warrior as the Danish hero, and being at this time deprived also of his bravest troops, Charles the Great was seen to tremble.

All eyes were now turned to the Danish court, and one and all deeply deplored the absence of the undaunted leader, who had so often led them to battle against these barbarians; but no one had courage to utter the name of the banished Uggero.

At last the Duke of Bavaria, throwing himself at the feet of the monarch, with

tears and supplications urged his recall. But tears and entreaties alike proved vain. The emperor's determination remained unshaken; and the duke, who loved Uggero as his son, retired from the royal presence overwhelmed with sorrow.

The gloomy and sullen looks of the knights at length forced the monarch to recall their idol; and the Duke of Bavaria was dispatched to the Danish court to urge his return. On being made acquainted with the emperor's request, Uggero stood for some moments lost in deep thought, then throwing himself upon his knees, he remained some time in prayer. Rising from this act of devotion, he exclaimed, "Yes, Namo, go tell the emperor that Uggero returns, but returns on one condition only:—if he obtains a victory over the infidels, the murderer of his son becomes his prisoner; and this," thundered Uggero, "the emperor must seal with an oath."

When the duke again appeared before Charlemagne, and informed him of the hero's stipulation, the monarch indignantly exclaimed, "What a father give up a son as a prisoner to his mortal enemy! No, never. Uggero shall remain at the court of Denmark." But the approach of a powerful enemy to the very gates of his capital, and the fear of a mutiny among his troops, at length forced the haughty monarch to yield, and the banished Uggero was recalled.

When the warrior again appeared in the camp, he was greeted with loud acclamations, and the emperor instantly conferred upon him the supreme command. Christians and infidels being now prepared for battle, they only waited for the signal of attack, when Uggero, to spare the effusion of human blood, nobly offered to terminate the contest by single combat with the Saracen general, a proposal which the infidel had the temerity to accept. In dreadful suspense the contending armies awaited the issue of the combat. The signal being given by the emperor, these two lions of war rushed furiously upon each other. The scimitar of the Saracen was opposed to the battle-axe of the Dane, and it required all our hero's address to cope with his rival in arms. But at last a well-directed stroke from the weapon of Uggero felled his opponent to the ground, and the infidel rolled at the feet of the warrior. A cry of horror burst from the camp of the Saracens, whilst a shout of joy resounded from that of the Christians.

Uggero was now borne in triumph to the Royal Pavillion, where, bending the knee, he laid the scimitar of his enemy at the feet of the monarch.

But soon the hero sprung from the ground, and drawing his sword exclaimed, "Sire, remember your oath!" and instantly the ghastly, trembling, and terrified victim stood before him. Uggero looked fiercely upon him, and while again brandishing his sword, he exclaimed, "Now is the time for vengeance!—instantly shalt thou suffer the reward of thy crimes." And with these words, he rushed furiously towards the fainting Charles, who, overcome with terror, fell senseless to the ground.

A cry of horror burst from the emperor. But Uggero, disdaining to take the life of the assassin, threw the weapon from him, and prostrating himself before the monarch, exclaimed, "You feel for me, Sire, as a father; I restore to thee thy son—him who so cruelly deprived me of mine."

At this act of tenderness and generosity, loud acclamations rent the air, and the emperor, tears filling his eyes, fell upon the neck of Uggero, and fervently embraced him.



FISHER BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

When Henry VIII. demanded of the convocation the surrender of the small abbeys of England, the clergy in general agreed to his requisition; but Fisher, bishop of Rochester, arrested the yielding disposition of his brethren, by an eloquent address to them. He quoted the fable of the axe which wanted an handle; and concluded by saying, "and so, my lords, if you grant the king these smaller monasteries, you do but make him a handle, whereby, at his own pleasure, he may cut down all the cedars within your libanus; and then you may thank yourselves after you have incurred the displeasure of Almighty God."

This speech changed the minds of all those who were formerly disposed to gratify the king's demands, so that all was rejected for that time. On this the king sent Cromwell to the bishop, to know what he would do if the Pope should send him a cardinal's hat? "I should improve it," replied he, "to the best advantage that I could in assisting the holy catholic church; and in that respect, I would receive it on

my knees." Cromwell having reported this answer to the king, he said with great indignation, "Yea! is he yet so lusty? well, let the pope send him a cardinal's hat when he will. Holy Mother! he shall wear it on his shoulders then, for I will leave him never a head to set it on." Henry was as good as his word, and sent to the block one of the most virtuous and upright prelates that his kingdom ever produced.

THE ORPHAN BOYS TALE.

(For the Scrap Book.)

Stay, lady! stay, for mercy's sake,
And here a helpless orphan's tale!
Oh! sure my lips must pity wake—
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy.
Poor foolish child? how pleased was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came,

Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame !
To force me home my mother sought ;
She could not bear to see my joy ;
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud,
My mother shudd'ring, closed her ears ;
" Rejoice ! rejoice !" still cried the crowd :
My mother answer'd with her tears.
" Why are you crying thus," said I,
" While others laugh and shout with
joy ?"

She kiss'd me—and with such a sigh !
She called me her poor orphan boy !

" What is an orphan boy ?" I said—
When suddenly she gasped for breath
And her eyes clos'd :—I shriek'd for aid,
But, ah ! her eyes were clos'd in death !
My hardships since I will not tell :
But, now no more a parents joy,
Ah ! lady, I have learnt too well,
What 'tis to be an orphan boy.

O ! were I by your bounty fed !
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide—
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread ;
The sailor's orphan boy has pride—
Lady, you weep !—Ha !—this to me !
You'll give me clothing, food, employ ?
Look down, dear parents ! look and see
Your happy, happy, orphan boy.

W. T. A.

LINES TO CAROLINE

ON HER REPROVING ME FOR SMILING.

Ah ! frown not thus to see me smile
Whilst youth and gladness stay,
Perchance before we meet again
These smiles may pass away.

Perchance the chills of cold mishap,
May wreath this brow with pain,
Perchance this merry heart may break,
Before we meet again.

Perchance green grass may wildly wave
Upon my early tomb,
Then let me smile whilst roses last,
For short may be their bloom.

ELIZA A—

KINGS OF ENGLAND

No. 1.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

Few princes have been more fortunate than this great monarch, or were better entitled to prosperity and grandeur for the abilities and vigour of mind which he displayed in all his conduct. His ambition, which was exorbitant, and little under the restraint of justice, and still less under those of humanity, ever submitted to the

dictates of reason and sound policy. His spirit was bold and enterprising, yet guided by prudence. Born in an age when the minds of men were untractable and unacquainted with submission, he was yet able to direct them to his purposes ; and, partly from the ascendant of his vehement disposition, and partly from art and dissimulation, to establish an unlimited monarchy. Though not insensible to generosity, he was hardened against compassion, and seemed equally ostentatious and ambitious of eclat in his clemency and his severity. The maxims of his administration were severe ; but might have been useful, had they been solely employed in preserving order in an established government : they were ill calculated for softening the rigours which, under the most gentle government, are inseparable from conquest.

His attempt against England was the last enterprize of the kind, which, during the course of seven hundred years, had fully succeeded in Europe ; and the greatness of his genius broke through those limits, which, first the feudal institutions, and the refined policy of princes, have fixed on the several states of Christendom. Though he rendered himself infinitely odious to his English subjects, he transmitted his power to his posterity, and the throne is still filled by his descendants ; a proof that the foundation which he laid was firm and solid, and that among all his violences, while he seemed only to gratify the present passion, he had still an eye towards futurity. He died Sept. 9, 1087, aged 63.

No. 2.—WILLIAM RUFUS.

The memory of this monarch is transmitted to us with little advantage by the churchmen, whom he had offended ; and though we may suspect in general that their account of his vices is somewhat exaggerated, his conduct affords little reason for contradicting the character which they have assigned him, or for attributing to him any very estimable qualities : he seems to have been a very violent and tyrannical prince ; a perfidious, encroaching, and dangerous neighbour ; an unkind and ungenerous relation. He was equally prodigal and rapacious in the management of the treasury ; and, if he possessed abilities he lay so much under the government of impetuous passions, that he made little use of them in his administration ; and he indulged entirely the domineering policy which suited his temper, and which if supported, as it was by him, with courage and vigour, proves often more successful in disorderly times, than the deepest

foresight and more refined artifice. The monuments which remain of this prince in England are the Tower and Westminster-hall, which he built. He died August 2, 1100, aged 40.

R. C. B.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S PROBATION.

From the German of Langbein.

A young Englishman, from gaming, love-affairs, and other such gold-scattering enjoyments, had so nearly reached the dregs of his great-grandfather's hereditary portion, that he could calculate the departing hour of his last guinea. As one evening he was returning home from one of those haunts of dissipation which he habitually frequented, feeble in body as in mind, and, for the first time in his life, casting a firm look upon the ruin of his fortune, he could not well determine whether he should end his troubles by drawing a trigger or by throwing himself into the Thames.

While he thus wavered betwixt fire and water, the very profound idea occurred to him not to lay violent hands upon himself, but to allow himself to be conducted out of the labyrinth of poverty by the fair hand of some wealthy bride. With this consoling thought he went to bed, and already in his nocturnal visions the rapid racers flew, the fair girls frisked around him, both of which he was happy in thinking he might maintain in future upon the dowry of his wife.

On the following morning he reflected anew upon his plan, and found it unexceptionable in every point excepting the very slight circumstance of not knowing when or where he was to find the rich heiress he wanted. In London, where all the world regarded him as a spendthrift, it was not once to be thought of; he saw that for the future he must throw his nets out elsewhere.

After much cogitation and searching he at last hit upon an old, rich colonel, living upon his own estate, about twenty miles from the capital, who fortunately had no acquaintances in London, and was the father of an only daughter.

Into the house of this gentleman, by means of a friend, to whom he promised half the booty, he got himself introduced and received. The daughter of the colonel was an awkward country girl, with round chubby cheeks like Reuben's cherubim, and looked particularly odd in the hand-me-down attire of her sainted mother, which did not at all fit her, and was of course not of the most fashionable cut. Her mind, too, was as attractive as her attire: she could only talk of hens and

geese; and when any other topic came above-board, her conversation was limited to a "yes, yes," or a "no, no;" all beyond this seemed to her sinful.

This wooden puppet was indeed a mighty contrast to the sprightly, gay, and lively nymphs with whom the young Briton had, until this period, been toying; but he carefully confined to the solitude of his own bosom the disagreeable feeling of this heaven-and-earth distant difference. His flattering tongue called the girl's silliness celestial innocence, and her red, swollen cheeks he likened to the beauty of the full-blown damask rose. The end of the song was, he turned to the father and sued warmly for his daughter's hand.

The colonel, during his sixty years' career through the world, had collected this much knowledge of mankind, that however slyly this young man had masked himself, he could, nevertheless, discover the fortune-hunter peeping through the disguise. At first, therefore, he thought of peremptorily refusing him permission to woo his daughter; but on the other hand, he thought, "the youth is fashionable, and perhaps I may be doing him injustice;—he, as yet, betrays no anxiety about the portion, and why should the girl, who is marriageable, remain longer at home? His request shall be granted,—but his apparent disinterestedness shall stand a decisive trial."

The suitor was then informed that the father had no objections to the match provided his daughter would give her consent; and she, poor thing, replied as in duty bound,—“My father's will is mine.” Indeed, could anything else be expected.

In the course of a few weeks the marriage ceremony was performed at the country-house of the colonel, and he instantly made his son-in-law acquainted with his wife's portion, which in German money might amount to thirty thousand dollars. The dissembler acted as if he wished to know nothing about the matter, and solemnly vowed that he had not, as yet, thought of such things, but had regarded only the noble qualities of his charming wife, whose pure self was dearer to him than all the treasures of the world.

Upon this they sat down to table, and the father-in-law urged and begged that they would make as much haste as possible, as it was his intention that the young married people should set off that very afternoon for London, and that he should accompany them.

The son-in-law was confounded and began to make some excuses about travelling on the first day of his happiness; but the soldier maintained that these were futile, assuring him that he had particular reasons

for proceeding forthwith to the capital, and that his matrimonial joys would be as well realized in London as in the country. What was to be done? Why the journey was immediately undertaken. The old man secured in a small casket, before the eyes of the bridegroom, the portion of the bride, partly in gold and partly in bank notes, took it under his arm, and placed himself by the side of the young people in the carriage.

The road ran through a forest, and scarcely had they fairly entered it, when two horsemen darted out from the brushwood, with masks upon their faces, and stopped the carriage. One of the persons watched the postillion with a presented pistol, while the other approached the coach window, and said, "We are adventurers, and request you to give us up instantly the portion of the bride!"

The colonel and his son-in-law swore and ranted, but the robber coolly insisted upon his demand. After some parleying, however, the horseman bent towards the young man, and whispered in his ear, "That you may see we are most reasonable men, we leave you the choice of two things,—give us either the bride or her portion: for certain reasons it is quite immaterial to us, and, moreover, no one shall ever know your decision."

The bridegroom did not think long about the matter, for he whispered, "Take the bride!" "Brother," cried the robber to his accomplice, "we shall take the bride."

In the twinkling of an eye the soldier seized his gentle son-in-law by the neck, shook him violently, and exclaimed with a thundering voice, "Hh! villain! so my conjecture was not unfounded, that you cared not for my daughter, but merely for her fortune! God be praised that my child and my money are not yet irrevocably in your clutches! Know, then, knave! the man who married you was no clergyman, he was a brother soldier in priest's attire; and these gentlemen are no highwaymen, but friends who have done me the service of proving you. Since then you have laid open your whole vileness, we shall have no more connexion. I shall return home with my daughter and my money, and you may go to London—or to the devil!"

With these words he transplanted the astonished bridegroom with a kick from the carriage to the road, and ordered the postillion to turn about. The outlaw trudged back to London, and had, while upon the road, the fairest and best opportunity of determining whether he should now use a pistol, or throw himself into the river.

BURIAL AT SEA.

ORIGINAL.

From his room to the deck they brought him drest—

For his funeral rites, at his own request,
With his boots and stock and garments on,
And nought but the breathing spirit gone,
For he wished a child might come and lay.
An unstained hand upon his clay.

Then they wrapped his corse in the tarry sheet,

To the dead as Arabia's spices sweet,
And prepared him to seek the depths below,

Where waves never beat nor tempest blow
No steeds with their nodding plumes where here,

No sabled hearse and no coffin or bier,

To bear with parade and pomp away
The dead to sleep with his kindred clay.
But the little group, a silent few,
His companions mixed with the hardy crew
Stood thoughtful around till a prayer was said

O'er the corse of the deaf unconscious dead.

They bore his remains to the vessel's side,
And committed them safe to the dark blue tide,

One sullen plunge—and the scene is o'er,
The sea rolled as it rolled before.

J. B. TURNER.

THE PARTING.

(FROM THE ARABIC.)

The boatmen shout,—'tis time to part,
We can no longer stay;—

'Twas then Maimana taught my heart
How much a glance can say.

With trembling steps, to me she came,
'Farewell,' she would have cried;
But ere her lips the word could frame,
In half-formed sounds it died.

Then bending down, with looks of love,
Her arms she round me flung,
And, as the gale hangs on the grove,
Upon my breast she hung.

My willing arms embraced the maid,
My heart with raptures beat,
While she but wept more and said
'Would we had never met!'

GLEANINGS.

COPIOUS TEA-DRINKING.

A frenchman being in company at a tea drinking party, did not observe it was customary to put the spoon into the cup when any body had drank enough, and the mistress of the house imagining he was fond of tea by the omission, sent him cup

after cup till he had drank above a dozen dishes of tea, which he, with the politeness so peculiar to his countryman, could not refuse. At length, however, seeing the servant approach with more, he exclaimed "Hélas, Madame, J'ai bu quatorze, et Je n'en puis plus." (Alas, Madam, I have drank fourteen, and I can take no more,

J. A. M.

INGREDIENTS OF A MODERN DUEL.

Two fools, with each an empty head,
Or like their pistols, lined with lead;
Two minor fools, to measure distance,
A surgeon, to afford assistance;
A paragraph to catch the fair,
And tell the world how brave they are,

J. S. DENTRY.

FEAR UPON FEAR.

"I am absolutely afraid," said the duke of Buckingham to Sir Robert Viner, "I am absolutely afraid *I shall die a beggar*"—"At the rate you go on," replied Sir Robert, "I am afraid it will be worse—I fear you will *live one*."

J. S. DENTRY.

TO A PERSON DESIROUS OF SEEING HIS
NAME IN PRINT.

Sir,—the readiest way is to get into debt,—
Then your name you may see in the *London Gazette*.

LORD ERSKINE.

A gentleman of very plain understanding asked Mr. (afterwards lord) Erskine, what was meant by that passage in scripture, "He is clothed with curses." "Nothing," replied the wit "but that the man has got a *habit* of swearing."

EPITAPH ON A PHYSICIAN.

Here doctor Fisher lies interr'd,
Who fill'd the half of this churchyard.

PUNISHMENT OF A COWARD.

The Ephori of Sparta imposed a heavy fine upon a citizen for having suffered many injuries to be done to him without resentment, saying, "The State might serve itself with his fine, for they could not expect he would serve his country by his personal valour, that would not right himself, when basely wronged."

A stone at the head of the grave of the celebrated William Huntingdon exhibits the following Epitaph dictated by himself a few days before his death.

"Here lies the Coal Heaver,
Who departed this life July 1st. 1813.
In the sixtieth year of his age.
Beloved of his God,
But abhor'd of man.

The Omniscient Judge at the Grand assise
Shall ratify and confirm the same,
To the confusion of many thousands.
For England and its Metropolis shall
know,
That there hath been a prophet
Among them!

W. H.

LORD NORBURY

Upon one occasion was so pressed, going up the grand staircase to the King's levee, that he would have fallen but for the general solicitude and kindness felt for him: having recovered himself by the assistance of those about him, he addressed the Lord Chancellor, who was near him—"My Lord Chancellor, we have tried many *hard cases*, but you will allow that this *staircase* is the hardest of all!"

The following tribute to the memory of Mr. William Curtis, the eminent botanist, is copied from his grave-stone in Battersea church-yard:

While living herbs shall spring profusely
wild,
Or gardens cherish all that's sweet and
gay,
So long thy works shall please, dear na-
ture's child,
So long thy memory suffer no decay.

There was a custom in Yorkshire, on Easter Sunday, for the young men in the villages of that county to take off the young girl's buckles. On Easter Monday, young men's shoes and buckles are taken off by the young women. On the Wednesday they are redeemed by little pecuniary forfeits, out of which an entertainment, called a Tansey Cæke, is made, with dancing. This custom is still retained at the city of Durham.

Durand tells us that, on Easter Tuesday wives used to beat their husbands: and on the following day, husbands their wives.

CORRESPONDENTS IN OUR NEXT.

London: printed and published by Sears,
29, Charter-house Square; Berger,
Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Pater-
noster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row;
and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 22.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1831.

Price 1d.



MARIA THERESA.

Maria Theresa, empress-queen of Bohemia and Hungary, was the daughter of the Emperor Charles VI. who, losing his only son, constituted her the heiress of his dominions. She was born in 1717, and at the age of nineteen married Francis of Lorraine; and on the death of her father, in 1740, ascended the throne. No sooner had she attained that envied, though dangerous situation, than the neighbouring princes invaded her dominions on all sides; and she being no longer in safety at Vienna, fled for protection to her Hungarian subjects. She assembled the states, and presenting herself before them with her infant in her arms, addressed them in Latin in the following memorable words: "Abandoned by my friends, persecuted by my

enemies, attacked by my nearest relations. I have no other resource than in your fidelity, in your courage, and my own constancy. I commit to your care the son of your kings, who has no other safety than your protection." At the spectacle of the beauty and distress of their young queen, the Hungarians, a warlike people, drew their swords, and exclaimed as with one voice: "We will die for our queen Maria Theresa." An army was assembled; and the queen, who had two powerful supports in her rare talents, and the love of her people, recovered several important places; the kings of England and Sardinia espoused her cause; and after eight years war, Maria Theresa was confirmed in her rights by the peace of 1748. She then directed

her attention to repairing the evils which war had occasioned; the arts were encouraged and commerce extended. The ports of Trieste and Tiurn opened to all nations, and Leghorn extended her commerce to the Levant and the East Indies. The city of Vienna was enlarged and embellished: and manufactures of cloth, porcelain, silks, &c., were established in its vast suburbs. To encourage science, the empress erected universities and colleges throughout her dominions, one of which at Vienna bears her name. She founded schools for drawing, sculpture, and architecture; formed public libraries at Prague and Inspruck, and raised magnificent observatories at Vienna, Gratz, and Tiernan.

In 1756 the torch of war was again kindled, and was inextinguished till 1763, when the treaty of Hubertsburgh placed the affairs of Germany on nearly the same footing as before the war; the only advantage Maria Theresa reaped, was, electing her son Joseph, king of the Romans in 1764. The next year, she experienced a great domestic misfortune in the loss of her husband, to whom she had been tenderly attached; the mourning she assumed was never laid aside during her life; and she founded at Inspruck a chapter of nuns, whose office was to pray for the repose of the soul of this beloved husband. Vienna beheld her every month water with her tears the tomb of this prince, who for thirty years had been her support and adviser.

After a long and glorious reign, and having beheld her eight children seated on the thrones, or united to the monarchs of some of the most flourishing states of Europe, and after having merited the title of Mother of her country, Maria Theresa descended to the tomb in 1780. Her last moments were employed in shedding benefits upon the poor and orphans; and the following were some of the last words she uttered: "The state in which you now behold me," said she to her son, "is the termination of what is called power and grandeur. During a long and painful reign of forty years, I have loved and sought after truth; I may have been mistaken in my choice, my intentions may have been ill understood, and worse executed; but he who knows all, has seen the purity of my intentions, and the tranquillity I now enjoy is the first pledge of his acceptance, and emboldens me to hope for more. One of the most consoling thoughts on my death-bed," said she, "is, that I have never closed my heart to the cry of misfortune."

GUSTAVUS OF MILAN.

(For the Scrap Book.)

The night was cold, dreary, and tempestuous, well according with the dulness pervading the city, which but a few hours before was gay and cheerful; but one day before and Milan echoed with the merriment of its inhabitants. It was the duke's birth-day, which had been looked and longed for by old and young, by each fond maiden and joyous lover; uninterrupted was the routine of their enjoyments; and the sun had long sunk beneath the distant hills, ere they thought of rest. The morrow of the festival announced the death of the much-loved duke Orlando; he had suddenly expired, and followed his forefather's to that land from whence no traveller returns; there was a mystery about his death which none but his murderers could solve; suspicion was indeed cast by some on his brother Gustavus, their numbers were but few, and as he bore too good a character among the populace to be suspected of such a deed, all ideas of the sort were speedily abandoned, and he was proclaimed governor of the state until the expected issue of his late brother should be born and capable of performing the duties of his station.

The night, as we have before stated, was dreary, and the moon but seldom burst forth from her dark envelope of clouds, to betray the solitary traveller, as he pursued his way through the deserted and cheerless city. There was one person of this description who paced the streets with hasty strides. It was the young count Montalbert, one of those who suspected Gustavus to be murderer of Orlando; ambition alone could have been his motive for perpetrating such a crime; but as he could not possess the dukedom until after the death of the unborn heir, the life of the duchess was unsafe. Montalbert was now hurrying to the palace to apprise her of his fears for her safety; having done this he intended to bid adieu to Milan, for he had heard that he himself was destined by Gustavus to be the next victim, because he had not kept his suspicions respecting the death of the late lamented duke to himself. Two persons in disguise now passed him, but the almost gigantic figure of the one, and the dwarfish appearance of the other, could not be mistaken by the keen eye of Montalbert. They did not perceive him, as he followed closely after them, they stopt upon the bridge leading to the palace, but the intense darkness concealed Montalbert from their view.

"These men take time about their work

Cheranzi," said the tallest of the two. "If I were with them," was the reply, "they should not tarry so long. But look what light is that on yonder turret, it may be them." The next minute a form resembling that of a female, was thrown from the turret. "She is dead, and I am duke," exclaimed Gustavus. At this moment the moon emerging from the clouds, discovered to them the features of Montalbert.

"Menial spy," continued the last speaker. "Villian! murderer!" retorted the young count, who was unarmed and consequently obliged to make the best of his way towards the heart of the city, whether they dared not follow him, and where his horse stood waiting for him, but great was his surprise, on finding, instead of his page, the Lady Gertrude in male attire, still greater was that surprise when she informed him, that she was willing to accompany him in his exile, which offer, (after a short conference on its propriety), was readily accepted by the overjoyed youth, whose exile must indeed have been unsupportable without the company of her he loved, or any other friend. In a few minutes they were without the limits of the city, and on the morrow he conducted her to the friar Anselmo, and was united to her in holy wedlock.

Nineteen summers had passed since the consummation of this marriage, during which time the fugitives had been blessed with two children, a son named Vasco, and a daughter Matilda.

Vasco, who with his usual companion (a young man somewhat his elder), was standing on the brow of a mountain that overlooked the village below. "There are sad disturbances in Milan," said he addressing Orlando, his associate, "the people seem ripe for insurrection." "And what are the reason of these disturbances," asked Orlando. "The populace," answered the first speaker, "consider that they are treated unjustly in being made to supply the expences of the duke's extravagance, while the nobles complain of his marrying a person so far below his rank or dignity. Indeed it is but right they should find fault with such things. Do you know the name of the person, who is so soon to become the duchess?" "Not I," said Orlando, "nor do I care provided it is not Matilda." "My father," continued Vasco, "seems to be a decided enemy to this Gustavus; he has always described him to me as a villain, and a man of no principle whatever, indeed there is something about my fathers manner which at times would make me think he had seen better days, and has himself felt the injustice of this tyrant." "Much the same

with my mother," said Orlando, "she never taught me to think well of either his principles or his deeds. Who she was I know not, but as often as I question her she answers, she has been known for these last nineteen years as nothing more than the poor widow of the village."

At this moment a peasant advanced towards them. "Good news for Vasco," said he, as soon as he approached near enough. "What now," returned the youth. "There is to be a marriage in Milan to-morrow," continued the peasant. "Stale news," said Orlando. "Not very good news for you, Mr. Sulks," said the ploughman, "for the bride is Matilda." "What," exclaimed both youths together, in a voice of astonishment, "what was that you said." "Your sister," answered the peasant, turning to Vasco, in a tone that seemed to say he was the bearer of good news, "is to become the duchess; but I cannot stop, for I have to see your father, so saying he continued his way down the hill, leaving the youth in mute astonishment.

(To be Continued.)

THE RETURN OF NAPOLEON.

Like the coming of the god of war,
Rush'd though the earth my name;
The drum was beat, and wide and far,
Hush'd was the anvil's clamorous toil;
The plough slept in the half-furrow'd soil;
And hosts, like billows, tho' with hearts of
flame,
Circling and closing round the long-lov'd
banner came.

And as the warbling wood-choir throng
Hurriedly around some bird of wonder,
When from its throat a magic song,
First, over mountain, plain, and dell,
And rivulet, is heard to swell,
Stirring each wave and forest leaf like
thunder,
So flock'd the youth of France my eagle's
bright wing under.
And I am still the being I was then,
For lion-souls, though chain'd, make the
whole earth their den.

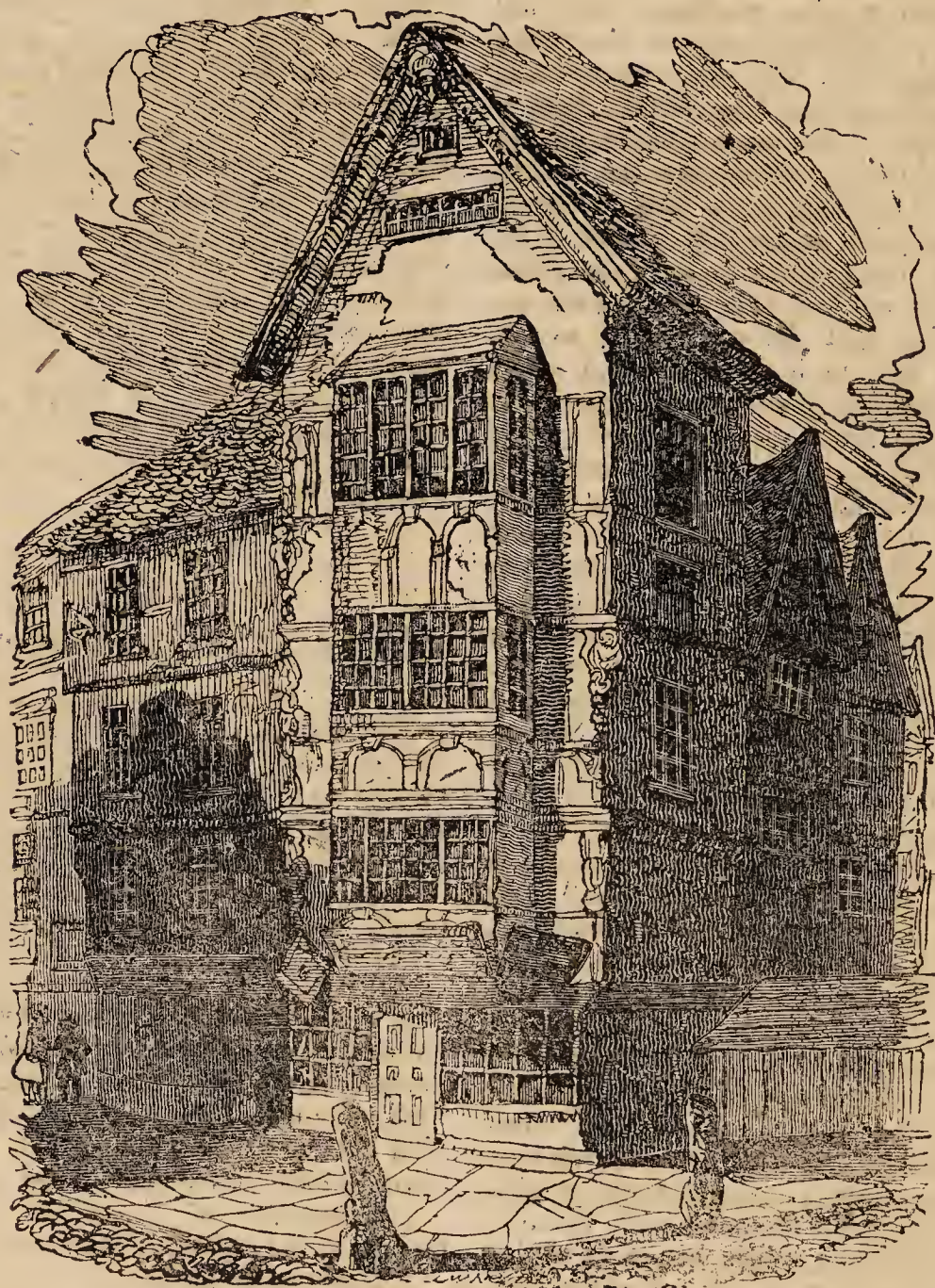
J. A. MOBBS.

HYMN TO CYNTHIA.

Queen, and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep;
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose,
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to cheer, when day did close ;
 Bless us then with wished sight ;
 Goddess, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy chrystal-shining quiver ;
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever :
 Thou that makest a day of night,
 Goddess, excellently bright.



No III.—VIEWS IN TOWN.

OLD HOUSE, CORNER OF CHANCERY LANE, PULLED DOWN IN 1799.

At the corner of this Lane, in Fleet-street, there was, till within a few years, a specimen of the building in the reign of Elizabeth, the stories of which projected over each other from the bottom to top. Considering that an engraving would convey a more correct idea of the style of building than words, we have procured a scarce print from which our artist has engraved the above view.

At the southern extremity of Chancery-

lane, within one or two doors of the end of the street, was the residence of "honest Isaac Walton," that prince of fishermen, whose well-known piscatory work will be esteemed as long as there exists a "brother of the angle."

Chancery or Chancellor's-lane, was so dirty and foul in the time of Edward I., that John Briton, custos of London, had it bared up, to hinder any harm that might happen in passing that way ; and the

bishop of Chichester, whose house was there, kept up the bar for many years; afterwards, however, upon an inquisition made of the annoyances of London, the inquest presented, "That John bishop of Chichester, ten years past stopped up a certain lane, called Chancellor's lane, *levando ibid duas stapulas cum una barrâ*, i. e. by setting up there two staples with one bar across the said line, whereby men with carts and other carriages could not pass." The bishop replied, "That John Briton, while he was custos of London, for that the said lane was so dirty, that no man could pass, set up the said staple and bar, and he granted that what was an annoyance should be taken away;" which was accordingly done by the sheriff.

Opposite to Chancery-lane is one of the entrances to the Temple, above which is a curious specimen of the old buildings in London, projecting windows and gable ends, the facing ornamented with various decorations. In this house was the celebrated exhibition, called Mrs. Salmon's wax work, as well known as the Monument, or St. Paul's. It is one of the oldest houses in London, and from its apparent good state, may yet endure for a considerable time; although, no doubt, the levelling hand of improvement will not allow it to remain for a very long period.

THE MYSTERIOUS DUEL.

This tale, which may be depended on as in every part true, is singular, for the circumstance of its being insolvable, either from the facts that have been discovered relating to it, or by reason; for though events sometimes occur among mankind which at the time seem inapplicable, yet, there being always some individuals acquainted with the primary causes of these events, they seldom fail of being brought to light before all the actors in them, or their confidants are removed from this state of existence.

Mr. Bell was a gentleman, of Annandale, in Dumfries-shire, in the south of Scotland, the proprietor of a considerable estate in that district, part of which he occupied himself. He lost his father when he was an infant, and his mother dying when he was about twenty years of age, left him the sole proprietor of the estate, besides a large sum of money at interest, for which he was indebted, in a great measure, to his mother's parsimony during his minority. His person was tall, comely, and athletic; and his whole delight was in warlike and violent exercises. He was the best horseman and marksman in the county, and valued himself particularly

upon his skill in the broad-sword exercise. Of this he often boasted aloud, and regretted that there was not one in the country whose prowess was in some degree equal to his own.

In the autumn of 1745, after being several days busily and silently employed in preparing for his journey, he left his own house, and went for Edinburgh, giving at the same time such directions to his servants as indicated his intention of being absent for some time.

A few days after he had left his home, in the morning, while his housekeeper was putting the house in order for the day, her master, as she thought, entered by the kitchen door, the other being bolted, and passed her in the middle of the floor. He was buttoned in his great-coat, which was the same he had on when he went from home; he likewise had the same hat on his head, and the same whip in his hand which he took with him. At sight of him, she uttered a shriek, but recovering her surprise, instantly said to him, "You have not staid so long from us, sir!" He made no reply, but went sullenly into his room, without throwing off his great-coat. After a pause of about five minutes she followed him into his room. She asked him if he wished to have a fire kindled? and afterwards, if he was not well? but he still made no reply to any of these questions. She was astonished, and returned into the kitchen. After tarrying about another five minutes, he went out at the front-door, it being then open, and walked deliberately towards the bank of the river Kinnel, which was deep and wooded, and in that he vanished from her sight. The woman ran out in the utmost consternation to acquaint the men who were servants belonging to the house; and coming to the ploughman, she told him that his master was come home, and had certainly lost his reason, for that he was wandering about the house, and would not speak. The man loosed his horses from the plough, and came home; listened to the woman's relation; made her repeat it again and again, and then assured her that she was raving, for their master's horse was not in the stable, and of course he could not have come home. However, as she persisted in the truth of her assertion with every appearance of sincerity it was readily believed by all. After this Mr. Bell did not again appear at his house.

The most probable conjecture was, that as Mr. Bell was known to be so fond of arms, and had left his house on the very day that Prince Charles Steward and his Highlanders defeated General Hawley on Falkirk Moor, he had gone either with him or the Duke of Cumberland, to the north.

It was, however, afterwards ascertained, that he had never joined either of the armies.

About this time, a respectable farmer, whose surname was M'Millan, and who resided in the neighbourhood of Musselburgh, happened to be at Edinburgh about some business. In the evening he called upon a friend who lived near Holyrood House; and being seized with an indisposition, they persuaded him to tarry with them all night. About the middle of the night, he grew exceedingly ill, and not being able to find any rest or ease in his bed, imagined he would be the better for a walk. He put on his clothes, and that he might not disturb the family, slipped quietly out at the back-door, and walked in St. Anthony's garden, behind the house. The moon shone so bright, that it was almost as light as noon-day. He had scarcely taken a single turn, when he saw a tall man enter from the other side, buttoned in a drab-coloured great-coat. It so happened, that at that time M'Millan stood in the shadow of the wall; and perceiving that the stranger did not observe him, a thought struck him that it would not be amiss to keep himself concealed, that he might see what the man was going to be about.

He walked backwards and forwards for some time in apparent impatience, looking at his watch every minute, until at length another man came in by the same way, buttoned likewise in a great coat, and having a bonnet on his head.

He was remarkably stout made, but considerably lower in stature than the other. They exchanged only a single word; then turning both about, they threw off their great coats, drew their swords, and began a most desperate and well-contested combat.

The tall gentleman appeared to have the advantage. He constantly gained ground on the other, and drove him half round the division of the garden in which they fought. Each of them strove to fight with his back towards the moon, so that she might shine full in the face of his opponent, and many rapid wheels were made for the purpose of gaining this position. The engagement was long and obstinate, and by the desperate thrusts that were frequently aimed on both sides, it was evident that they meant one another's destruction. They came at length within a few yards of the place where M'Millan still stood concealed. They were both out of breath; and at that instant a small cloud chancing to overshadow the moon, one of them called out, "Hold, we can't see!" They uncovered their heads, wiped their faces, and as soon as the moon emerged from the cloud, each resumed his

guard. Surely that was an awful pause! and short indeed was the stage between it and eternity with the one! The tall gentleman made a lunge at the other, who parried and returned it; and as the former sprung back to avoid the thrust, his foot slipped, and he tumbled forward towards his antagonist, who dexterously met his breast in the fall with the point of his sword, and ran him through the body. He made only one convulsive struggle, as if attempting to rise, and expired almost instantaneously.

M'Millan was petrified with horror; but conceiving himself to be in a perilous situation—having stolen out of the house at that dead hour of the night—he had so much prudence as to hold his peace, and keep from interfering.

The surviving combatant wiped his sword with great composure, put on his bonnet, covered the body with one of the great coats, took up the other, and departed.

M'Millan returned quietly to his chamber, without awakening any of the family. His pains were gone; but his mind was shocked and exceedingly perturbed: and after deliberating until morning, he determined to say nothing of the matter, and to make no living creature acquainted with what he had seen; thinking that suspicion would infallibly rest upon him. Accordingly, he kept his bed next morning, until his friend brought him the tidings that a gentleman had been murdered at the back of the house during the night. He then arose, and examined the body, which was that of a young man, seemingly from the country, having brown hair and fine manly features. He had neither letters, book, nor signature of any kind about him, that could in the least lead to a discovery of who he was: only a common silver watch was found in his pocket, and an elegant sword was clasped in his cold bloody hand, which had an A and B engraven on the hilt. The sword had entered at his breast, and gone out at his back, a little below his left shoulder. He had likewise received a slight wound on the sword arm. The body was carried to the dead room—it lay for eight days—and though great numbers inspected it, yet none knew who or whence the deceased was, and he was at length buried among the strangers in the church-yard of the Grey Friars.

Sixteen years elapsed before M'Millan once mentioned the circumstance of his having seen the duel, to any person: but, at that period, being in Annandale receiving some sheep that he had bought, and chancing to hear of the astonishing circumstances of Bell's disappearance, he divulged the whole. The time, the description of

his person, his clothes, and, above all, the sword, with the initials of his name engraved upon it, confirmed the fact beyond a shadow of doubt, that it was Mr. Adam Bell whom he had seen killed in the duel behind the abbey. But who the person was that slew him, how the quarrel commenced, or who it was that he appeared to his housekeeper, remains to this day a profound secret, and is likely to remain so till the day when every deed of darkness shall be brought to light.

Some have even ventured to blame M'Millan for the whole, on account of his long concealment of facts, and likewise in consideration of his uncommon bodily strength and daring disposition, he being one of the boldest and most enterprising men of the age in which he lived; but all who knew him despised such insinuations, and declared them to be entirely inconsistent with his character, which was most honourable and disinterested; and besides, his tale has every appearance of truth.

No. 6.—NATURAL HISTORY. THE ELK

Is a species of the *cervus*, or stag. The *alce*, or elk, is an animal so differently described by the ancients, that it is evident they either knew very little of it, or else different writers have described different animals under this name. Pliny tells us that the elk resembles the horse; but that it is distinguished by the length of the neck, and largeness of its ears. Solinus says, that it resembles the mule; and both authors add, that its upper lip is so large, that it cannot feed without moving it backwards. Pliny, from report, affirms the same of the *machlis*, an animal of Scandinavia. Some have compared the elk to the goat, and others to the stag. Some say it was of a dusky yellowish colour; but Cæsar in his commentaries, represents it as variegated with spots. Pausanias tells us, that it resembled the stag kind, but was like the camel in the length of its neck. In the Linnæan system, the elk is a species of the *cervus* or deer, with horns, having short beams spreading into large and broad palms; one side of which is plain, and the outmost furnished with several sharp snags. It has no brow antlers: under the throat it has a small excrescence.

The elk is a wild beast, found in the forests of Muscovy, Sweden, and Prussia; but more abundantly in Canada, and most parts of north America.

It is about the size and figure of a mule, only its snout bigger, its tail shorter, its feet cloven; and that it bears a large ramage, or horn, like that of a deer. Its

length generally about five feet and a half long. Its hair is brown, about the length of that of a goat; and being very elastic, is used for mattresses; its ears nine inches long, and four broad; and its tail not above two inches; its neck short and thick; its skin strong and hard, though thin; so that, according to Linnæus, it will turn a musket ball: its flesh very delicate especially that of the female: the tongues, especially are much commended, and are often brought to us from Russia; and the ligaments of its joints exceeding strong, which has occasioned some authors to say, that its legs had no joints at all; and that it was this made it so ready at sliding on the ice, to save itself from the wolves. It neither runs, nor bounds, but its trot is almost equal to the swiftest running of a deer.

The hunting of the elk, is one of the principal and most agreeable employments of the savages of Canada, Acadia, &c. They choose a time when the snow is on the ground, in which the beast is apt to sink and stick. When they have killed enough with their fire arms to feast for several days, they flay them, and send the skins to the manufacturers, who dress them in oil, like the buffalo skin.

The savages likewise take care to cut off the left hind foot of each beast, especially if it be a female; the hoof of which foot is that applauded remedy for the falling-sickness.

Ancient authors tell us, that to catch the elk, the northern people watch the occasion when it falls down of the epilepsy, which it frequently does; and that they lay hold of it before it can recover strength enough to put its left foot in its ear, which cures it immediately.

And hence it is that the notion of its virtue in the cure of that disease had its rise. The Germans call it *elend*, that is, *misery*, because of the misery it is reduced to, in falling so often into the epilepsy, though it has its remedy always about it; which has given reason to suspect, that the virtue attributed to it is fabulous.

Accordingly, Olaus Magnus, says, it is the outer hoof of the right foot that the elk puts in its ear to cure the epilepsy; which being impossible, it should seem as if Olaus only spoke of it by way of a sneer. He adds, that the blows which the elk deals are so strong, that with its hind feet it will even break the trees; and with its fore feet pierce the hunters through and through; though they are inoffensive animals, unless they are wounded, or in the rutting season.

Pomet gives us the marks to distinguish the genuine *elks claws*; but as their virtue

is very equivocal, not to say imaginary, there is no great harm in being deceived.

W. E. C.

CONTENT, A PASTORAL.

O'er morelands and mountains, rude barren and bare,

As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair
And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home.

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage
had crown'd,

Green rushes were strew'd on her floor,
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,

And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a dainty repast;
Fresh fruits! and she culled me the best:

While thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,

Love slyly stole into my breast!

I told my soft wishes: she sweetly replied,
(Ye virgins her voice was divine!)

I've rich ones rejected, and great ones denied,

But take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek!

So simple, yet sweet, were her charms,
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,

And lock'd the dear maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,

And if, by yon prattler, the stream,
Reclined on her bosom, I sink into sleep,

Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,

Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,

And paint out new themes for my muse:
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,

The damsel's of humble descent;
The cottager Peace is well known for her sire,

And shepherds have named her Content.

GLEANINGS.

Cibber one day calling on Booth, who he knew was at home, a female denied him. He took no notice of this at the time, but when a few days after, Booth paid him a visit in return, called out from the first floor that he was not at home. "How can that be?" said Booth, "Do not I hear your voice?"—"To be sure you do," replied Cibber; "but what then? I believed your servant maid, and it is hard indeed, if you won't believe me."

EPITAPH.

In the church-yard of Barkley is the following epitaph on Dr. Jenner written by a friend.

Within this tomb hath found a resting place
The great physician of the human race—
Immortal Jenner—whose gigantic mind
Brought life and health to more than half
mankind,

Let rescued infancy his works proclaim
And heap out blessings on his honoured
name,

And radiant beauty drop her saddest tear,
For beauty's triest, trustiest friend lies here,

Voltaire said of an apothecary, that his employment, was to pour drugs of which he knew *little*, into a body of which he knew *less*.

EPITAPH ON AN ASS.

(By Dr. Jenner.)

Beneath this huge hillock here lies a poor
creature,

So easy, so gentle, so harmless his nature,
On earth by kind Heav'n he surely was
sent

To teach erring mortals the road to content.

Whatever befell him he bore his hard fate,
Nor envied the steed in his high pamper'd
state.

Though homely his fare was, he'd never
repined

On a dock could he breakfast, on thistles
could dine,

No matter how coarse or unsavory his
salad

Content made the flavour suit well with
his palate;

Now, reader, depart, and as onward you
pass,

Reflect on the lesson you've heard from an
Ass.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Spectre's Voyage by J. H. Smith will be inserted. The Grateful Guest by C. P. will also be inserted, but as there are several correspondents whose communications have been in our hands for a considerable time we cannot promise to do so immediately. We think we have much more reason to feel indignant than V. R., his pieces are most decidedly rejected. We are perfectly aware that the tale mentioned by a Reader is not original. A letter is left at the publishers for T. J. B. Turner. The Soliloquy by Fearon is accepted. The communications of Roderic and S. Farley are received.

London: printed and published by Sears, 29, Charter-house Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 23.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1831.

Price 1d



THE CHAPLET OF PEARLS.

Sir Emeric de Pavia, a valiant Lombard whom king Edward III. had made governor of Calais, was walking moodily on the ramparts of that town: his step was hurried and impatient. He often raised his hand and passed it rapidly across his brow as if he would by that act wipe away some torturing recollection from his brain. Sometimes he stamped furiously on the ground, and at others sat down on the battlements; and while he leaned his head on his clenched hands, the sweat poured from his brow, and his whole frame shook convulsively. At times he looked towards the sun, which had nearly attained his meridian height and was gilding the broad expanse of ocean, the town and castle of Calais, and the distant plains of Picardy with the full effulgence of his beams. At others he stretched his eye across the channel, and looked wistfully, yet fearfully, towards the white cliffs of Dover. So entirely absorbed

in his own reflections was the governor, that he did not observe a person near him wrapped in a long black cloak, who seemed narrowly to watch his motions. The stranger's face was enveloped in his cloak. At first he seemed to avoid coming in contact with Sir Emeric; afterwards, however he crossed his path repeatedly, evidently intending, but not being able, to attract his notice. At length, during one of the most violent of Sir Emeric's paroxysms, the stranger approached him, and tapping him on the shoulder, said in a low but distinct tone of voice, "Then the tale that was told to me is true."

"Ha!" said the governor, starting and grasping his sword, "who and what art thou? What is the tale that has been told thee?"

"That Sir Emeric de Pavia is a traitor!" said the stranger.

"Dastard and liar!" said the governor.

"who and what, I say again, art thou that darest to call Emeric de Pavia a traitor?"

"Behold!" said the stranger, flinging back his mantle and exhibiting the fine majestic features of a man about thirty-five years of age, which were well known to Sir Emeric. The latter fell on his knees, and in a suppliant tone exclaimed, "Guilty, my most gracious liege, guilty, pardon, pardon!"

"Emeric," said king Edward, for it was he, "thou knowest that I have entrusted to thee what I hold dearest in this world, after my wife and children,—I mean the town and castle of Calais, which thou hast sold to the French, and for which thou deservest death."

"Ah! gentle king, have mercy on me!" said the governor; "all that you have charged me with is true, most true; but there is yet time to break the disgraceful bargain. I have not yet received one penny of the filthy lucre for which I agreed to deliver this town and castle to your grace's enemies."

"Emeric," said the king, raising him from his suppliant posture, "I have loved thee well, and even from a child have loaded thee with marks of my favour. Your plot, well and secretly contrived as it was, could not be hidden from me. I had certain intelligence of it a month ago. News was then brought me at Westminster, that thou hadst sold this place to Sir Geoffrey de Charni for twenty thousand crowns, and that this day he is to proceed from St. Omers with his forces and arrive here at midnight, for the purpose of receiving possession from thee. Was my information true or false?"

"It was most true, my liege," said Emeric, again attempting to throw himself at the king's feet.

"Listen to me," said the king, preventing him; "it is my wish that you continue on this treaty. When Sir Geoffrey's forces arrive, lead them to the great tower: and on this condition I promise you my pardon. I have just arrived from England with three hundred men-at-arms, and six hundred archers, but have arrived so privily, that no one but thou knowest that I am here. The prince of Wales and Sir Walter Manny are with me. Go with me that I may give you directions for placing the men in ambuscade in the rooms and the towers of the castle. Sir Walter Manny shall conduct this enterprise; and my son and I, who would at present remain unknown, will fight under his banner."

Again did the repentant governor throw himself at the feet of his sovereign, and again did the latter raise him from his suppliant posture, and assure him of his par-

don, and of his entire oblivion of the intended treason, if he remained faithful to him at the present crisis.

Sir Geoffrey de Charni, accompanied by the Lord of Namur, the Lord de Crequi, Sir Odoart de Reny, and numerous others of the most distinguished among the French lords and knights, arrived from St. Omers, with all the forces he could collect, crossed the bridge of Neuillet, and sat down about midnight before that gate of the castle of Calais which is called the gate of Boulogne. Here he halted, to give time for his rear to come up, and here he found Sir Emeric de Pavia anxiously awaiting his arrival.

"My gallant Lombard," said Sir Geoffrey, "is all well, and are you ready to deliver up possession of the castle?"

"All is well, Sir knight," said the Lombard, "and the castle is yours on payment of the twenty thousand crowns."

"Then Sir Odoart de Reny," said Sir Geoffrey, addressing that knight, who stood by his side, "take with you twelve knights and one hundred men-at-arms, and possess yourself of the castle. That once in our power, we shall soon be masters of the town, considering what strength we have with us—that strength, should it be necessary, may be doubled in a few days. Myself will remain with the rest of the army here in silence; for I mean to enter the town by one of the gates, or not at all."

Thus saying, he delivered to Sir Odoart the twenty thousand crowns in a bag with instructions that he should give them to the Lombard as soon as the French forces had crossed the drawbridge.

"Thou art a very knave, Sir Emeric," said Sir Odoart to the governor, as they rode together to the drawbridge, "to turn recreant to so gallant and chivalrous a king as thine. Thou hast earned the crown's doubtless, but Heaven save me from entitling myself in the like manner to such a booty."

"Thou art marvellously honest on a sudden," said the Lombard; "but to a plain man's apprehension there seems to be no such wondrous difference between the tempter and the tempted, the briber and the bribed, especially when the former is breaking a solemn truce, as should entitle him to plume himself on his superiority to the latter."

"Lead on, lead on, Sir Emeric," said his companion, "we are e'en haggards, and thou art but a coystil; so, as thou sayest, we need not quarrel as to which soars highest."

At a sign from the Lombard, the drawbridge was let down, and one of the gates of the castle opened. Sir Odoart, having

entered with his detachment, placed the bag in Sir Emeric's hands, saying, "The twenty thousand crowns are, I believe, all there. I have not time to count them, for it will be daylight presently."

Sir Emeric taking the bag from his hand, flung it into a room, the door of which he locked.

"Now Sir Odoart," he said, "follow me, and I will conduct you to the great tower, that you may sooner possess yourself of the castle. Behold it there!" he added pointing to a door before them. "Push back the bolts and enter." Thus saying, he disappeared. Sir Odoart and the French advanced: the bolts gave way at their touch, and the great door of the tower flew open.

At that moment, a cry of "Manny, Manny, to the rescue!" rang in their ears and about three hundred men, armed with swords and battle axes, rushed upon Sir Odoart and his little band. They seemed to be commanded by a knight in green armour, who advanced before them, "What!" said he to Sir Odoart, who seeing the impossibility of resisting so disproportionate a force, had given up his sword to him, while his followers imitated his example, "do these Frenchmen think to conquer the castle of Calais with such a handful of men?"

"Sir knight," said Odoart, "that double villain, the Lombard, has betrayed us, or the standard of king Philip of France had floated on the towers of this castle ere now."

"The standard of king Edward," said the green knight, "king of France and England, floats there now, and ill betide the hand that shall attempt to pluck it down. But let us onward to the gate leading to Boulogne:—guard well the prisoners. Manny, Manny, to the rescue!" Thus saying, the captives were shut in the tower, and the English mounting their horses, made for the gate of Boulogne.

In the mean time Sir Geoffrey, with his banners displayed, and surrounded by his forces, was awaiting at the Boulogne gate, with some impatience, the return of messengers from the castle. "If this Lombard," he said to the knight who stood next him, "delays opening the gate we shall all die of cold."

"In God's name," replied the knight, "these Lombards are a malicious sort of people; perhaps he is examining your florins, lest there should be any false ones, and to see if they be right in number."

The day was now breaking, and the gate of the castle was distinctly visible to those outside, when on a sudden it burst open, and amidst deafening shouts of "Manny,

Manny, to the rescue!" a numerous troop of armed warriors, well mounted, galloped towards the French forces. The green knight led them on, preceded by the banner of Sir Walter Manny; and numerous other banners, such as the Earl of Suffolk's the lord Staffords, and the lord Berkeley's, were seen among the English troops. "Betrayed! betrayed!" said Sir Geoffrey de Charni to those who stood about him. "Gentleman, if we fly we shall lose all; it will be more advantageous for us to fight valiantly, in the hope that the day may be ours."

"By St. George!" said the green knight who had approached near enough to hear de Charni's words, "you speak truth—evil befall him who thinks of flying!" then, retreating a little, the English dismounted from their horses, and advancing on foot, for the most part armed with battle-axes, they attacked the enemy.

The battle was short but desperate and sanguinary. The English, incensed at the treachery of the French, and the latter infuriated at the unexpected opposition which they encountered, vied with each other in the fury and zeal with which they contested the victory. Six banners and three hundred archers left the main body of the English army, and made for the bridge of Neuillet, where they found the lord Moreau de Finnes, and the lord de Crequi, who guarded it. The cross-bowmen of St. Omer and Aire were also posted between the bridge and Calais, and met a furious assault from their enemies. They were immediately discomfited and pursued to the river, where more than six hundred of them were drowned. The knights of Picardy for a long time maintained their post against very superior numbers; but reinforcements still pouring in to the English from the town, the French were at length obliged to surrender, or seek their safety in flight.

The green knight performed prodigies of valour. He was frequently seen surrounded by the enemy, but hewing his way through them with his battle-axe Sir Geoffrey de Charni, Sir Henry du Bois, and Sir John de Landes, were all made prisoners by him; and scarcely had one knight surrendered to him, before he was seen attacking another or defending himself from the assault of numbers. He had many times, during the engagement, attempted to come in contact with a French knight, Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, whose extraordinary prowess struck as much terror among the English as that of the green knight's did in the opposite rank; they were scarcely able ever to exchange a blow, before two large bodies meeting where they were fighting, compelled them to break off

the engagement. At length, however the green knight and his opponent met without the intervention of any obstacle. The conflict around them was suspended, as if by the mutual consent of the combatants, and the two armies stood by and gazed at the contention between their respective champions. Twice did Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont fell the green knight to the ground; but he arose, like another Antæus, from his fall each time apparently with renewed strength and vigour. Their battle axes were struck from each other's hand; their spears, which were then resorted to, shivered into a thousand splinters; their swords were the only weapons left to them. With these they held for a long time a doubtful conflict, until at length that of Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont broke against the shield of the green knight, and the latter, pressing irresistibly upon him, threw him to the ground, and planted his foot upon his breast. A tumultuous shout of applause immediately burst from the ranks of the English; and the French, who had already, although fighting with the utmost valour, been defeated at every point, threw away their arms, and surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

"Brave knight," said Sir Eustace to his conqueror, "I yield to your superior prowess, nor blush to be overcome by strength like yours."

"Sir Eustace," said the green knight raising his fallen antagonist, and returning him the sword which he presented him, "you of all men have least cause to blush for the events of this day. By St. George! I have encountered many a tall and stalwart knight in my time, but never one who gave me so much trouble as you have done."

"May I crave your name, courteous knight," said Sir Eustace, "that when the friends of Eustace de Ribeaumont learn that he had been vanquished they may know it was by the hands of one who has doubtless distinguished himself in many a fiercer field than this."

"Sir Eustace," said the green knight, "fear not that the most fastidious of your friends will think your fame for honour or valour tarnished by surrendering yourself to me. As for my name," he added, lifting his beaver, "when next you see these features you will know it. Shall you remember them?"

"They are features, Sir Knight," said de Ribeaumont, "which when once seen are not easily forgotten; but I would speedily pay my ransom money and regain my liberty—when, therefore, I pray you, shall we meet again?"

"To-night at supper, in Calais castle," said the green knight; and as he spake,

the conquerors and the prisoners simultaneously moved towards the gate of Boulogne.

That evening a superb banquet was given in the castle of Calais, to which the French and English knights were alike invited. There was no distinction made between the guests of the two nations, except that the tables of the prisoners were more superbly decorated, and more profusely supplied than those of the captors. A table was placed on an elevated platform at the end of the room, the seats at which were not occupied at the time that the principal part of the company was assembled; but the astonishment of the French knights was extreme, when the doors were thrown open, and the king of England, the prince of Wales, and a numerous train of the most distinguished barons and warriors of England, entered the room. As yet they had imagined that the most eminent person in the ranks of their opponents had been Sir Walter Manny. The wonder and interest of Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont were, however, the most intense of all; for, as he gazed on the features of him who wore the crown and held the sceptre, he recognized the green knight, and perceived that he had been opposed in single combat to the king of England.

The banquet passed off cheerfully, with many expressions on the part of the Frenchmen, of wonder and delight at the distinguished rank of the persons to whom they had been opposed, and the courtesy with which they were treated. At its conclusion, king Edward rose from his seat, and having laid aside his crown, advanced bareheaded, except that he wore a chaplet of fine pearls around his head, down the hall, attended by his son and the lords who had sat down at table with him, for the purpose of retiring from the assembly. As he moved down the hall the knights rose up, and he entered into familiar and courteous conversation with them, especially with his prisoners. As he approached Sir Geoffrey de Charni, his countenance altered and assumed a severe expression. "Sir Geoffrey he said, "I have but little reason to love you, since you wished to take from me by stealth last night, and during the continuance of a solemn truce, what had given me so much trouble and cost me so large a sum of money to acquire, I am, however, rejoiced to have detected and frustrated your attempt. You were desirous of gaining Calais town and castle at a cheaper rate than I did, and thought that you could purchase them for twenty thousand crowns; but through God's assistance you have been disappointed."

This rebuke was given with so much

dignity and feeling, that Sir Geoffrey was unable to utter a syllable in his defence, and the king passed on unanswered. The last person whom he addressed was Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, who stood at the hall door through which the monarch was about to make his exit, and fell on his knees before him.

"Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont," said the king, extending his hand to him, and raising him, "of all men living you are the knight whom I have found most valiant as well in attacking his enemy, as in defending himself. I never found any one in battle who gave me, body to body, so much to do as you have given me to-day. I adjudge the prize of valour to you, above all the knights of my court, as what is justly due to you."

The knight would have expressed his sense of the honour conferred, but the king stopped him by taking the chaplet of pearls which was very rich and handsome, from his own brow, and placing it on Sir Eus-

tace's head: "Sir Eustace," he added, "I present this chaplet to you as the best combatant this day of either party, whether French or English; and I beg you to wear it this year at festivals, for my sake. You are a personable gentleman, young and amorous, and well accepted among the ladies; wherefore, if you will only wear it at all public balls, and declare unto them that the king of England gave it to you as the reward of your valour, I will now release you from your captivity, quitting you wholly of your ransom."

Thus saying, the king left the hall, after the knight, whose feelings could not find utterance, had knelt down and kissed the monarch's hand in token of gratitude and acquiescence. Not only did Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, as long as he lived, wear the chaplet in remembrance of the gift of so renowned a prince, but his family ever afterwards bore for their arms three chaplets garnished with pearls.

Neele's Romance of History.



SEPTEMBER.

Anciently the seventh Roman month, derives its name from the Latin word *Septem*, seven. On the same principle were formed *October* from *Octo*, eight; *November* from *Novem*, nine; and *December* from *Decem*, ten. It is the ninth month in our calendar.

The Saxons called September, *Gerstmonat*, because in this month they generally gathered in *gerst* or *barley*. The drink which they made from *gerst*, was called *beere*, and on this account they often termed *gerst beer-leigh*, as being the grain from which *beere* was made. *Beer-leigh* was soon corrupted into *ber-leigh*, and subse-

quently into *barley*, which is now the only English name used for *Gerst*. In the same manner, the effervescence or froth of beer was first called *beere-heyem*, then corrupted into *berham*, and lastly into *barm*.

The first of September is dedicated by Roman Catholics to the celebrated St. Giles, or *Ægidius*, a native of Athens, and afterwards abbot of Nismes, who flourished in the eighth century.

On September 2nd. (1666 O. S.) the dreadful fire of London commenced, at a baker's house in Pudding Lane, near Fish Street Hill. It raged nearly five days; consumed 400 streets, containing 13,200

dwelling houses, 89 churches besides chapels, four of the city gates, the guild-hall, and many other public and stately edifices; and was finally extinguished at Pie Corner, in the city.

FORGET ME NOT.

"Forget me not!" in accents mild,
My mother says, "beloved child!
Forget me not, when far away
Amidst a thoughtless world you stray.
Forget me not, when fools would win
Your footsteps to the paths of sin.
Forget me not, when urged to wrong
By passions and temptations strong.
Forget me not, when pleasure's snare
Would lead you from the home of prayer.

"Forget me not, in feeble age,
But let me then your thought engage:
And, think, my child, how fondly I
Watch'd o'er your hapless infancy.
Forget me not, when death shall close
Those eyelids in their last repose;
And evening breezes softly wave
The grass upon thy mother's grave.
Oh! then whate'er thy age and lot,
May be, dear child, "Forget me not!"

S. E. FOWER.

GUSTAVUS OF MILAN.

(Continued from page 171.)

"Can it be true, Vasco?" said his companion, as soon as their surprise had a little subsided, "can she be so vain, so false, think you?" "She is innocent!" exclaimed Vasco, energetically, "that I will vouch for, and that a little time will prove." The young men proceeded towards the widow's cottage; as they entered, they heard Montalbert addressing her on the subject of his daughter's conduct. "There must," said he, "have been some compulsion in this affair, riches, or ambition could not have effected this: for my own part, I would as soon see her at the bottom of the sea, as married to Gustavus. It is now necessary for your son to repair towards Milan, not only on this account, but that he may take advantage of the existing disturbances.—" The entrance of the young men interrupted him. The female beckoned her son into a separate apartment. What passed is, at present, unnecessary to relate; it is sufficient to say that, on his return, his teeth were closed, and,

"On his features sat revenge!"

We must now acquaint the reader with what was passing at Milan.—In the spacious Ducal chapel, the altar was splen-

didly decorated for the nuptial ceremony, on either side a priest, awaiting the entrance of the party. The sound of music gave notice of their approach; Gustavus led the fair offspring of Gertrude and Montalbert, whose face was ashy pale; but whether from a sense of guilt, or a dislike to the marriage, the sequel of our story will relate.

The ceremony commenced immediately the party arrived at the altar; the voice of Matilda faltered when it was necessary for her to speak, and on the question, whether she was willing to become the wife of Gustavus, being asked, she firmly declared "No!" Gustavus would have used force, but a voice from the inner apartment withheld him; the doors of the chapel were burst open, and Orlando, advanced to the centre of the chapel, accompanied by Montalbert, Vasco, and a party of his supporters.

"Why this interruption?" asked Gustavus. "It is the young man," answered an aged hireling of the tyrant, (who was well known to Orlando) "to whom the lady was betrothed." "And, think you," continued Gustavus, with a contemptuous smile, "to bear her from us." "I came not for her," replied the youth, as he returned the smile of contempt, "it is not I who would trouble myself for a faithless woman." "Then for what purpose are you here?" "To claim a dukedom."—"Treason," exclaimed Cheranzy, as he advanced; "It is not treason," said the Count Montalbert, advancing, and was instantly recognized by the old courtiers, "perhaps the Count Cheranzy and his companion, may recollect the night we last met." "I do," was the short answer to the question of Montalbert. "You also may, perhaps, recollect what happened there." "It was the night," said Gustavus, "when the late duchess threw herself into the river." "It was no duchess," said Montalbert, proudly; "For those men," added the young Orlando, "with whom you trafficked for human blood, had hearts worthier than thine own; they shrunk from such a deed. The time to revenge my father's death is come; both know your punishment, as murderers! I know not why you should be treated better than the felon, merely because you are of nobler birth." "That shall not be," said Gustavus; who, like the third Richard of England, though villainous, possessed the courage of his ancestors, unsheathing his sword, he placed himself in a menacing attitude, but the contest was short; for, though possessed of extraordinary strength, his rage rendered him unequal to the cool dexterity of his apponent, and he died, to

the last moment cursing the men who had betrayed him. During the contest, Cheranzi, preferring life to an ignominious death, had fled, and was no-where to be found.

Orlando, who was instantly pronounced by the courtiers as duke of Milan, signified that he wished to be left alone. All, therefore, quitted the chapel except Matilda, who had but just recovered from a swoon.

Thus were our hero and heroine left together; what to do with them we know not. Certain regulations in the conclusion of such tales require, that we either kill or marry the heroine;—we scarce know how to save her, yet have not the heart to kill her.

But to proceed.—“Woman!” said Orlando, breaking the silence which pervaded, “why do you remain?” She sobbed aloud, but made no answer. He repeated the question, still she answered not. “Because you have lost one duke, would you seek another?” At these words, the proud spirit of the maiden rushed to her face. “No!” she answered, and walked towards the door. “Matilda,” said he, as a presentiment rushed to his mind, that she might be innocent, “explain your conduct, and I am satisfied.”

She did explain it; but, as we have taken up a considerable portion of the reader’s time, we will endeavour to abridge the long, though, perhaps, necessary explanation which she gave Orlando, whom we must now call duke of Milan.

Soon after her arrival at Milan, whither she went, not in the capacity which her birth entitled her to, but as waiting-maid to one of the ladies of the court. Her beauty attracted the attention of Gustavus, whom she accidentally met. His villainy would have laid schemes to ruin her, but that crime at which the people were already enraged, had been repeated so often, that he dared not. When she refused marriage, he determined to force her; he threatened her, not only with her own death, but also that of her lover. She had written to Orlando, to warn him of his danger, but her letter had been intercepted. In a moment of weakness she consented to the proposal, or rather, threats of the villain.—But, upon being led towards the altar, and considering to whom she was about to be united, (her father’s deadly foe) she resolutely determined, in spite of either his threats or his ferocity, to forbid the nuptials.

It is beyond our power to describe the joy of the lover when he found himself mistaken, or the ecstasy of the maiden, when she was believed, and once more admitted as his bosom friend. Their marriage was that day celebrated with all the pomp and splendour prepared for that of

Gustavus; and Orlando was raised to the throne amidst the cheers and plaudits of the people!

THE NATIVE LAY.

(For the Scrap Book.)

Stay pilgrim stay, let thy wild harp,
Breathe those cherished notes again,
Sweep o’er its chords that lay of love,
That speaks such joy, and yet such pain.
For thou hast from its chrystal cell,
Call’d forth the burning dewy tear,
Then pilgrim oh pray wake again
That lay to this sad heart so dear.

For oh ’tis sweet when all your joys,
Like leaves that wither on the tree,
Have left ye, lonely in the world;
To hear some lay once dear to thee.
And yet ’tis pain, for ah! it tells
How darkling woe can soon destroy,
The sunny spring of life’s sweet youth,
And rob it of its every joy.

When last that much lov’d strain I heard,
I mov’d ’midst cherish’d friends, now
dead,

In scenes where joyous hours glided
Quickly by with peaceful tread.
Then wonder not each cadence soft,
Doth fall so sweetly on mine ear,
When ev’ry well known note now seems,
To whisper of those lost and dear.

Then pilgrim oh let thy wild harp,
Breathe those cherished notes again
Sweep o’er its chords, that lay of love
That speaks such joy and yet such pain.
For if in mem’ry’s fadeless dream
Of pleasures past, no joy is met,
May I not weep, whose sun of life,
In tears so suddenly hath set.

C. BRADBURY.

GLEANINGS.

EPIGRAM.

It was on a frosty morning,—Sam
Saw Tom, and asked him for a dram.
I’ll give you one, said Tom, and first,
Drink not but to quench your thirst;
Next, in my pocket I’ve no pelf;
Lastly I want a dram myself:
So now you’ve had it, worthy Sam,
Three scruples always make a dram.

Killigrew comparing a gossiping lady of the court of Charles II. to a monkey, was asked were was the parallel?—“Because,” said he, “they are both tail (tale) bearers.”

ANECDOTE OF HIS MAJESTY GEORGE III.

His majesty used greatly to divert himself with the appellation bestowed on him of *Farmer George*. Walking out early one morning in the neighbourhood of Windsor he met a fellow driving a flock of very fine sheep. His majesty struck with their appearance asked him if they were to be sold, "No;" said the fellow churlishly. "Where are you going with them?" "To *Farmer George's*," said the fellow, "Farmer George," said the king, "who is Farmer George? I thought I knew every farmer in this neighbourhood." "Why don't you know Farmer George mun? He lives in thick great house (pointing to the castle) they call un king, but we call un nothing but Farmer George." The king laughed heartily, and wished the fellow a good day.

E. J. R.

Two porters met in a street, one carried a trunk on his back, and the other a trunk before him. "What, Ned," quoth the latter, "I see you carry your trunk like a horse, on your back." "And you carry your's in front, like an elephant," replied the other.

EPITAPH

On the Countess of Pembroke.

Underneath this marble hearse,
Lies the subject of all verse;
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
Death, e'en thou, hast slain another.
Learn'd, and fair, and good was she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

S. E. HOWE.

THE WAGER.

"I'll lay my life," said Dick, elate,
"I'd leap my horse o'er yonder gate;"
Down came poor Dick, upon his head,
And lost his life, just what he said. F.

GOOD WISHES.

An Irish hangman, upon asking a criminal about to be executed, for the customary bequest, and receiving it, exclaimed, "Long life to your honour," and at the same moment let the drop fall.

EPITAPH.

The following is literally copied from a tomb-stone recently erected in Monkwearmouth church-yard.

In Memory of Sarrah Willcock Wife of John Willcock—Who Died August 15, 1825, Aged 48 Years. She was But Re

sons For Beds me To Sa what But think
what a womven should Be and She was
that.

EPITAPH.

On a tomb-stone in the burying ground of Church Cretton, a village in Shropshire on the road between Ludlow and Shrewsbury, is this epitaph.

On a Thursday she was born,
On a Thursday made a bride,
On a Thursday put to bed,
On a Thursday broke her leg, and
On a Thursday died.

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

Some have children, some have none;
Here lies the mother of twenty-one.

Charles Fox told an insolent fellow 'he would kick him to hell.' 'If you do,' said the other, 'I will tell your father how you are squandering his money.'

EPITAPH IN RIPPON CHURCH-YARD.

Here lies R. C. believe it who can,
An upright, downright, honest man.

As two city merchants were conversing together upon business, a flock of birds passed over their heads; upon which one of the traders exclaimed, "How happy those creatures are! they have no acceptance to pay."—"You are mistaken," exclaimed his friend, "they have their bills to provide for as well as we."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. Bradbury's communication will be inserted in our next number. A letter is left at the publisher's for Δ , in which will be stated the reasons for the non-insertion of his articles. The first attempt of J. C. B. has failed. The anecdotes of the Rev. Morgan Jones will be inserted in an early number. V. R. is informed, (at his request) that we receive no bribes to insert articles from correspondents.—We have rejected his pieces, in consequence of their not possessing sufficient merit for our pages—we prefer good selections to bad originals.

London: printed and published by Sears, 29, Charterhouse Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 24.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1831.

Price 1d



THE COMPARATIVE CONDITION OF CHINESE AND HOTTENTOT WOMEN.

Whatever individual faults Englishmen may be occasionally guilty of towards the female sex, it is most certain, that, generally, their treatment is very superior to that which women experience in other parts of the world. In China, there seems to be an absolute hatred of female infants, arising, perhaps, from the excessive populousness of that vast empire. It is there quite common to drown females as soon as they are born, and it is still more common to expose them in wicker baskets upon the banks of rivers, when the tide is down; leaving to chance, whether the humanity of some stranger shall preserve them, or whether the returning tide shall end their sufferings, and their sinless lives together. In many other parts of the world, this same antipathy to females is manifested at their births, while male children are considered a blessing to their parents, and an increase

of the strength and wealth of the tribe or nation to which they belong.

But it is chiefly in more advanced life, that the female sex is barbarously treated, in many distant countries. The more barbarous the nation, the more degraded is the condition of the female portion of it. Thus, when the Hottentots, who are at once the nastiest and the most ignorant of mankind, are married, the officiating priest says, "May you live happily together, and may you, ere a year is expired, have a son who may live to be a good hunter and a great warrior!" The desire thus expressed for a male child is of course not always gratified; and if it happen, that of twins one is male and the other female, the latter is immediately destroyed, while the former is treated with an excess of savage affection and delight. The young lord of the creation, who is thus made the exclusive

object of maternal care and kindness, remains in her society, and that of her sex, until his eighteenth year is completed, when, after undergoing a certain surgical operation, he is introduced into the assembly of the males of his tribe, and informed by the eldest among them, that his mother has no longer any rule over him; and a cudgel is presented to him, with which he is directed to beat her. This direction is complied with in the same prompt and vain manner in which *our* youth are prone to evince their manhood by smoking cigars, and swearing profanely; and, such is the potency of custom, though the Hottentot mother frequently faints beneath the violence of the son who has been nourished by her breast, she is so far from reproaching him, that she admires his spirit and manliness in exact proportion to the degree of brutality with which he treats her.

The Hottentot widow is no better off than the Hottentot wife. As a *wife*, she is the slave of her husband, the whole drudgery and labour of the hut and the field falling to her share, while he smokes, sleeps, hunts, or drinks. When she becomes a *widow*, she must remain so for life, unless she choose to purchase a husband at a price which, according to our notions, is something more than equal to the value of the delights of a wife in Hottentot matrimony. She must, previously to contracting a second marriage, have one of the joints of her little finger cut off; and if she a second time become a widow, and wish to have a third husband, she must sacrifice another joint; and so onwards, for every new husband she must give a joint.

THE SPECTRE'S VOYAGE.

There is a part of the river Wye, between the city of Hereford and the town of Ross, which was known for more than two centuries by the appellation of "The Spectre's Voyage," and across which, as long as it retained that appellation, neither entreaty nor remuneration would induce any boatman to convey passengers after a certain hour of the night. The superstitious notions among the lower orders were, that about the hour of eight on every evening, a female was seen in a small vessel, sailing from Hereford to Northbrigg, a little village then distant about three miles from the city, of which not even a vestige is now visible. That the vessel sailed with the utmost rapidity, in a dead calm, and even against the wind; that to encounter it was fatal; that the voyager landed from it on the eastern bank of the

river, a little beyond the village; that she remained some time on shore, making the most fearful lamentations; that she then re-entered the vessel, and sailed back in the same manner; and that both boat and passenger vanished in a sudden manner as they arrived at a certain part of the river, where the current is remarkably strong, within about half-a-mile of the city of Hereford.

This singular tradition, like most other stories of a similar character, was not without a foundation, in truth as the reader will perceive who is willing to peruse this narrative.

In the turbulent reign of Edward II., when the whole of England was one theatre of lawless violence, when might was constantly triumphant over right, and princes and soldiers only respected the very intelligible, if not very equitable principle,

"That they should have the power,
And that they should keep it who can,"

the city of Hereford was distinguished by the zeal and patriotism of its citizens, and by the unshaken firmness with which they adhered to the cause of queen Isabella, and the young prince her son, afterwards the renowned king Edward III., in opposition to the weak and ill-fated monarch who then wore the crown, and his detested favourites the Spensers, father and son. Sir Hugh Spenser, the younger, was a man of unquestionable talents, and possessed of virtues which, during a time of less violence and personal animosity, might have proved honourable to himself and useful to his country. The nobles, however, hated him for his obscure birth, and his devotion to the service of his prince, however unworthy and imbecile of his high station, was, nevertheless, unstained by any crime, and was possessed of a kind and generous heart, and was especially endeared to Spenser. The discontent of the queen and the barons were not vented in fruitless complaints or idle menaces—they flew to arms! The king of France, the queen's brother, assisted them with men and money. The count of Hainault, to whose daughter Philippa, the young prince had been contracted, did the same. The king was driven from London, and forced, with the elder Spenser, whom he had created earl of Winchester, to take refuge in Bristol. Being hotly pursued to this city by the earl of Kent and the count of Hainault, at the head of a formidable army, he was obliged to flee into Wales, leaving the elder Spenser governor of the castle at Bristol. This fortress was immediately besieged, and speedily taken, as the garrison mutined against their governor, and delivered him into the hands of his enemies. This ven-

erable nobleman, who had nearly reached his 90th year, was instantly, without trial, accusation, or defence, condemned to death by the rebellious barons. He was hanged on a gibbet, and his body being cut in pieces, was given to the dogs; his head was sent to Winchester, the place whence he derived his title, and was there set on a pole, and exposed to the insults of the populace.

When the news of this catastrophe reached the young Spenser, he was at the head of a fine army, which had sat down before the city of Hereford for the purpose of reducing it to obedience to king Edward. The formidable force which he commanded, had struck terror into the hearts of his enemies, so that, notwithstanding their attachment to queen Isabella, and their detestation of Spenser, they had shown symptoms of their willingness to yield to the latter; and he, desirous of obtaining possession of the city without any unnecessary effusion of blood, had granted a truce of a week's duration, to give them time to decide upon what conditions they should open their gates to him. The disastrous intelligence which he received from Bristol, however, made him doubtful whether he should hold inviolate the truce which he had granted to the besieged. He did not doubt but that the earl of Kent and his troops, flushed with conquest, would haste to his destruction, and to the relief of Hereford; and that unless he could possess himself of the city and castle, and by shutting himself up in the latter, be enabled to bid defiance to his enemies, the fate of his father must inevitably be his own.

The favourite recreation of the inhabitants of Hereford was then, as it is now, to make excursions, either alone or in parties, upon this beautiful river. This amusement had become so much a custom, that the most timid females were not afraid to venture alone and at night in a small skiff, with which almost every family of respectability was provided. And on a bright moonlight night, the bosom of the river was beautifully diversified by the white sails glittering in the moonbeams, while sweet female voices would be heard, warbling some popular melodies, the subjects of which were usually the praises of prince Edward, or the execrations of Spenser, and those who had corrupted the king. The river seemed like one sheet of silver, and numerous little vessels, passing and re-passing, gave it a delightful appearance. In one which seemed to be venturing nearer to the camp of the enemy than the others, might be seen a light and delicate female form; and on the shore, which she was approaching, a little above the village of

Northbrigg, stood a soldier, whose accoutrements bespoke him to belong to the army of Sir Hugh Spenser.

The lady landed, and the soldier hastened to meet her. "Dearest Isabel," said he, "blessings upon thy generous trusting head for this sweet meeting.—I have much to tell thee, but that my tongue dares not tell thee all with which my mind is stored; and if it dared, it is not on such a night as this, so bright, so beautiful, that tidings dark as mine should be communicated." Isabel, who had lain her head upon his breast when they met, started from him, and gazed with the utmost terror at the unwonted gloom which darkened his countenance. "Walter, what means this? come you to break the trusting heart which beats for you alone? come you to say that we must part for ever? Oh! better had you left me to the mercy of the waves when its work of death was half achieved, if you reserved me only for the misery which waits upon a broken heart, and blighted and betrayed affections."

"Sweet, dry those tears," replied the soldier, "while I have life I am thine.—I come to warn thee of sure but unseen danger. The walls of Hereford are strong, and the arms and hearts of her citizens firm and trusty;—but her hour is come. The path of the destroyer is secret; and like the stream which hides itself for a time beneath the earth, only to spring forth more strongly than ever." "Thy words are dark and dreadful," said the maiden, "but I do not know of any cause for fear, or any means of avoiding it, if it exists."

"Fly with me! fly with thy heart and hand!—reward my love, and think no more of those grim walls and sullen citizens, with souls as iron as their beavers, and hearts as cold as the waters of their river."

"My father's head is gray," continued she, "and but for me alone, all his affections and all his hopes are buried in my mother's grave.—He hates thee and thy cause. When I told him a stranger had rescued his daughter from the waves, he raised his hands to heaven, and blessed him;—but when I informed him that the stranger was a follower of the Spensers, he checked his unfinished benediction, and cursed him! But if he knew thee, Walter, thy noble heart, thy constant love, methinks that time and entreaty would make him listen to his daughter's prayer."

"Alas! my Isabel," said he, "entreaty would be vain, and time is already flapping his wings, loaded with inevitable ruin over your devoted city, and its inhabitants. Thy father shall be safe, trust that to me; and trust me, too, that what I promise I can perform. But thou, my loved one,

must not see the horrid face of war; and though my power extends to save thy father from injury, it would be easier to save the wall-flowers, on the ramparts of the city from the foot of the invader, than one so fair and so feeble from violence and lust."

"Whoe'er thou art," she said, "there is a spell upon my heart, which love and gratitude have twined, which makes it thine for ever:—but sooner would I lock my hand with the savage Spenser himself, when reeking with the best blood of Hereford's citizens, than leave my father's side when his gray hairs are in danger, and my native city, when treachery is in her streets, and outrage is approaching her walls."

These words were uttered with an animation and vehemence so unusual to her, that Walter stood for a moment transfixed with wonder, and before he recovered his self-possession, Isabel, with the velocity of lightning, had regained her skiff, and was sailing before the wind to Hereford. "Curse on my amorous folly," he exclaimed, "that for a pair of pale cheeks and sparkling eyes, has, perhaps, ruined a better concerted plan than ever entered the brain of the Grecian Sinon. I must away, or the foolish girl will wake the slumbering citizens to their defence before the deed is done." As he uttered these words he rapidly ascended the rocks, and was soon lost among the wild woods which crowned their summit.

We shall not enter into any detailed account of that night.—The citizens had, by some unknown means, obtained intelligence of the designs of the enemy, and were prepared to repel the attack.—The invaders were beaten back at every part, their best troops were left dead upon the field, and above two hundred taken prisoners, among whom was Sir Hugh Spenser himself.

Sir Hugh, both on account of his rank and the peculiar degree of hatred with which each bosom beat against him, was reserved to be the last victim. On the day of his execution the streets were lined with spectators; he wore the uniform of the royal army, and a star on his breast indicated his rank; his deportment was firm and contemptuous, and as he looked on the formal, and frequently grotesque features of his guards, his countenance even assumed an air of risibility. The sight of the gibbet, however, which was raised fifty feet high, seemed for a moment to appal him. "Is this," said he, as he scornfully dashed away a tear, "ye rebellious dogs, is this the death to which you doom the heir of Winchester." His emotion seemed increasing, but with a violent effort he suppressed every outward appearance of it.

By the time he reached the place of exe-

cution, his countenance had resumed its calm and scornful air, and he sprang upon the scaffold with, apparently, unconcerned alacrity.—At the same moment a dreadful shriek issued from amongst the crowd, and in another instant, a female, deadly pale, and with hair and dress disordered, had darted on to the scaffold and clasped the prisoner in her arms.

"Walter!" she cried, "Walter, can it be thou? oh! thou bravest, thou best of men!—Stand off! ye blood-thirsty hounds, ye cannot tear me from him.—No! till my arms grow cold in death, I'll clasp him thus, and defy the world to sever us!"

"Oh! Isabel," he said, "it is too much, my soul can bear no more.—I hoped thy eyes had been spared this sight; but the cold-hearted tyrants have decreed it thus! Oh! leave me! leave me! it is in vain! unmannered ruffians, spare her!" While he spoke, the soldiers tore her forcibly from him, and were dragging her through the crowd, "My father," cried she, "save him, he saved thy child.—Walter, supplicate him, he is kind." She turned her eyes to the scaffold as she uttered these words, and beheld the form of Spenser writhing in the air, and convulsed with the last mortal agony. A fearful shriek burst from her heart, and she sank senseless into the arms of those who bore her.

Isabel survived this event more than a twelvemonth; she took scarcely any food, refused all intercourse with her friends, and even with her father. One thing, only, soothed her mind, or afforded her any gratification; and this, as she was an experienced navigator of the river, her friends indulged her in—to sail from the city of Hereford, to that spot on which she used to meet her lover. This she did constantly every evening, but when she had waited a short time, her shrieks and cries were pitiable. This practice, one evening, proved fatal. Instead of steering to the usual landing-place, a little above the city, she entered a part of the river where the current is unusually strong; the rapidity of its waves mastered and overturned the frail bark, in which she sailed, and the unfortunate Isabel sank to rise no more!

The tragic nature of these events made an impression on the popular mind, which two centuries did not efface. The spirit of Isabel was still said to sail every night from Hereford to Northbrigg to meet her lover, and the track across the river, which this unearthly traveller pursued, was long distinguished by the name of the "Spectre's Voyage."

J. H. SMITH



KENILWORTH CASTLE.

The writings of Sir Walter Scott have revived an interest in the history of this castle, which its ruinous state had caused to subside. A few observations on it may, therefore, afford both instruction and amusement.

A reflecting mind, well acquainted with the history of an ancient edifice, feels a melancholy pleasure in wandering through its venerable ruins, picturing to himself the scenes of grandeur and revelry, which once enlivened its halls and apartments, and recalling to his recollection the personages who have figured there, as described in the pages of history.

Kenilworth castle stood at a short distance from the city of Coventry, in the country of Warwick. It was built by Jeffrey or Geoffrey de Clinton, chamberlain to Henry I. who obtained a grant of the manor. It appears, however, that it was soon resumed by the monarch, as it was garrisoned by the royal forces, on account of the rebellion of his son.

The grandson of de Clinton made a formal surrender of Kenilworth and its appurtenances to Henry II. ; and in the time of Henry III. much money was spent in fitting it to be a royal residence.

Notwithstanding this, however, it was soon after granted to Simon de Montford, earl of Leicester, who taking part with the barons against the king, was slain at the battle of Evesham. The castle held out during a siege of six months, and surrendered at last rather in consequence of a pestilential disorder breaking out in the garrison, than the attacks of the royal army.

In this siege, machines of considerable power were employed to cast stones of great size ; balls sixteen inches in diameter being frequently found in Camden's

time, near the walls, supposed to have been thrown from slings or balistæ in the barons' wars.

On the surrender of Kenilworth, the king bestowed the castle and estate on his son Edmund. Once more its walls resounded with the voice of mirth and minstrelsy ; and in the time of Edward I. a grand tilting match was held here, which lasted many days, the most renowned knights and high-born ladies resorting to it, not only from all parts of England, but from foreign lands.

In the reign of Edward II. this castle and demesne again became the property of the crown, by the attainder of Thomas, earl of Lancaster, who was beheaded at Pontefract. It was not, however, a scene of magnificent enjoyment to this unhappy monarch, but of the deepest mortification and suffering. He was kept close prisoner for some time in this castle, and shaved with water from a muddy ditch. From hence he was removed to Berkley, where he was most cruelly put to death.

Edward III. restored Kenilworth to the family of Lancaster, from whom it came by marriage to John of Gaunt. This prince rebuilt almost the whole of this edifice in a very magnificent manner, leaving nothing of the old structure but Cæsar's tower, and the outer walls and turrets towards the east end.

The son of John of Gaunt having usurped the crown by the title of Henry IV., Kenilworth again became an appendage to it, and so continued till queen Elizabeth bestowed it on Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester. This nobleman expended £60,000 on enlarging and improving this castle, and the chase around it, and afterwards entertained queen Elizabeth for

seventeen days at vast cost. The following account of her majesty's reception is from an eye-witness :

"On the 9th of July 1575, in the evening, the queen approached the first gate of the castle : the porter, a man tall in person, and of stern countenance, with a club and keys, accosted her majesty in a rough speech, full of passion, in metre aptly made for the purpose, and demanded the cause of all this din and noise, and reeling about within the charge of his office. But upon seeing the queen, as if he had been struck instantaneously, and pierced at the presence of a personage so evidently expressing heroical sovereignty, he fell down on his knees, humbly prays pardon for his ignorance, yields up his club and keys, and proclaims open gates and free passage to all.

"Immediately the trumpeters, who stood on the wall, being six in number, each eight feet high, with their silvery trumpets of five feet long, sounded up a tune of welcome.

"These harmonious blasters maintained their delectable music while the queen rode through the tilt-yard to the grand entrance of the castle, which was washed by the lake.

"As she passed, a moveable island approached on which sat the Lady of the Lake, who offered up her dominion to her majesty, which she had held since the days of king Arthur.

"This scene ended by a delectable harmony of hautbois, shalms, cornets, with other loud musical instruments, playing while her majesty passed into the castle gate.

"When she entered the castle, a new scene was presented to her : several of the heathen gods brought their gifts before her : Sylvanus, god of the woods ; Pomona, with fruit ; Ceres, with corn ; Bacchus, with grapes ; Neptune, with his trident ; Mars, with his arms ; Apollo, with musical instruments ; all presented themselves to welcome her majesty in this singular place. An inscription over the gate explained the whole. Her majesty was graciously pleased to accept the gifts of these divinities ; when was struck up a concert of flutes and soft music. When alighting from her palfrey, she was conveyed into her chamber, when her arrival was announced through the country by a peal of cannon from the ramparts, and fireworks at night.

Here the queen was entertained for nineteen days, at an expence of £1,000. a day. The queen's genius seems to have been greatly consulted in the pomp and solemnity of the whole, to which some

have added the entertainment of bear-baiting, &c.

The great clock was stopped during her majesty's continuance in the castle, as if time had stood still, waiting on the queen, and seeing her subjects enjoy themselves.

No. 7.—NATURAL HISTORY.

THE CRANE.

Ardea grus, a species of the *Ardea*, or heron. The characteristic of this genus is, that the head is cristated, or crested, and almost bare of feathers.

These birds are very tall, and remarkable for the length of their legs and neck, of which there are three known species.—1st. The common crane, the body of which is so large, as sometimes to weigh ten or twelve pounds ; and when measured from the tip of the beak to the toes extended, is six feet long. Its beak is of a greenish black, and is long and pointed ; its wings are large, its legs and feet black, and its toes very long. But what is most observable in this bird, is the construction of its wind-pipe, or *aspera arteria*, which runs deep into the breast, by means of a foramen prepared for it ; and there suffering some windings and turnings, goes out again at the same passage, and then descends into the lungs.

It is a very common bird in Italy, and other places, and formerly visited England, large flocks of them having been sometimes seen in Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire, in summer ; but they have now forsaken our island, though formerly natives. It is erroneously supposed by many, that this bird eats fish ; but the structure of the stomach plainly shews it a granivorous bird ; its flesh is very delicate, and much valued in the Italian markets. The whole of this bird, its fat, gall, head, and eyes, its stomach, and the marrow of its legs, are used in medicine. The bird itself, because nervous, is said to be highly beneficial to the nervous and membranous parts ; hence the use of it is recommended in cholics. Its fat, dropped into the ears, lessens deafness, softens hardness and obstinate tumours of the spleen : it quickly relieves a stiffness of the neck, and is said to be of the same nature with the fat of the goose. The gall is beneficial to the eyes. The head, eyes, and stomach, when reduced to a powder, are sprinkled upon fistulas, cancers, and varicose ulcers. Anophthalmic ointment is prepared of the marrow of the legs.

2nd. The Indian crane ; this is smaller than ours, and of the same grey colour. Its tail is so short that the wings hide it, and it is not seen ; its beak is longer than

that of our crane, but its most obvious distinction is, that it has on the top of its head, from the insertion of the beak to the crown, a rough red skin, beset with a few loose hairs.

3rd. The last species is the *grus balearica*, the Majorca crane; this is of the shape of the stork, but instead of its long beak, has that of the crane, and is distinguished by a fine thick shewy crest, which it carries on the head. This is not made up

of feathers, but of hairs like hog's bristles. It runs very swiftly, and feeds on herbs and corn like the hens and turkeys.

The general distinctions of the crane kind from the herons are these: 1st. The claw of the middle toe is not serrated. 2nd. They are much larger. 3rd. Their beak is shorter. Besides these, the make of their stomach, guts, and above all, of their *aspera arteria* greatly distinguish them.

W. E. C.



AUTUMN.

Is the third season of the year, and is generally considered to comprise the months of August, September, and October. It is during the early part of this fruitful season that the various productions of the earth are gathered in, and man secures his stores for consumption during the ensuing year.

Autumn also witnesses the decline of vegetation; and in this season the general annual decay of Nature's most pleasing beauties visibly commences. The gay splendours of the summer months give way to the more solemn tints of the autumnal season: the emigrating feathered tribes, warned by the gradual cooling of the atmosphere, now wing their way to warmer and more congenial climes; the rustling foliage of the trees, having lost its beautiful freshness and verdure, forsakes the spreading boughs which it had adorned; and the vagrant winds whistle through the deserted branches, as if condoling with them on their utter destitution.

But these are the latter indications of the autumnal season. Ere these changes have become general, the joyous voice of the reaper is heard among the fast falling

corn; and the gentle noise of the sickle salutes the ear of the wanderer in the fertile vales.

The scene afforded by an extensive open country, covered with fields of yellow waving corn, richly glowing in the bright sunbeams, and thickly besprent with cheerful husbandmen, busily occupied in the various parts of their labour, is a prospect preeminently delightful both to the eye and to the heart; and should ever inspire in the human breast, the deepest sentiments of gratitude to our bountiful Creator, and benevolence to our fellow-creatures.

“Hark! where the sweeping scythe now
ripe along;
Each sturdy mower emulous and strong,
Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,
Bends o'er his work, and ev'ry sinew tries,
Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet.”

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;

Nothing in this world is single ;
 All things by a law divine
 In one anothers being mingle ;—
 Why not I with thine ?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
 And the waves clasp one another ;
 No leaf or flower would be forgiven,
 If it disdained to kiss its brother ;
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea :
 What are all these kissings worth,
 If thou kiss not me ?

SOLILOQUY

*Of a Felon prior to his execution in
 imitation of the one in*

HAMLET.

To hang, or not to hang?—that is the
 question—

Whether 'tis better that my neck should
 carry

The cursed mark of the hateful hangmans
 rope,

Or lift a razor gainst my ill fated throat,
 And with precision cut it?—to die—to
 sleep—

I will ; so by that deed to say I end
 The heart-ache, and a thousand other ills
 Which I've been heir to ;—'Tis an alter-
 native

Directly to be wished. To die—to sleep?
 To sleep ! but should I dream ! O there's
 the rub ;

For in that sleep of death should hell arise
 And limping devils dance before mine eyes,
 It makes me pause.—In that respect

I feared my very coming into Newgate ;
 Yet who could bear the pressure of the
 times,

The prosecutors wrongs sits ill upon me,
 Together with the pangs of love, and man's
 disdain,

With insolence of turnkeys, and the spurns
 Of those who every day surround me :

Yet they undoubtedly will the same fate
 meet

With one kind mortal—say what could I
 bear,

Alone I groan and wish the night was past ;
 And with a dread of something after death
 ("That undiscover'd country, from whose
 bourn

No traveller returns") puzzles my brain
 And makes me rather bear those ills I have
 Than talk of others that I know not of.—

"Thus conscience does make cowards of
 us all,"

And thus my half determined suicide
 Is sicklied o'er with the grim fear of death ;
 And every single hope of pardon leaves me
 And thus, alas ! I turn with grief away
 To breathe in dire suspense.

FEARON.

GLEANINGS.

PASQUINADES.

A sort of Satires are thus called at Rome from a statue named *Pasquin*, on which they were hung. It is an antique statue but much mutilated, and stands in a public place of the city. It is generally thought it took its name from a facetious tailor of the neighbourhood, whose shop was in some manner an office for news, bon-mots and satirical squibs. The statue of Marforio, on which the answers to these last were hung up, serves at present as a fountain in one of the wings of the capitol. Though libels are no longer pasted on these statues, the name of Pasquinades still remains for those sort of satires.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. R. C. complains, with some apparent reason of the non appearance of his articles. One of them will speedily appear, and we shall delay the other no longer than we shall be absolutely obliged. When we have once brought up our arrear, as we shall ere long, he shall have no reason to complain. Une Ennuyée in an early No ; X her future favours respectfully requested. Same to C. Bradbury, as relates to some of his papers. "The Deserter" is declined, with thanks. "Singular adventure of a British Soldier in North America" is in the hands of our printer ; but we have taken a liberty, with the inordinately long title.—J.W. Linsteads poetry convinces us that he has talents ; but it is too irregular and the sense is frequently sacrificed to the rhyme. Nevertheless we shall be happy to hear farther from him. "A sigh for the Past" by J. M. C. will appear in No. 26 ; we shall be happy to hear from him again.—G. W. R. we are sorry to say is again unsuccessful ; probably he will have better fortune.

To correspondents generally we take the liberty to say that good prose is every way preferable to bad rhyme and that we are compelled to reject five times as many poems as we accept articles in prose. We have still many correspondents unanswered. Have but a little more patience and we will do justice to them all.

London : printed and published by Sears, 29, Charter-house Square ; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand ; Steill, Paternoster-row ; Strange, Paternoster-row ; and may be had of all Booksellers.



Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 25.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1831.

Price 1d.

KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

Of which our readers have a very accurate representation in the preceding page, was founded by king Stephen; and was by him devoted to the residence of a numerous fraternity of Cistercian monks. Though seven centuries have nearly completed their work upon these noble ruins, their massive strength indicates that neglect, if not actual violence, has done more towards hastening the destruction of the abbey than the gradual though certain hand of time. It is to be hoped that what *does* still remain, will long form an ornament to the surrounding country; as the earl of Cardigan, whose property the ruins stand upon, actually allows a salary to a mason for keeping them up. Would that others would imitate his lordships' liberality! That portion which remains of the once lofty tower may be seen for many miles from the north.—It is impossible to visit these ruins without making a melancholy reflection upon the instability of human things. They are all that remain of the once wealthy residence of the favourites of a king; while, but three miles from them, namely at Leeds, a hundred thousand persons are gathered together in industry and bustle upon a spot which was a desert-ground when the abbey of Kirkstall was in its pride of place. Such and so unstable, are the things of this world.

POLAND.

ORIGINAL.

Whose is the heart that thrills not as he
reads
Of Polish sorrows, and of Polish deeds?
Whose heart within him boundeth not as
though
He, too, were charging the barbarian foe?
Let England's boasting, wealthy, sons
reply,
Who feast and prate while nobler beings
die;
Who rave about a flame they never knew,
And praise, but aid not, freedom's cham-
pion few.

All scorn be to them! tamely thus to gaze
While serfs destroy the heroes of their
praise!

Onward, in vain, barbarian legions prest'
To do their bloody autocrat's behest;
Half armed, half starved, the patriot Polish
band

Rushed to the fight to save their father-
land:

Heroic Kosciusko's name their cry,
They taught the Balkan's victor* how to fly.

Fresh myriads poured, fresh valour stopped
their course,

And England? Roared applause till she
was hoarse!

Bade Poland fight, implored her to be
brave,

But lent no aid her warrior-few to save!

Shall Poland *not* be free? shall slaves
alone

Have might enough to shake a tyrant's
throne?

Must man fight basely for a despots, hire?
Or only war against him to expire?

Can Freedom's banner *never* wave above
The bloody ensigns that earth's tyrants
love?

Oh! yes, the northern blast must bear it up
Even in its chilly bosom; the slaves' cup,
Long filled with bitterness, o'erflows at
last,

And, tyranny! thy blighting rule is *past*!
Whole hosts may perish in the glorious
fray;

Fresh hosts the same high impulse will
obey;

Disease may smite where war and famine
spare,

But the base foe the pestilence must share:
Fit fate for tools of tyrants' devilishness,
To march in wrath, and halt in rottenness!

Do pestilence and famine for a while
Chase from heroic features the glad smile?

* *Diesbitsh*, the Russian general, sur-
named, by his troops, the Balkan—crosser.

Despair ye not, ye starving Poles ! for
look !
What patriots throng to Cuff the queen St.
Cook !
Thirst ye, or hunger ? cease the ignoble
wail,
They swallow port and turtle by the pail ;
For you, oh Poland ! they, laborious, dine,
And belch out twaddle flatter than their
wine !
Oh ! how they curse, while safely seated
there,
The tyranny of him whose wrath *ye* dare !
How they invoke the Heaven they'll never
see,
To make you, as they loudly boast us, free ;
And doom fell Nich'las to convenient Hell,
Deftly as though they'd book as well as
bell !
Fiercely they yell, in bottle val'rous mood,
Of guns, drums, trumpets, sabres, maims
and blood ;
O'er reeking bowls of reeking carnage
prate,
Till maudlin takes the sting from ill-feign-
ed hate,
And only cease to stun their waiters' ears
When nastier floods o'erwhelm their pa-
triot tears.
Oh ! that some mightier bard, with Satire
keen,
Would lash the actors in that paltry scene !
Baser than e'en the tyrant they reviled
Were they who thus a noble theme de-
fled ;
And, but that Satire's lyre is strumpet too,
All honest men would hiss that braggart
crew.
Shall their false yells and selfish guttling be
England's sole effort to make Poland free ?
Forbid it freedom ! honor, courage, pride,
Forbid their pangs to be for nought who
died
In freedom's vanguard, and for freedom's
sake !
Earth ! rather bid thy buried brave awake !
Ye good, ye base, ye servile, and ye proud,
All ye who form society's vast crowd,
For once combine without a selfish aim
And feed true freedom's fierce though
flick'ring flame !
Give blood for Poland ! ye for whom she
bled,
Give tears for Poland ! ye who tears can
shed ;
But prate not of her duty, while your own
Base idlesse props her tyrant's blood stain-
ed throne.
Talk not, but *give* ; arms, bread, brave
Poland needs,
And while her friends are spouting her
heart bleeds.
She needs no exhortations, she is great
Beyond the power of Nich'las or of fate.

Shall she not be victorious, too ? my curse,
Wreathed though it be in no o'erpolished
verse,
England ! be on thy magnates if it be
That thou shalt see brave Poland aught
but free !
Shame to your wealthy men ! and barren
wombs,
Or lean abortions, born to early tombs,
To their pale dames ! if Poland cry in vain
For aid to snap for aye her galling chain.
Ye high, or low, born dames who proudly
flaunt,—
In hues as rich as insects wear !—and
vaunt,
Not your mates' wit or courage, but their
will,
And means, to garb ye gorgeously and ill ;
Ye, fainting 'neath the lazy midnight toil
Of duly cheating by the rules of Hoyle ;
Ye, worthless of the 'worthless, fashions
fools !
Who err punctiliously and sin by rules
Look *ye* on Poland with a pitying eye,
Serve her ?—so God forgive ye when ye die !
Her high born dames upon their country's
shrine
Have laid the gems that decked their forms
divine ;
Her peasant-matrons from their fingers tear
The circlets they had deemed through life
to wear ;
Yes ! e'en those pledges, prized beyond all
gold,
To arm their husbands are unmurm'ring
sold.
The mother sends her boy, the maid her
swain,
To fight for Poland's freedom, not for gain ;
And blushing beauty and enfeebled age
Dare war's alarms and deadlier famine's
rage.
All that your sex is lovely for is there,
Ye heartless, feeble things ! would ye thus
dare ?
Well do I wot ye neither could nor would,
But e'en your vices may assist the good,
May help to save the sinking, and to stay
Disease and famine on their murd'rous way.
What foreign fool ere fiddled here in vain ?
What native strumpet wins not by her
strain ?
Let fiddlers fiddle, harlots squall and you,
My country's fair disgrace ! attend the
crew.
Then to the mansions of your gambling
feres,—
Devouring dowagers in gilded lairs !—
Hie ye ! and gamble till the Sun appears
T' expose the rouge each faded beauty
wears ;
Give to your vanity and vice full play,
So Poland share knaves winnings and fools
pay.

Good, great, or wise, we know you cannot be;
 But those who are so you may help to free;
 Chaste, haply, you don't wish to be, but still
 Deem brutal ravishment a trifling ill;
 Hunger's not yours,—oh! would to God it were,
 Then starving Poland might excite your care.
 Disease may yet be yours, and when ye lie,
 Racked by fierce pangs, perchance the agony
 Ye would not ward from Poland may arise
 To plead in Heaven against your piteous cries;
 Bethink ye! painted, trifling, tawdry brood,
 Bethink ye what way be, and aid the good;
 If not in act, be human once in aim
 That all your life be not your country's shame.

W. T. H.

No. 3.—KINGS OF ENGLAND.

HENRY I.

This prince was one of the most accomplished that has filled the English throne; and possessed all the qualities both of body and mind, natural and acquired, which could fit him for the high station to which he attained. His person was manly; his countenance engaging; his eyes, clear,

serene, and penetrating. The affability of his address encouraged those who might be overawed by the sense of his dignity or his wisdom; and though he often indulged his facetious humour, he knew how to temper it with discretion, and ever kept at a distance from all indecent familiarities with his courtiers. His superior eloquence and judgment would have given him an ascendant, even if he had been born in a private station; and his personal bravery would have procured him respect, even though it had been less supported by art and policy. By his great progress in literature, he acquired the name of *Beau Clerc* or the scholar; but his application to sedentary pursuits abated nothing of the activity and vigilance of his government. And though the learning of that age was better fitted to corrupt than improve the understanding; his natural good sense preserved itself untainted both from the pedantry and superstition which were then so prevalent among men of letters. His temper was very susceptible of the sentiments as well of friendship as of resentment; and his ambition, though high, might be esteemed moderate, had not his conduct towards his brother shewed, that he was too much disposed to sacrifice to it all the maxims of justice and equity. Died December 15; 1135, aged 67, having reigned 35, years.



OCTOBER.

Was called *Domitianus*, by the emperor Domitian, after whose death the Senate decreed the restoration of the original name, October, which denoted its being the 8th month in the year. Since the time

of Numa, however, it has in fact been the tenth month.

The Saxons denominate October *Wynmonat*, (*Wine-month*) because then, although they made none themselves, they

received wines from neighbouring countries. They also denominated this month *Winter-fulleth*.

The 18th of October is dedicated in Christian calendars to the commemoration of St. Luke, the Evangelist; this festival was first instituted in the year 1130; on the 28th, the Apostles St. Simon and St. Jude have been *jointly* commemorated, since the year 1091, when their feast was first instituted.

The French observe the 9th of this month as sacred to St. Denys, or Dennis, the tutelar saint of Paris.

THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

Though we are ever accustomed to speak of the Glorious Revolution of 1688 as a bloodless one, and though in fact history scarcely presents a case of equally extensive and important political change wrought with so small an amount of human suffering, there was one most foul because unnecessary and wanton exception to the general mildness of the successful party. Of any farther concern in that shameful exception, the slaughter of the chieftain and the principal clansmen of the small clan Maclean, inhabiting the picturesque valley of Glencoe in Scotland, than that which is always censurable in a monarch — negligence — we most unhesitatingly acquit king William 3. That he felt the utmost horror upon being informed of the at once dreadful and disgraceful transaction we are firmly convinced; and we are no less so that he would have prevented its perpetration had he not laboured under misinformation and been too indolent to apply himself to a correction of it. Though in the battle-field his warlike spirit kindled into an almost tremendous energy; his natural temper when unexcited by the pride, pomp and circumstance of war was extremely indolent. His bodily infirmities of course tended rather to increase than to diminish the indolent disposition of his mind; and thus, active as he was in battle, in the cabinet he was but too prone to rely implicitly upon the information of others and to allow their wishes to anticipate or supersede his own. This weakness it was that caused the inhabitants of Glencoe to be shamefully deprived of that mercy which his royal word had promised to them; and which has cast a foul blot upon the history of his own reign.

The attachment of the Highlanders of Scotland to the cause of the unfortunate, but at the same time unworthy, Stuarts appears to have amounted to a perfect infatuation. Though nothing could be more

certain than that James II. had legally abdicated the throne; though the Whig Party had obtained so much influence in England that nothing but abdication could have saved him from forcible expulsion from the kingdom he had proved himself utterly unworthy to govern; and though even in Ireland, where his profession of Papacy gave him an influence of no trifling amount, he was unable to redeem his authority; the mistaken but gallant loyalty of the Highlanders remained uncorrupted. They had fought for his father and his brother and they were equally ready to fight for him. Of his personal and kingly errors they recked not; he was a Stuart, a Scotchman by descent, and those circumstances rendered them blind to his faults and deaf to the reasoning of all who were opposed to him. The consequence of this gallant though mistaken allegiance to a monarch who had not only proved himself unworthy of his crown, but had actually abdicated it was that the various highland clans made a succession of desultory forays upon the lowlands of Scotland. The great losses and the perpetual terror to which the Scottish subjects of William III. were thus subjected at length induced his ministers to turn their attention to bribing the more powerful chieftains of the highlands; and by thus securing their allegiance secure at the same time a species of force better calculated to keep the refractory clans in order than a regular army.

The earl of Breadalbane having state that fifteen thousand pounds sterling would suffice for the purpose above described that sum was placed at his disposal. But the Highlanders had been accustomed to profit largely by their lawless forays. Moreover, when they found that it was thought worth while to purchase their submission, they demanded a higher price than the earl was either able or willing to pay. After much bribing and chaffering, however, the greater number of the clans accepted the offered terms; received the price agreed upon and took the oath of allegiance to William III. Some few clans still held out; and among them were the Macleans of Glencoe. The chief of this clan not merely rejected all the offers of the earl, as insufficient, but even plundered that nobleman and his tenants of their cattle. Provoked by the double insult thus offered to him the earl, as clearly appears from his letters still extant, complained to Secretary Stair that the Macleans were the chief obstacle to his being completely successful in quieting the highlands. It was, therefore, resolved that no farther negotiation should be car-

ried on. A proclamation was accordingly issued, setting forth that the king would give his rebellious Scottish subjects but one more chance to reconcile themselves to him; and that military execution would be the inevitable fate of all who neglected to present themselves to a civil magistrate and have the oath of allegiance administered to them on or before the 31 of December A. D. 1691. The stern tone of the proclamation itself and the rumours which, perhaps by the contrivance of the English ministry, were circulated affirming the positive determination to carry the proclamation into effect struck terror into the hearts of the malcontents and, without a single exception they presented themselves to take the required oaths.

But Maclean, less, probably from Jacobitism than from his disinclination to give up his predatory habits, delayed to present himself until the very last day allowed for that purpose; and then he presented himself *not* to a civil magistrate but to the *military* governor of Fort William. That officer, of course, refused to administer the oath. The mountain passes were frozen up, the snow lay several feet in depth; and all the exertions he could make did not enable Maclean to reach a civil magistrate until the sixth day of January: just a week after the time fixed by the proclamation. However, the magistrate administered the oath; and the *council at Edinburgh was made aware of that fact.*

Such being the case, and Maclean having actually offered to take the oath on the 31 of December and having been only prevented from so doing by his ignorance of the distinction between military and civil authority, could it be supposed that his clansmen and himself would be marked out for military execution? Assuredly not! So at least Maclean felt; and he returned to his mountain home and set the hearts of his faithful adherents at rest by assuring them that he and they were once more within the pale of the law; and no longer liable to be hunted from place to place like wild beasts; or destroyed by the Sassenach soldiery.

Early in the following month a detachment of English soldiers was seen to enter the sequestered and delightful valley of Glencoe. The Macleans, aware that their chieftain had taken the oath received the troops not only without fear but even with an unsuspicious cordiality. The children fearlessly approached and viewed the, to them, novel accoutrements of the *soldiers-roy*; and the adults spread their humble fare and gave a Highland welcome to their Sassenach visitants. The privates were lodged in the cottages of the

clansmen and the officers received into the mansion of the 'chieftain' where they were treated with the rude, but cordial hospitality, by which the Highland chiefs of that day distinguished themselves.—Day after day thus past on. The prolonged stay of the soldiers, far from wearing out their welcome only changed the hospitality of hosts into the condiality of friends. But the night appointed for a foul and treacherous murder at length arrived. Rising from the couches which their entertainers had hospitably surrendered to them, the soldiers fell suddenly upon their hosts. The flash of the carbine and the gleam of the uplifted sabre were the first tokens the Macleans received of their visitors treachery. Six and thirty Macleans, some enfeebled by age others powerless by their infancy, were slaughtered in cold blood; and the rest of the clan only escaped the same fate by fighting every inch of their way to the hills.

This deed of treacherous bloodiness is still spoken of in Scotland in terms of bitterness; and the "bloody massacre of Glencoe" was in later days successfully made an argument to persuade many a Highlander into the ranks of the adventurer Charles Edward.

A magistrate having, rightly or wrongly admitted Maclean to take the benefit of the proclamation; and his having been prevented from taking it earlier merely by ignorance; would alone suffice to make this transaction disgraceful. But there is but too much and too weighty evidence to prove that this horrible barbarity was perpetrated—and in the *king's name too*——to gratify the enmity which Breadalbane felt for the Maclean, on account of his defeating his public polity and plundering his private property.

TALES OF MILITARY LIFE*.—No. 1.

In the year 1779, when the war with America was conducted with great spirit upon that continent, a division of the British army was encamped on the banks of a river, and in a position so favoured by nature, that it was difficult for any military art to surprise it. War in America was rather a species of hunting than a regular campaign. "If you fight with art," said Washington to his soldiers, "you are sure to be defeated. Acquire discipline enough for retreat and the uniformity of combined attack, and

* Sometimes, as in the present instance, these tales will be *selected*; but, generally, they will be *original*. We shall be glad of the aid of the correspondent who communicated this one.—ED.

your country will prove the best of engineers." So true was the maxim of the American general, that the English soldiers had to contend with little else. The Americans had incorporated the Indians into their ranks, and had made them useful in a species of war for which their habits of life had peculiarly fitted them. They sallied out of their impenetrable forests and jungles, and with their arrows and tomahawks, made daily havoc in the ranks of the British army, surprising their centinels, cutting off their stragglers, and even when the alarm was given and pursuit commenced, flying with a swiftness that the speed of cavalry could not equal, into rocks and fastnesses, whither it was dangerous to follow them.

In order to limit as far as possible this species of war, in which there was so much loss and so little honour, it was the custom with every regiment to extend its outposts to a great distance beyond the encampments, to station centinels some miles in the woods, and keep a constant guard round the main body.

A regiment of foot was at this time stationed upon the confines of an immense Savannah. Its particular office was to guard every avenue of approach to the main body; the centinels, whose posts penetrated into the woods, were supplied from the ranks, and the service of this regiment was thus more hazardous than that of any other. Its loss was likewise great; the centinels were perpetually surprised upon their posts by the Indians, and were borne off their stations without communicating any alarm, or being heard of after. Not a trace was left of the manner in which they had been conveyed away, except that, upon one or two occasions, a few drops of blood had appeared upon the leaves which covered the ground. Many imputed this unaccountable disappearance to treachery, and suggested as an unanswerable argument, that the men thus surprised might at least have fired their muskets, and communicated the alarm to the contiguous posts. Others, who could not be brought to consider it as treachery, were content to receive it as a mystery, which time would unveil.

One morning, the centinels having been stationed as usual over-night, the guard went at sun-rise to relieve a post which extended a considerable distance into the wood. The centinel was gone! The surprise was great; but the circumstance had occurred before. They left another man, and departed, wishing him better luck. "You need not be afraid," said the man with warmth, "I shall not desert!" The relief company returned to the guard-house. The centinels were replaced every four hours, and, at the appointed time, the

guard again marched to relieve the post. To their inexpressible astonishment, the man was gone! They searched round the spot, but no traces could be found to account for his disappearance. It was necessary that the station, from a stronger motive than ever, should not remain unoccupied; they were compelled to leave another man, and returned to the guard-house. The superstition of the soldiers was awakened, and the terror ran through the regiment. The colonel being apprised of the occurrence, signified his intention to accompany the guard when they relieved the centinel they had left. At the appointed time they all marched together; and again, to their unutterable wonder, they found the post vacant, and the man gone! Under these circumstances, the colonel hesitated whether he should station a whole company on the spot, or whether he should again submit the post to a single centinel. The cause of these repeated disappearances of men, whose courage and honesty were never suspected, must be discovered; and it seemed not likely that this discovery could be obtained by persisting in the old method.—Three brave men were now lost to the regiment, and to assign the post to a fourth, seemed nothing less than giving him up to destruction. The poor fellow whose turn it was to take the station, though known to be a man of incomparable resolution, trembled from head to foot. "I must do my duty," said he to the officer, "I know that; but I should like to lose my life with more credit." "I will leave no man," said the colonel, "against his will." A man immediately stepped from the ranks, and desired to take the post. Every mouth commended his resolution. "I will not be taken alive," said he, "and you shall hear of me on the least alarm.—At all events, I will fire my piece if I hear the least noise. If a crow chatters, or a leaf falls, you shall hear my musket. You may be alarmed when nothing is the matter; but you must take the chance as the condition of the discovery."

The colonel applauded his courage, and told him he would be right to fire upon the least noise which was ambiguous, his comrades shook hands with him, and left him with a melancholy foreboding: the company marched back, and waited the event in the guard house. An hour had elapsed, and every ear was upon the rack for the discharge of the musket, when, upon a sudden, the report was heard. The guard immediately marched, accompanied, as before, by the colonel, and some of the most experienced officers of the regiment. As they approached the post, they saw the centinel advancing towards them, dragging

another man on the ground by the hair of his head. When they came up to him, it appeared to be an Indian whom he had shot. An explanation was immediately required. "I told your honour," said the man, "that I should fire if I heard the least noise, the resolution I had taken has saved my life I had not been long on my post when I heard a rustling at some short distance: I looked, and saw an American hog, such as are common in the woods, crawling along the ground, and seemingly looking for nuts under the trees and amongst the leaves. As these animals are so very common, I ceased to consider it for some minutes; but being on the constant alarm and expectation of attack, and scarcely knowing what was to be considered a real cause of apprehension, I kept my eyes vigilantly fixed upon it, and marked its progress among the trees; still there was no need to give the alarm, and my thoughts were directed to danger from another quarter. It struck me, however, as somewhat singular to see this animal making, by a circuitous passage, for a thick coppice immediately behind my post. I therefore kept my eye more constantly fixed upon it, and as it was now within a few yards of the coppice, hesitated whether I should not fire. My comrades, thought I will laugh at me for alarming them by shouting a pig! I had almost resolved to let it alone, when as it approached the thicket, I thought I observed it give an unusual spring. I no longer hesitated; I took my aim; discharged my piece, and the animal was instantly stretched before me with a groan which I conceived to be that of a human creature.—I went up to it, and judge my astonishment when I found that I had killed an Indian! He had enveloped himself with the skin of one of these wild hogs so artfully and completely his hands and feet, were so entirely concealed in it, and his gait and appearance were so exactly correspondent to that of the animal's that, imperfectly as they were always seen through the trees and jungles the disguise could not be penetrated at a distance, and scarcely discovered upon the nearest aspect. He was armed with a dagger and a tomahawk." Such was the substance of this man's relation. The cause of the disappearance of the other sentinels was now apparent. The Indians sheltered in this disguise, secreted themselves in the coppice, watched the moment when they could throw it off; burst upon the sentinels without previous alarm, and, too quick to give them an opportunity to discharge their pieces, either stabbed or scalped them, and bore their bodies away, which they concealed at some distance in

the leaves. The Americans gave them rewards for every scalp of an enemy which they brought.

B. E. R.

GLEANINGS.

ANECDOTES.

Two gentlemen traveling one night, "Jack," said one to his companion who he thought was asleep, "are you asleep?" "why," say the other "do you want to know?"—"why if you was not asleep I want to borrow £1, of you," "then," says the other "I am asleep."

A clergyman in an inland county lately concluded his sermon with the following words "Brethren, next Friday is my tythe day, and those who bring their tythes which are due to me shall be rewarded with a good dinner; but those who do not, may depend that on Saturday they will dine on a lawyers letter."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Received and declined several pieces, prose and verse by J. A. Mobbs, John Killigrew, R. C. Brownell, C. I. Mulin.—S. Farley Jun. J. H. Smith, B. S. E. and H. Lang.—The Mysterious Man of the Castle will not do. If Mr. Turner will write more carefully and less voluminously he will do us a great favour.—From P. R. C. and *Une Ennuyée* we shall be glad to hear at their earliest leisure. C. Bradbury's poem will appear in the course of a fortnight. The authors of all short poems sent to us before the last day of last month; and unincluded and unnoticed in this No. are respectfully informed that *prose* may suit their talents, but *poetry* will not. We speak not of mere want of rhythm, or barbarousness of rhyme; but of the utter ding-ding-bellishness of the tone of thought where there is any thought at all in them. A few of I. J. B. Turners and J. A. Mobbs's short poems we except from this notice; but we wish to know if they are original; a point upon which all our correspondents who wish for prompt insertion will do well to make a point of satisfying us. With Mr. C. Pope's request we can *not* comply. We have not had time to peruse the communication from Alost.

A few proofs of the engraving of Kirkstall abbey have been carefully printed on large paper and may be had of all venders of this periodical at the charge of 1d.

London: printed and published by Sears, 29, Charterhouse Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 26.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1831.

Price 1d



MARIE ANTOINETTE.

This truly unfortunate queen, whose cruel fate excited the regret of all who were not prejudiced by the false reports which were so industriously circulated by her enemies, was as beautiful in person as she was gifted and virtuous in mind. Her first lady of the bed-chamber, madame Campan, has effectually demolished all the falshoods which at one time were so unblushingly repeated, and so implicitly and unjustly believed. Instead of being the extravagant and licentious personage she was affirmed to be, we learn from Madame Campan that she was pure almost to prudery, and rigidly economical in every branch of her expenditure excepting charity. In *that* indeed she was nobly profuse; never refusing either her influence or her purse, when either of them was tasked by a deserving petitioner.

Married at the very early age of fifteen

years to Louis XVI., then only dauphin of France, she was for eight years, a *virgin* wife; her marriage, as we learn from madame Campan, not being consummated until she was twenty-three years of age! The dauphin seems actually to have been utterly indifferent to her during the first eight years of her marriage; and it was not till his brother, the celebrated and infamous Egalité became a father, that he seemed to be mindful either of his duty as a husband or his interests as a prince. But when he did, at length, consummate his marriage, Louis wholly and permanently altered both his feelings and his demeanor towards his beautiful wife. In fact, from that time, they appear to have been more attached to each other than is commonly the case in their elevated rank of life.

We have not space to enter minutely

into the biography of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette ; nor, indeed, would it be fitting that we should repeat what, from repeated publications, has become so very familiar. Persecuted, not merely in public places and upon occasions of public ceremony, but even in the privacy of her palace and at the most unseasonable hours of night, this unhappy lady became at length so terrified, that one more than usually daring attack of the poissardes, and other sanguinary wretches, had an effect to violent upon her delicate constitution as to change her hair from a dark brown to the shining whiteness of extreme old age, in a single night !

After enduring for many months all the insults and cruelties which the utmost baseness could devise, and the utmost ferocity execute, the unhappy queen was at length guillotined at Paris, as represented in the preceding page ; falling a victim to the bitter hatred of her enemies and to the weak and vacillating policy of her unfortunate husband ; of whom she herself very justly said that he could do anything but think independently, and act promptly and consistently.

THE OUTLAW.

In nothing is the inconsistency of mankind more obvious, or more striking, than in the bitterness with which they complain of actions of injustice, when committed upon themselves, which they unscrupulously commit upon others.

“That in the captain is but a choleric word, which in the soldier were rank mutiny ;” and throughout the various grades of life, from the very highest to the very lowest, the same rule of inversion obtains. No one complains more loudly of violent robbery than the trading cheat who is engaged from morning till night in robbing his customers, by means of light weights and an uneven balance.

As it is with individuals so, also, it is with nations ; for what, in fact are nations but masses of individuals ? and what are national crimes but a concentration of the crimes of many individuals, heightened by a concentration of power, and blazoned by an extended field of action ?

When the strong hand of the Norman had carried defeat and desolation through the ranks of the Saxon people of England, the truth of the above remark was strikingly developed. The right of the Norman to the throne of England was denied ; and the justice of his invasion canvassed, by those who had desperately but vainly endeavoured to repel him. Every new act of the conqueror was complained of as

a new aggression ; and the chief men of the Saxon race were unceasing in their denunciations of William the Norman, and in their appeals alike to the justice and the sympathy of mankind.

So bitter, indeed, are the strictures upon the conduct of the conqueror, and so pathetic are the descriptions of the condition of the conquered, which are contained in the Saxon chronicles of the period, that, were a man of just and humane feelings to read only those chronicles, he would bitterly execrate the memory of William, and feel for the suffering Saxons a pity as thrilling and as vivid as though their sufferings were endured in his own time and under his own immediate observation. But these feelings are greatly meliorated by our knowledge of the previous history of the Saxons. We remember that the barbarous and unsparing horde which was led to the shores of England by the pirate chiefs Hengist and Horsa, plundered the people who paid and fed them, and murdered those whom they had solemnly promised to battle for even to the death. They were received as friends and subsidized as allies ; yet they basely repaid the confidence placed in them and the liberality showered upon them, by a breach of every promise they had made, and by exerting their strength to crush those whom by every tie of honour and gratitude they were bound to uphold and to defend. Remembering these things our sympathy with the Saxons becomes fainter. We see in the Normans, avengers of the exterminated or exiled Britons ; and in the degraded condition of the vanquished Saxons we see a just judgment, though a tardy one, upon that faithless and sanguinary race whose treachery and tyranny inflicted such infinite suffering upon the Britons, as we find described and complained of in the pathetic pages of the venerable Beda. But though to the judgment of their prosterity, the sufferings of the Saxons do not appear to merit an unmingled feeling of pity ; they themselves considered the sufferings they endured unprecedentedly severe, and the conduct of their conqueror as unprecedentedly harsh and unjust. And no marvel that they did so ! Lenient as we are to our own individual sinfulness ; it would be indeed strange could we abstain from complaining of injustice when deprived of our property from a mere consciousness of our having received it as the result of unsparing murder and unblushing robbery committed by our ancestors. Can we either blame or wonder at this obliquity of judgment ? Alas ! no ; for it is fast rooted in the very nature of man ; and far more obvious to censure than susceptible of reformation.

Enough the sanguinary battle of Hastings terminated so decisively in favour of duke William of Normandy as to convince him of the certainty of his future possession of the entire country; it was long after that battle ere the Saxons relinquished the hope of expelling him. When no longer able to oppose their enemies *en masse*, they formed themselves into bands, more or less numerous according to the celebrity or influence of their leader, and, sallying, as opportunity offered, from their hiding places at once thinned the ranks of their foe by slaying such Normans as fell into their power and enriched themselves by adding plunder to slaughter. It is very certain that but few of the leaders of these bands had any other than selfish motives for their conduct. But patriotism and hatred of the Norman tyrant were their ostensible motives; and of these they made as much parade as men usually do of those simulated good motives, by which they seek to extenuate, or to justify evil deeds. For, in addition to that propensity which even men the most familiar with crime have to putting a gloss upon their moral feculence, the Saxon robbers,—which is the proper name, though they did not think fit to assume it, of most of the little guerilla parties which held out against William subsequent to his coronation at Westminster—found their account in thus interesting in their behalf those of their own race and nation who had submitted to William and thus preserved their lands and other property undisturbed.

For, ever and anon some more than common outrage upon a Norman of rank would arouse the anger of the king so far as to render it dangerous to venture upon any new exploit; or even to wander far from their subterranean retreats. In such cases when the Norman men at arms scoured the country around in search of the bold outlaws these latter must inevitably have perished by that most horrible of all deaths, starvation, but for the sympathy felt by their less patriotic or more honest and peace-loving fellow Saxons. Gold indeed and gems and rich apparel, and costly arms, were tolerably plentiful among the outlaws; for when in pure detestation of Norman tyranny they despoiled a Norman baron or a Norman abbot they usually neglected to distinguish between foreign and Saxon workmanship. And thus it happened that they sometimes took that which did not belong to even their abstract figment “the Saxon cause;” and wore, as trophies of laudable Saxon recapture, massive gold chains and precious jewels, manufactured by the goldsmiths of Italy, and very honestly paid for with French gold

long before duke William had set foot upon English ground. But gold and jewels, valuable as under ordinary circumstances they are, cannot do duty for food and drink. It was at times when they were unable to venture from their subterranean abodes, that the outlaws found in the hold their simulated patriotism gave them upon the minds of the Saxon portion of the peasantry a treasure, which was, temporarily at least, of far greater value than the stolen valuables with which they could not venture forth.

For upon such occasions oaten cakes and vegetables, and even meat and fish were left in the darkness of night in spots near which the Outlaws were known to lie hidden, and were secured by them ere the daybreak rendered their going abroad a matter of any considerable peril. So anxious, indeed, were the peaceable, though probably but ill contented, peasantry of the Saxon race that those who were under the ban of the conquering Norman should neither be compelled to venture forth while the armed Normans were near their haunts nor suffer the pangs of want while continuing *perdu*, that when circumstances occurred to prevent them from furnishing other means of subsistence, they would in the depth of night drive a milch cow or two to the spot to which they knew the outlaws would resort for aid.

Though, as we have already said the majority of the Saxon bands were composed of men who were actuated rather by love of plunder than by patriotism or detestation of tyranny, there were some bright and admirable exceptions to this rule. Some of the leaders were noble both by birth and in conduct; and had sacrificed wealth ease and dignity to an intense and passionate love of country. Rendered dear to the Saxon portion of the victorious Norman's subjects by the sacrifices they had made and by the perils to which their patriotism exposed them, these gallant and high minded men were enabled to work much evil to the Norman and to make very destructive attacks upon his armed adherents. The very desultoriness of these attacks rendered them doubly efficient. Falling suddenly upon the castle or the abbey whose residents had excited their wrath by an excess of zeal for the Norman manifested in extreme oppression of the miserable Saxons, these bands consummated their work of vengeance and retired into their hiding places long before intelligence of their movements could reach the court.

Wherever there was a Saxon family living in forced and insincere allegiance to the man of foreign race, there the Outlaws had

intelligent spies and devoted friends. Could it be otherwise? No; for Heaven has wisely and mercifully implanted love of country in the hearts of the great majority of mankind. And having that love of their own race sharpened and increased by the perpetual tyranny and insolence of their foreign conquerors, the Saxons felt a proportionate admiration of those who avenged their wrongs, and worked evil to their oppressors.

The fens of Lincolnshire, and the woods which, at the time we speak of, abounded in that country, sheltered several of the armed bands of outlawed Saxons. Volumes might be filled with the details of their deeds, their hazards, their escapes, and their privations; but we shall confine our narration to the tale of the leaders of one of these devoted bands: a man who needed only better fortune to have secured an eternity of fame, but who perished obscurely beneath the successful arts of a monkish assassin, and whose body rotted beneath the green turf, unwept by friends, and marked by no monumental marble.

Leofric, the gallant and murdered youth in question, was the son of one of the wealthiest of the Saxon Thanes. At the period of the Norman invasion, he had just attained his one and twentieth year. Skilled to perfection in all the warlike exercises of his time and country, his naturally fine form was rendered as perfect as the human frame can be, by his regular practice of athletic games and exercises. His countenance, embrowned by his out-of-door habits, glowed with that living fire, which commingled intelligence and virtue alone can bestow; and had so much natural dignity, as to proclaim the aristocratic rank of its owner, and inspire his friends with love, and even his very enemies with respect.

Wiser, or abler friends than Leofric and his father, the unfortunate Harold had never possessed. Their retainers, headed by themselves, were foremost and fiercest in the unfortunate battle of Hastings; and more than one Saxon was subsequently heard to affirm, that had all Harold's troops been as brave, and as well skilled in warfare as Leofric and his father, Harold might have worn his crown in a safety secured by the utter destruction of the Norman host. But it was not to be; and on the defeat of the Saxons, and the death of Harold, Leofric was, by the actual physical force of his friends, hurried from the fatal field upon which his venerable father lay dead, pierced by a dozen weapons, and trampled by the Norman cavalry.

Though the person of Leofric was thus secured from the conqueror's vengeance, his almost princely estates were confiscated, and bestowed by William upon one of his

Norman retainers. This act of despotism determined the future course of Leofric. Converting the valuables he had about him into money, he purchased arms and provisions, and with twenty friends and retainers sought shelter in a cavern in one of the thickest of the Lincoln woods; and woe befell the Norman spoilers whensoever this gallant band emerged in their wrath from their secure, because unknown and unsuspected retreat.

(To be Continued.)

SIGHS FOR THE PAST.

O for the days of youth,
When life was in its spring
Ere its visions, that came in the guise of truth,
Had fled on the mornings wing,
When the heart shed forth its hallowing light,
On all that met the raptured eye—
Ere hopes young bloom was touched with blight,
And memory but a sigh.

O for the dreamers gone,
With whom our childhood played
Soon as the little task was done,
In the culm sequestered shade:
And the earlier friends beloved so well.
(Alas! to think that friendship dies!)

Where do their gentle spirits dwell,
I ask—but none replies.

No voice, except the breeze,
As it waves November's wood—
And the heavy knell of the distant seas
Filling the solitude,
With pulses of such saddening sound.
Where every sound of life has fled,
As seemed amid the stillness round,
Like voices from the dead.

The dead!—No voice have they,
No echo lingering here,
By mountain, wood or wave, to stray
Back on the living ear.
Yet still ascend earth's choral strains,
As if she ne'er had lost a son
Of gladness from her green domains
Though theirs are voices gone.

Save that they seemed in dreams
On the sleep seal'd ear to fall;
Like the sighing sound of far distant streams
Or the tones in which night winds call.
(When roaming round baronial piles)
From some forlorn Æolian lyre,
Or down cathedrals' echoing aisles,
Where sleep the tuneful choir.

Or unto thought return
In the hour of reverie
Off as in vision dimly borne
Far from the things that be;

In memory's land the spirit roams,
 As o'er a pale and pillar'd waste,
 Mid broken shrines and silent homes
 And spectres of the past.
 And weeps for the days of youth,
 When life was in its spring,
 Ere its visions, that came in the guise of
 truth,
 Had fled on the mornings wing.

When the heart shed forth its hallowing
 light
 On all that met the raptured eye,
 Ere hopes young bloom was touched with
 blight,
 And memory but a sigh.

J. M. C



No. IV. VIEWS IN TOWN.—THE MONUMENT.

This beautiful production of Wren's architectural genius continues "point to the skies;" but it no longer *lies* as it did when Pope described it. The inscription

attributing the fire of London to the papists has been obliterated; never, we trust, to be renewed.]

BRITISH ARTISTS.—No. II.

SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, P. R. S.

Of all the branches of art, that of portraiture is by far the commonest: more profess it, because many, with ordinary talents and genius, can gain themselves at least a livelihood. Reynolds was a portrait painter, he professed it, and through it made his fortune. Lawrence was a portrait painter, and did the same—though no one knew what he did with his money: according to some people, he was a gambler. Shee is a portrait painter;—so three out of the four presidents were portrait painters.—The present president is a painter of excellence—a poet of no ordinary merit—a scholar—and a gentleman.

We should say that Sir Martin was now about 60 years of age, yet his health we understand is good, and he paints with the same freedom and beauty of colouring which he did in his younger days; in fact, we scarcely know any difference, with the exception that we think he studies his figures and attitudes more accurately now than when young.

His full-length portrait of Sir Thomas Munro is a splendid production;—there is something so noble, and so determined in his face, that we think it almost rivals the famous arch-duke Charles, of Sir Thomas Lawrence—at least it excels his Blucher, and his Hetman Platoff.

His head of the countess of Errol, painted when he was seventeen years of age, and unknown to the world, says a recent writer, is one of the loveliest creations we know of, it has a Diana Vernon sort of look, and haunts us.

Lavinia, from Thompson's Seasons, is a fine composition indeed. For a while we thought it one of Stothard's, and then we changed our opinion, and thought it one of Howard's; after all we were told that it was one of Shee's. We instantly confessed to our companions how we had been duped, and they acknowledged that they had thought something of the same as what we had. It is certainly a fine production of the human genius;—that picture alone would save Shee's name from oblivion.

We should like it exceedingly if Sir Walter Scott would sit to Shee for his portrait, we are inclined to think that it would be a fine representation of the illustrious bard.

Shee, no doubt, is one of our first portrait painters.—Pickersgill, we think is the first, then Phillips, or Shee, then Mrs. Carpenter, and then follows Sir William Beechey. If we were ever questioned why we placed Beechey last, we should instantly say, that it was for no other reason than

that his portraits are so very stiff.—His portrait of the king exhibited this year at Somerset House, was very poor; it seemed as if his majesty wore stays, and seemed also as if he had a glorious stiff-starched shirt next his skin. Every one that wears shirts must know the horrors of a stiff-starched shirt. Our reasons for placing Mrs. Carpenter fourth, will be given in an early number.—Now for our subject.

If Sir Martin ever considered himself a greater as a painter than he is as a poet, we say that he is quite mistaken, his: "Rhymes on Art," are full of beautiful poetry and poetical expressions, and are alike remarkable for good satire as they are for good poetry. His "Rhymes on Art" has placed his name amongst our celebrated living poets, and we place his autograph in our collection of modern poets.

We cannot refrain from making the following quotation from his "Rhymes on Art," as it is now close to our side:—

"Yet while exulting o'er each bold essay
Of British genius bright'ning into day;
In fond remembrance flows the grateful
tear,
To think what stars have fallen from our
sphere.
Lo! pensive, leaning o'er th' illumined
page,
Where History meditates the madd'ning
age,
And mourns her Mortimer; while kind, too
late,
Relenting Fortune weeps o'er Wilson's fate.
Remorseful owns her blindness, and to
Fame
Consigns, with sorrow, his illustrious name.
Hogarth, with thee, satiric humour fled,
Proclaims our graphic moralist is dead;
Who, Sampson-like, in conscious might
secure,
Burst the strong bonds that meaner minds
endure:
Disdain'd the beaten track, the common
crown,
And forc'd an untried passage to renown.
To nature true, his sportive pencil mov'd,
Taught while it trifled, pleas'd while it re-
prov'd.
Struck by the harlot's woes, with shame
oppress'd,
Reviving virtue wins the wanton breast;
No more the midnight scene to riot warms,
The rake reviews his progress, and reforms."

We can scarcely keep ourselves from quoting any more—room alone restrains us from it. Of John Hamilton Mortimer, mentioned above, Shee says in his notes—king John signing Magna Charta, and the Battle of Agincourt, afford no mean specimens of his strength in history. Wilson

was and still is one of our first landscape painters.—Of Hogarth every one knows,—all that we have now to say is, that Sir Martin's notes are extremely valuable, for his criticisms are good. P. R. C.

THE GRATEFUL GUEST.

(For the Scrap Book.)

In the summer of the year, towards the end of the eighteenth century, we took up our abode in one of the Pyrenean Mountains to the north of Leon, which afforded a barrier to the remains of Spanish liberty, and where, indeed, my father had sought refuge from the persecutions of a most powerful enemy. We had been in our habitation but a few weeks, when, one evening as we were seated around the dying embers of the fire, a loud and repeated knocking at the door aroused us from our meditations; my father arose, and opened the door, when a tall figure walked, or rather staggered into our presence, who almost instantly sunk upon a block of wood, which served as a substitute for a chair. His appearance threw us into a little confusion, and some moments elapsed ere we attempted to ascertain the cause of his apparent weakness; my father approached him, unfastened a cloak in which he was enveloped, and discovered blood flowing from a wound in his left shoulder.—No time, therefore, was lost in conveying him to rest, and dressing the incision. In a few days Vivaldo—for that was the name of our guest—began to feel the good effects of our attention, and my father ventured to ask him how he became wounded, when he replied, “In passing a rock, which overhangs a rugged path, near the summit of the mountain, a man, dressed in the garb of a soldier, rushed from a hollow, where he was secreted, and aimed a blow at my breast, which would have buried his poignard to the hilt, had I not been prepared by the rustling his approach occasioned. Foiled in his attempt, he instantly drew, and notwithstanding all my endeavours to defend myself from his impetuosity, he wounded me, and I certainly should have fallen a victim to his murderous design, had he exercised more patience; for the loss of blood so weakened me, that I could only act the defensive.—But observing my inability to continue the conflict much longer, he thought to finish it by one decisive stroke; and for that purpose he grasped his weapon with both hands and made a desperate cut at me, but in so doing, his footing gave way, and he slipped down, thus offering me an opportunity that I could not lose sight of, and mustering all my strength, by a well-directed thrust I

pinn'd him to the earth, and I there left the wretch to God and his conscience; and thanking Providence that I had escaped the hands of the assassin, I hastened on, thinking to reach the next town, but seeing a light in this spot, I hobbled hither with difficulty.—The rest you know; and to your hospitality and kindness am I indebted for my recovery, a debt,” exclaimed he, with energy, “that can never be liquidated!—your generosity will be engraven on my heart in characters indelible; and when I think on my mountain friend, it will be with feelings of indescribable pleasure and gratitude.” My father, perceiving that he had exerted himself with the recital, requested him to rest, which he accordingly did. In eight days afterwards he told us that he was sufficiently recovered to pursue his journey, and at day-break on the following morning he departed.

A few months after Vivaldo had left us, I set off to the nearest village to procure provisions; and being detained longer than I expected, it was quite dark ere I reached the foot of the mountain, and unfortunately I mistook the road. After wandering about for a considerable time in the hope of regaining the track which I had lost; and whilst passing through a thicket, a ruffian stepped up: *sans ceremonie* eased me of my burden, and in an instant afterwards, I was handcuffed, and a bandage placed over my eyes, and seizing me firmly by the arm, he hurried me onwards. As we proceeded, I repeatedly interrogated him as to the object of such usage, but he remained dumb to my enquiries, and only thrust me forward more roughly for my natural inquisitiveness. We had proceeded thus for a considerable time, when a voice, which appeared familiar to my ear, demanded my leader to stand! He did so; and quitting my arm, drew his sabre, and a combat ensued, which, to judge by the clashing of their weapons, must have been furious. In the mean time, I suffered the most agonizing suspense; for being unable to loosen the cords which bound my hands, I consequently remained in perfect ignorance as to the cause of their fighting. At length, one of the combatants fell with a horrid groan, and all was still for a moment, when I was again led forward, but with more care. This appeared to me very strange, but thinking that I should gain no information, resolved on putting no more questions. I therefore walked on in silence until I was seated on the ground, my hands liberated, and the bandage removed from my eyes. By my side was placed my provisions! not thirty yards distant stood my father's rude dwelling, and before me I beheld the grateful Vivaldo! Ere I could

collect my scattered thoughts to thank my deliverer, he shook me heartily by the hand, exclaiming, "God bless thee and thy parent," quickly descended the mountain's side.
C. P.—

No. 4.—KING'S OF ENGLAND. STEPHEN.

England suffered great miseries during the reign of this prince: but his personal character, allowing for the temerity and injustice of his usurpation, appears not liable to any great exception; and he seems to have been well qualified, had he succeeded by a just title, to have promoted the happiness and prosperity of his subjects. He was possessed of industry, activity, and courage, to a great degree; was not deficient in ability, had the talent of gaining men's affections; and, notwithstanding his precarious situation, never indulged himself in the exercise of any cruelty or revenge. His advancement to the throne procured him neither tranquility nor happiness, died, 1154.
R. C. B.

GLEANINGS.

THE CALM.

Yon heav'n hath smooth'd its angry brow,
And lull'd the tempests roar;
The sighing billows calmly now,
Heave onward to the shore.
The star light, through yon placid lue,
Comes trembling o'er the wave,
Sweet, lonely beams of purest true,
That light the seamans grave.
There's beauty in yon smiling heav'n,
And ocean's stirless sleet:
But what are these, to fond hearts, riven
From loved ones in the deep! G. J. N.

THE GOD MAKER.

A sculptor in Portugal who had borne the character of a free thinker, was dying, a jesuist confessed him, and held a crucifix before him exclaiming "See there is God whom you have so often offended. Do you know him?" "Oh yes" replied the sculptor—"I made it."

RASH RESOLUTION.

A lady was some time ago followed by a beggar who very importunately asked her for alms, she refused him when he quitted her with a profound sigh saying "Yet the alms I asked would have prevented me from my present resolution"—the lady was alarmed lest the man was going to make

some rash attempt upon his own life. He was going away when she called him back and gave him a shilling and asked him what he meant by what he had just said. "Madam," said the fellow laying hold of the money, "I have been begging all day in vain, and but for this shilling I should have been obliged to go to work."

A REASON.

A melting sermon being preached in a country church all wept but one man; on being asked why he did not cry with the rest, he replied "Oh I belong to another parish."

WHY KING WILLIAM BECAME A SAILOR.

It is said that our patriotic king William became a sailor in consequence of his questioning, when quite young, a foppish military officer, and a bluff sailor, in the following manner:—"Bless me, why what a difference is there between the appearance of soldiers' and sailors. Pray," said he, addressing the *terra firma* dandy, "what do you principally feed upon?"—"A—a—veal, your highness," replied the affected red coat. "And what do you live upon?" he continued, turning to the sailor, who was perhaps unconscious of the dignity of the interrogator. "Beef, and be d—d to you," retorted the man of tar, as he stuffed a *quid* in his mouth. "Ay," said Clarence, "you are for my money, who shall dare stand against such sturdy veterans? England, and the navy for ever!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to S. Farley for the evidently friendly intention of his advice; but to follow it would be *injurious* instead of beneficial to us. The true remedy for the "impatience" which he sees and regrets in some of our correspondents is for them to be patient and not for us to double the size of our work. Suppose we were even to *quadruple* it; could we then insert all communications as soon as we receive them? No, nor even a tithe of them. R. C. Brownell shall always be impartially treated, and we thank him for his favours but he must allow us to use our own discretion. Stanzas to a young married couple in an early No. "The Steam Packet" will be inserted at our first opportunity. Other correspondents will be answered in our next.

London: printed and published by Sears, 29, Charter-house Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 27.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1831.

Price 1d.



LADY HARRIET ACKLAND.

Why build we up sumptuous and durable monuments to the merely animal ferocity of the slayers of our race? Granting that they really are as brave as they vaunt themselves, and as the tongues of the multitude delight to proclaim them; granting all this, we are unjust to allow them to monopolize our admiration and our praises. In many a humble cottage is more real courage displayed, than all the man-slayers from Alexander, downward, have possessed. Privations and bodily afflictions the most horrible, to which our nature is obnoxious, are borne by many an unnamed hero with a courage sufficient to furnish that quality to fifty of your scarlet heroes.

Were *genuine* courage to be apotheosized, heroines would be found in even greater number than heroes. With all their delicacy of frame and in despite of the tendency which their education and habits of life

have to render them even less robust than nature intended them to be, there is in women a fervent and indomitable fortitude more truly heroic than the more passionate and impetuous but far less enduring courage of the other sex. In times of prosperity and happiness, this heroism lies deep buried in woman's heart; treasured up there as impervious to the world's gaze as the first young thrillings of her maiden love. But when war or sickness, the frowns of fortune, or, the persecution of the world call it into play, it is equal to all the demands that can be made upon it; nothing being too dangerous for it to dare, nothing too horrible for it to endure.

The subject of our cut was eminently endowed with that high but calm heroism which is described as so peculiar to women. In despite of fragility of frame, and though she had been nursed in the very lap of

luxurious ease, she accompanied her husband, a British officer of rank, through a most busy and eventful campaign.

Every species of suffering incidental to war she endured not only without shrinking but with cheerfulness. Had she animosity against the foe? Did she seek wealth and honours as the reward of her high daring? By no such grovelling selfishness was she actuated. She dared all dangers, endured all sufferings, and abandoned all luxurious ease because she was a wife; and because to her truly noble heart the dangers and the sufferings which she shared with her gallant husband were as nothing to the misery of self reproach she would have felt had she not shared them. To read her story without loving her memory is impossible; and humble as is the tribute we pay to her memory it is more sincere than

The sculptured lie that mocks the worm beneath.*

THE TWO MURDERERS:

A VISION OF HELL.

I lately dined,—I right seldom dine,
As poets, we know, are wont,
And, I drank, I know not how much of wine;
Some their beakers reckon, I don't.
So, with dining and wineing I slept but ill,
And my sleep was disturbed by dreams;
And my dreams on the awful kept harping still,
As a poets' dreaming beseems.
I was wrecked, I was racked, hanged, and
roasted whole,
And hurled from a mountain's top;
Being tortured in flesh for the good of my soul,
And to throw superstition a sop.
I supped in my sleep, of horrors right full,
May I ne'er sup so full of them more!
Till a long, and a strong, and unanimous pull
Of fiends took me down to Hells' door.
Twas awful that! yet it seemed that I gaz'd
As unmoved, as I should at the carriage
Of king, or the like; and felt less of amaze
Than St. — feels comfort in marriage.
Perhaps *that* can't be; well! to me 'tis nought
I no twenty stone strumpet have married

* We shall speak of this lady more particularly in an article we have commenced entitled "Records of Female Heroism;" upon which subject we shall be glad to receive information from any of our intelligent correspondents.—EDITOR.

And I merely describe in what fashion I thought,
When thus to L'Inferno carried.

I thought, I must own, that 'twas devilish queer,

And unpleasant to boot, this limbo;
But quickly proceeded some questions to speir †

At a fiend who stood arms a' kimbo.

I asked a great many; he answered some,
And answered them marvellous well:—
But, for all I could say, he was now and then dumb

"Ho!" thought I, "there are secrets in Hell."

At length I observed that the damned ha' berths

Of comparative torture and labour,
And exclaimed, "they have justice here like Earth's,"

But I'll just enquire of my neighbour.

And I said "my hearty! how is it that while

Those chaps" and I pointed, "scarce warm,

Those other ones broil,"—I pronounced it *brile*,

And such agonized attitudes form.

The fiend looked grand—by Bob Peel, 'twas grand,

For the moment, the look he assumed,
And he led me along till we took our stand
By a corse I thought newly exhumed.

In that I was out: it was cabalist gear,
Which its fine preservation explains;
And I candidly own to a little of fear,
When I saw him make paste of the brains.

'Twas speedily made: need I say how they bake

In the place where I dreamed that I gazed?
Surely not: well, I heartily ate of the cake,
And its flavor,—I flattered though, praised.

'Twas the tree of knowledge that morsel of cake,

Brains to brains improve one's wit!
And the fiend now bade me myself betake
Farther into the bottomless pit.

And a lake of fire, so bright that it burned
The eyeballs upon it to gaze,
Saluted our sight as we sharply turned
Round a brimstone-pillar-formed maze.

"Look!" said the fiend, "and behold explain'd

The mystery you've seen;

† "Spier at," *Scoticism prepense*: See Jamieson, or, hear my friend the lord Advocate.

"Read!" so I gaz'd, till my sight was
strained,
Adown on the fiery sheen.

And, depicted there in pellucid fire,
Hell's tenants course I saw;
The earthly course in which son and sire
Had defied the Eternal's law.

All earth was before me, the great and small,
The bad and the merely base;
And I scanned the inmost souls of all,
As they were in their mortal race.

I saw the whoredom of beauty there,
And the sloth of the starving poor;
I beheld the guardian defraud the heir
And the baron oppress the boor.

There lust glared wild in the eye of age
And girlhood sought pollution;
There cowards trembled at despots' rage,
Or called it a "Constitution."*

Fat-hearted gluttons, too, guttled there,
While thousands were starving around;
Not a coin spared they to those sons of care
Though they heard their moanings sound.

* * * *
* * * *
* * * *
* * * *

And an aged and hoary Despot there
Sat wassailing in state
While his steel clad minions rent the air
With blood and pride elate.†
Roared the hoarse guns, the sabres flashed
And mercy was sought in vain
Men, women, and babes around lay gashed
And writhing in mortal pain.
The tyrant smiled; but the lurid grin
Scarcely lighted his aged face
When, near and more near, a tumultuous
din

Bade his joy to dread give place.
They come in their might the avenging
throng
The peasant-warriors see!

* Why the devil does not *Mig* take a
hint from hoarier and more experienced
villains? His subjects
(Poor paltry slaves!—though born 'midst
noblest scenes,
Why, Nature waste thy wonders on such
men?)
would take the ravishment of their sisters
and daughters and the butchery of their
sons and brothers as contentedly again
if "constitutionally" done!

† There was a grand banquet when
Charles's minions commenced their butch-
er-work upon the Parisian populace.

They come! and the fight is bloody and
long,

Whose! whose is the victory?

The god of battles hath given the might
To that ill accoutred throng,
They fought and conquered from morn 'till
night,

And hark! the exulting song!

Yes! hoary tyrant, I saw thee fly,
In that mirror on which I gazed,
I saw the tear of rage in thine eye
And beheld thy soul amazed.

Swept they from earth that tyrant king?
Stern was their vengeance? No!
They pitied that feeble though bloody thing,
And bade him in safety go.

In a foreign land he shelter found
In a foreign grave was laid;
When he died† amid prayers consoling
sound,

And surrounded by wealth's parade.
Far other the fate of yon' felon, I deem,
Whose hate *one* victim sated;
He died 'mid the rabble's exulting scream!
His crime was piously hated!

Be it so! on earth great crimes go free,
Small criminals are banned;
But, villains of state! 'twill right different be
In the justice of spectre-land.

For, in hell I saw the despot, who died
Unmindful of his sins;
Whose hearts' last pulse was given to
pride
And whose smiles were fiendish grins;
I saw him in agony intense,
Encircled by waves of fire;
While the felon, who died in penitence,
Was screened from the fiend's dread ire.

W. T. H.

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES.

No. 1.—RANK.

The whole nation under the Saxons were
divided into *freemen* and *slaves*. The free-
men were divided into two orders the *nobles*
and the *ceorls*. The nobles were called
thanes, and were of two kinds: the *king*
thanes and the *lesser thanes*. The distinc-
tion between them seems to be, that the
former were next in rank to the king, and
independent; the latter were dependent on
the kings thane's and seem to have occu-
pied lands of their gift, for which they paid
rent, services, or attendance in war and
peace. Noble descent or possession of

† We, that is myself and my muse,
have here done a bit of anticipative.—
N'importe, it will be true!

land were the two qualifications that raised a man to the rank of thanes.

The inferior rank of freemen, *ceorls* were chiefly employ in husbandry : so much so that the title *ceorl* became almost synonymous. These persons cultivated the farms of the nobility, for which they paid rent and seem to have been liable to removal at pleasure.

The next order of people and a very numerous body they were, was that of the *slaves* or *villains*, a lower kind of *ceorls* who being part of the property of their lords were incapable of any themselves, Sir William Temple describes these persons as "a sort of people who were in a condition of downright servitude, used and employed in the most servile works ; and belonging, they, their children and effects, to the lord of the soil, like the rest of the stock or cattle upon it."

But still the power of lords over their slaves was not absolute. If the owner beat out a slaves eye or teeth, the slave recovered his liberty ; if he killed him, he paid a fine to the king. These slaves were of two kinds predial that is persons not in *actual* service but working on the estate and liable on occasion to be employed in any other service and domestic slaves.

Seals affixed to Charters.—Before the time of Edward the confessor the usage was to ratify charters by subsigning of names accompanied with holy crosses. This was done both by the parties and witnesses. It is generally believed, that Edward the Confessor was the first who brought into this kingdom the custom of affixing to Charters a seal of wax. It is said that being in Normandy, at the court of his cousin William, he there learned several Norman customs ; and among others which he transplanted hither, was this of sealing deeds with wax, though the word *sigillum* often occurs in charters before this time ; yet some great antiquarians (among whom is Sir Henry Spelman) have agreed that it did not mean a seal of wax, but was used synonymously for *signum* and denoted the sign of the cross and other symbols made use of in those times.

A COUNTRY CHURCH

ORIGINAL.

There is nothing perhaps so really pleasing to a placid and tranquil mind, as to enter a country church. Devoid of ornament, destitute of affectation, we feel ourselves more in the house of God and consequently nearer to his presence, than when in grander and more pretending temples. Those whom we see there are examples of piety and paterns of affection, while the pastor himself is seldom other than a man of strict probity, and that example to his parishoners that he should be. He ascends

the pulpit not to bewilder them with the thunder of his eloquence, but to set forth in as plain diction, the plain truths of the gospel—he courts no admiration—he addresses poor as well as rich, and adapts his language to their understanding : he humbly kneels for them as their intercessor to Heaven, and piety and humility mark his prayers. The clerk too is sober and good natured a shoemaker during week days, he puts on a better coat for Sundays, and astonishes even his customers by the few mistakes he makes in psalms or weekly notices. But let us not anticipate—Reader—we are at the church-yard gate. Picture to yourself a small but neat building with a taper spire, the ground round it sufficiently large, with here and there some smarter tomb, among the ruder clumps of earth ; shaded with trees. It must be a fine morning—the bell must have just begun—and before the cavalcade proceeds to church, let us take a short survey of the tombs.—The sexton is busied with a new grave—'tis for a young lady, one who when alive was adored by the poor, for she loved them and attended to their wants—He draws the back of his hand across his eyes, and is ready to exclaim "Poor girl—we must weep for thee, here is a fresh flower plucked in the bloom of youth and beauty"—There are many here, indeed most spots only mounds, without a mark to tell or to record the name or deeds of those who sleep beneath.—Untouched with ambition, they were born, have lived, and as peaceably expired in their native village. Poor but honest, sometimes unhappy, but ever uncontaminated by vice—and here ! here lies the lord of the place—a gorgeous stone and half obliterated eulogium mark the distinction ; and yet, perhaps, compare their lives—the pallid marble would blush, and the turf look greener, here may you see lines written as testimonials of virtue, here may you mark in words some brother's tear or father's blessing, here some wife or child perhaps has broke an aged parents heart.

It is now time to enter.—Observe the charity children neat, clean, and respectable—Virtue shines in their white garments.—See the more wealthy families take their seats—the poorer have already.

Amid the solemn silence, the desk is closed upon the rector who casts one placid and smiling look upon his children—then looks at the lessons prepared by his faithful servant, the poor but happy clerk. Now breaks Jehovah's praise along the aisle, all is again hushed, and the prayers commence.

Sweet sweet scene, may the God of mercy bless thy blooming turf, and hallow thy worthy visitors in himself for ever !

UNE ENNUYEE.



No. 1.—THE PARSON AND THE CAT.

'Twas at a time when scent was keen,
 What dog his nose could blame?
 A vicar paced the sylvan scene,
 In hot pursuit of game.

Only more strong the burning scent,
 When livings were in view;
 The fleece possess'd—he lived content,
 Though vacant every pew.

More fragrant far such scent inhaled,
 Than incense upward borne;
 No psalmody his ears assailed,
 Like clang of huntsman's horn.

Dearer to him the pack's full cry,
 Than Sabbath-bell's deep tone:
 Not half so sweet the sinner's sigh,
 As Reynard's dying groan.

He saw a swain, as forth he hied,
 Advancing to a brook,
 Whose cat beneath his arm was tied,
 With wildness in her look.

"And whither," asked the buckskin priest
 "Say, whither dost thou go?
 If silent here,—relate at least,
 Why blind Miss Pussey so?"

"Why," said John, "aint please your
 honour,
 I go this cat to drown."

"Why not set the dogs upon her?
 They soon will hunt her down."

To please his heavenly-minded guide,
 Of tenderness composed,
 He took poor Pussey from his side,
 By hungry dogs enclosed.

And soon he snapp'd her hempen fetters,
 For sport prepared the way,—
 Sport, so fitting men of letters,
 Return'd to childhood's day.

Full joyous was the priest as pack,
 When John threw down the cat;
 The tide of early life roll'd back;
 In spite of wlg and hat.

THE OUTLAW.

(Continued from page 204.)

Foremost in every danger, and incessantly active in annoying his Norman foes, Leofric at length became so exceedingly obnoxious to the usurper, that a price was set upon his head; and honours were promised to any Saxon who should discover his hiding place. A proclamation to this effect was made, and on the very day that it was issued, Leofric and his gallant band attacked the castle of one of William's most devoted adherents, and retired in triumph and laden with booty. This fresh and, as it seemed, studiously contemptuous, defiance of his power and his authority,

enraged William almost to insanity, and he rebuked, in the bitterest terms, his barons and their followers for not at once ridding him of the annoyance of one whom he termed a mere deer-stealer and outlaw. In vain they called his attention to the fact that they could not crush him whom they could not find; the indignant monarch was too much galled and enraged to listen to reason, or to appreciate facts, however striking and obvious they might be to others.

While Leofric was thus accumulating upon himself the hatred and the maledictions of his Norman foemen, he was winning for himself the golden opinions of the Saxon population. His praises formed the theme of many a rude ballad, and in many a humble cottage was he nightly prayed for in the impressive and beautifully simple mother-tongue of the men of his oppressed and suffering race.

Thus rolled on five years. The noble outlaw and his devoted adherents almost seemed to have the power of ubiquity and of invisible locomotion. For while the wail above the dead they had slain was yet heard in one part of the country, they would suddenly burst in upon a Norman oppressor in a spot a hundred miles distant, wreak their vengeance upon him, and retire to their obscure abode. Wherever the newly settled baron or abbot made any more than usually wanton display of cruelty towards the enslaved Saxons, *there* was the Outlaw's red right hand exerted so suddenly as to defy preparation, and so unsparingly as to strike terror into the hearts of other tyrants, conscious of their own cruelty and extortion.

From the extreme caution with which Leofric concealed from even his own countrymen the knowledge of his place of abode, he was necessarily prevented from increasing to any considerable extent the number of his followers. But his repeated vengeance upon the Normans, and the splendour of his occasional benefactions to suffering Saxons, procured him among these latter so great a popularity, that probably a very few years longer continuation of his life and his success, would have caused the utter ruin of the Norman cause. Already, in spite of the sanguinary *curfew*, large parties, consisting of the most influential and adventurous of the Saxons, began to assemble by night; and these were unanimous in their belief, that ere long, the *appearance* of Leofric would suffice to cause something more than a mere revolt of the entire Saxon population. It was otherwise decreed!

When Leofric and his father joined the army of the unfortunate Harold, just previous to the unfortunate battle of Hastings, Edgitha, the beautiful daughter of one of

the wealthiest of the Saxon Thanes, had plighted her maiden faith to him, and, in the blind confidence with which he counted upon the victory, Harold had promised to honour their nuptials with his presence on a day appointed. That day never dawned upon the living Harold; and Edgitha, instead of becoming, on that day, the beautiful bride of one of the bravest of her compatriots, beheld herself a slave. Was it *not* slavery? To become either the bride of a rude and licentious man at arms, doubly hateful to her as an agent in the conquest of her country, or the inmate of a convent, vowing her whole heart to God while its passionate love was bestowed upon one of God's mortal creatures? Was there aught but slavery in that choice? Alas! no; but Edgitha preferred the compelled perjury which consigned her to a convent, to that pollution of body as well as mind which she would have submitted to had she married a foreign stranger, while loving her still living, though ruined and outlawed Leofric. Her father, as well as Leofric's, had perished in the fatal fight of Hastings, and the broad lands of which she was thus calamitously put in possession, rendered her doubly doomed to be a victim. For as, on the one hand, her uncontrolled possession of such wealth would enable her to assist the Saxons in their resistance to his tyranny, so, on the other hand, it was a rich prize indeed wherewith to reward one of the many needy bravos who had helped to win him the English crown, and whose zealous allegiance to him was necessary for the permanent security of his possession. Probably the fierce soldier who was put in possession of Edgitha's rich estates, would have been not ill pleased had she consented to imitate the base servility of but too many of her countrywomen, who preferred the espousal of strangers, whose blades were yet red with Saxon blood, to perpetuated virginity, and the seclusion and rigours of a convent. For at this time Edgitha was one of the loveliest forms that ever fired a youthful breast with love, or inspired the harmonious eloquence of a youthful poet. Tall, slender, and faultlessly symmetrical, her beautiful figure appeared to the greatest advantage in the picturesque costume of her time and country, and there was a majesty in her gait which bespoke at once the dignity and the spotless purity of her soul. Her complexion was extremely fair, but health and exercise gave it a glowing clearness wholly free from that pallor which but too frequently renders a beautiful *blonde* rather uninteresting. Her great blue eyes and luxuriant flaxen locks reminded the beholders of her German ancestry; and her full rich tones of voice

added a resistless charm to the imposing beauty of her face and figure.

Even the rugged and impetuous soldier of Normandy was struck with something like mingled awe and regret when this lovely and ill-fated being, with a decided and indignant promptitude, signified her determination to prefer the convent to an unholy marriage. Even he descended from his high tones and haughty bearing, and sued with something like earnestness of speech and humility of manner for a change of her purpose. Her very refusal only served to strengthen his wishes; and had he dared, he would have *compelled* her to share with him the wealth of which his master and her tyrant had despoiled her. But *he* who *would* be obeyed, had spoken the irrevocable word; and though the Saxon maiden was deprived of the vast wealth of her parent, almost as soon as the murder of that parent had caused it to become hers; she was permitted to find shelter for her person, and obscurity for her sorrows in a convent, under the rule of one of the many lady abbesses who had hurried over from Normandy to share the patronage and spoils of duke William.

She had a double reason for using promptitude in obtaining this shelter. For a recreant Saxon, who had joined the triumphant party, and who stood high in the favour of the usurper, looked with an eye of rapture upon the blooming beauty of Edgitha; and he, too, persecuted her with offers of marriage, the more insolent, because he had before been rejected, and was, independent of his base treason to the cause of his country, the personal foe both of Edgitha's deceased father, and of her outlawed lover. Hastily, therefore, collecting her personal valuables, and attended by two or three old and attached domestics, she proceeded under the escort, or rather in the custody, of a confidential knight of Williams', who had orders to treat her with all possible respect and delicacy, but on no account to lose sight of her until he had delivered her into the care of the lady abbess.

The convent to which the lovely victim of an oppressor's extortion and policy was bound, was situated near the site upon which Lyndhurst, a town in the New Forest in Hampshire now stands.

The conqueror, who was passionately attached to the chase, had already demolished several of the villages, of which, to the number of six and thirty, he ultimately destroyed all trace, in order to afford freer and wider range for those brute creatures, which, in his sanguinary code, were more rigourously protected than his Saxon subjects. As Edgitha and her es-

cort approached the place of their destination, groups of the expelled peasantry were seen lying in helpless misery, and mourning under the clumps of majestic oak, which even at that time distinguished this part of England. The aged, the infirm, the pregnant woman, and the newly-born infant, were equally bereft of home, and equally exposed to the bitter blasts of the already inclement season. The heart of Edgitha sank within her as she contemplated the varied miseries of her truly unfortunate compatriots, and she plentifully distributed the gold she had about her, among those who seemed to stand the most in need of immediate aid. Amid their loudly invoked blessings upon her head, she at length proceeded in compliance with the urgent, though respectful, request of the chief of her conductors, whose orders were peremptory, and would brook no delay. The twilight already began to deepen into gloom, when the cavalcade struck out of the main road they had for many hours been traversing, and the knight announced to his beautiful prisoner, that they were near the end of their journey, and lifting her eyes, she could, or imagined that she could, already see in the murky distance, the gothic structure erected for purposes of piety and peace, but which was now, alas! to be to her a living tomb. The tears despite her indignant pride, chased each other down her pallid cheek; she could scarcely sit the tractable and beautiful jennet which now bore her for the last time, and she involuntarily sobbed out the name of her beloved Leofric. Scarcely had she done so, when, from one side of the thickly wooded avenue through which she and her guards were now proceeding, an arrow whizzed upon its errand of vengeance, and pierced the heart of the man at arms who rode next to the knight; who only escaped the death intended for him by the accidental stumbling of his war-steed. A loud shout from the ambushed foes drowned the curses of the Norman men at arms; and scarcely had the knight formed these for the conflict as advantageously as circumstances would admit, when Leofric and his gallant band burst from their leafy lair, and formed in battle order before them.

(To be Continued.)

ANTONIUS.

About the year of Rome 638, six vestal virgins were accused of incontinence; and the illustrious orator M. Antonius, among many others, was suspected of having criminal conversation with them. He was actually quæstor, and having Asia for his province, was upon the point of setting out

for Brundisium, when he was informed of the accusation against him; and, as there was a law to exempt those from prosecution who were absent in the service of their country, he might have easily evaded a trial. But, conscious of his own innocence, he postponed his journey, and returned from Brundisium to Rome, to clear himself, even from the suspicion of the charge brought against him.

In the course of the trial, one circumstance rendered the defence of the accused very precarious and uncertain. The prosecutor demanded that a slave, who they pretended carried a torch before him in the night when he went to the criminal rendezvous, should be delivered up to them, in order to his being put to the question.

This slave was very young. Antonius was, therefore, in extreme apprehensions, both for the weakness of his years, and the violence of the pains he was going to endure. But the slave himself exhorted his master to deliver him up without fear; assuring him, that his fidelity was proof against the most cruel inflictions. He kept his word; and the question, which was very rigorous amongst the Romans, whips, racks, and red-hot irons, could not overcome his constancy, nor make him speak in a manner prejudicial to the accused.

This example proves that virtue, and consequently true nobility, is of all ranks and conditions. Antonius was acquitted; and set out for his province with honour and tranquility.

RODERIC.

GLEANINGS.

PRELAPS OF FORTUNE.

Within the last thirteen months, no fewer than thirteen sovereign rulers have ceased to govern, either in unsequence of the will of their own subjects, or in obedience to the mandate of a Higher Power:

England....George IV.....Dead
France.Charles X.Deposed.
AlgiersMohmondTurned out.
Rome.....Pius VIII.Dead
SaxonyAnthonyDeposed.
NaplesFrancisDead.
Belgium....WilliamDeposed.
Sardinia....Charles Felix ..Dead
Brunswick ..Duke Charles..Deposed.
GreeceCapo d'Istrias..Resigned.
BrazilsDon Pedro 1...Abdicated.
Columbia ..BolivarDead.
PolandArchduke Chs. Deposed.

ATTORNIES IN THE TIME OF HENRY VI.

In the reign of Henry VI. in the year 1454 we find that his majesty the king having heard of divers complaints being made against the wise men termed lawyers of those parts of his majesty's dominions, call-

ed Norfolk, and Suffolk, do strictly order and command, the number of wise men (or lawyers termed) to be reduced from the number of eighty to fourteen and that the said number be chosen by his majesty's house of parliament. What would attornies say to this now?

E. J. R.

Isaac Walton gives the following lines from a translation of a German poet which makes one fond of England:

We saw so many woods, and princely
bowers,
Sweet fields, brave palaces, and stately
towers,
So many gardens dress'd with curious care,
That Thames with royal Tiber may compare.

SHAKSPEARIAN CONS.

What Newspaper is like the Cock in Hamlet?

Answer.—The Morning Herald.

Why was my hat, being "a shocking bad one," and on my head in a polite assembly like Othello's marriage?—

Answer.—Because it was the very head and front of my offending.

Vide Othello's address to the Senators.

E. M X US X R.

EPIGRAMS.

Imitation of Martial: Lib. 2. Epig. 94.

P's house was lately burned, and all the nine
Fair Muses clapt their hands in gladsome
glee;

Their judgment jumps not, I must own,
with mine,

For, ah! his house alone was burned, not he!

Sweeping reforms at length will gladden
Hume,

For, lo! his m——y has bought a broom!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Received articles from H. Lang, and I. J. B. Turner; who will find a packet at our publishers. We have not yet had time to peruse the articles in question; but will decide upon them in our next. T. Howe's poetry is, like several other small matters in this bad world "quite too bad." P. R. C's, pleasant papers have come to hand; and we thank him for them. As we make up in advance two or more weeks must elapse before either of those will appear; but his previous received articles will appear in the mean time.

London: printed and published by Sears, 29, Charterhouse Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 28.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1831.

Price 1d.



AGATHA GHERANZI.

BY JOHN BIRD, ESQ.

The joy of Mantua was great and undissembled at the approaching nuptials of the bravest of her sons with the fairest and most amiable of her daughters. Vincentio the only child of the widowed marquis Petroni, had served under the viceroy Beauharnois, with honour to himself and credit to his native city, and had even attracted the particular observation of the penetrating and sagacious Napoleon, by his coolness and intrepidity on several occasions of great difficulty and peril. The youth, in common with most of his compatriots, had regarded the Emperor as the destined emancipator of his country from her long slumber of thralldom and abasement, but a clearer knowledge of the character and views of that ambitious and selfish commander had long taught him the fallacy of his hopes; when the reverses

consequent on the battle of Leipsic dissolved the proud but baseless fabric of despotism, and restored the young warrior to the arms of a fond and doating father. The admiration that greeted his return to Mantua was loud and deserved. Toil and travel had but perfected the graces of his noble form; the ever-changing life and duties of a soldier had contributed only to foster the enthusiasm of his soul, the ardent and generous impulses of his nature. He had trod the red fields of war with unsullied step, and for him its laurel had no poison.

First among those who welcomed his return to his native city were the long attached friends of his father, the count and countess Gheranzi, whose only daughter, with somewhat of a pathetic spirit, had been playfully betrothed to him in their

years of childhood. Vincentio had left Agatha a blooming girl, lively as a fawn, and not less gentle; he found her a lovely woman, whose beauty was her least perfection. Amazed, delighted, enamoured, with the natural ardour of his temperament he sought and won her affections; and by families long united in friendship, and rich in ancestry and wealth what more could be desired than that cementing tie which the union of children, mutually loving and beloved, was about to produce! The count Gheranzi, it is true, was once heard to say that, had not Agatha rejected the prince of Castel-Monti, his house might have looked down on that of Petroni; but a gentle remonstrance from the more generous countess silenced the latent discontent which this observation seemed to imply. On the other hand, the marquis Petroni, who lived but in his son, hastened the nuptial preparations with an anxiety which seemed to border on folly; but he was declining in years and health, and it could not reasonably therefore be matter of surprise that he should be desirous, by the marriage of that son, to secure him from further wanderings. Two days only were to elapse before the celebration of the holy rite, to which all Mantua looked forward with impatient joy, when the marquis was suddenly taken ill and in a few hours breathed his last in the arms of his distracted child. The violence of the seizure had deprived him almost instantly of the power of speech; and, as it seemed, at a time when some fatal secret was labouring in his breast. The expiring struggles of humanity are at all times awful; but when to the throes of nature are added the pangs of conscience, how dreadful are the last moments of man! In vain did Vincentio attempt to tranquilize his wretched parent; even as his eyes glazed in death his looks were of sorrow and despair.

The count Gheranzi assisted at the last obsequies of the marquis, with great apparent grief for his friend and sympathy in the feelings of his successor; and from his lips, after the mournful ceremonies were concluded, Vincentio received the only consolation which his heart could then admit—an assurance, that after such reasonable delay as reverence for the departed claimed from affection and duty, the nuptials should be solemnized.

“I tremble at delay!” said the mourner.

“You need not,” replied the count: “I swear to you, by the soul of your lamented sire, that Agatha shall be yours.”

A few days only had, however, elapsed when a marked change was seen in the deportment of the count, who now seemed to shun the young marquis as sedulously

as he had before sought him. Dark whispers were abroad, that the late marquis, from extravagance and a propensity to gaming, indulged in secret at Venice and other places, was a ruined man; and each succeeding day served but to strengthen affirmations which none ventured to deny. Vincentio awaking from a dream of grief, found himself suddenly abandoned by those whom he had deemed his friends; while a host of creditors were loudly clamouring for the discharge of obligations, the existence of which he had believed impossible. Alas! the dying agonies of his father were now explained. He knew too well the ruinous consequences of his infatuated career not to reflect on the approaching misery of a beloved son with the bitterest remorse. He felt too late how fatal had been a rivalry, never acknowledged but always existing, between the houses of Petroni and Gheranzi; and how unavailing had been his endeavours to rear the tottering fabric of his fortunes by the desperate expedient of gaming, till, drawn into a vortex from which he vainly endeavoured to escape, he at last owed his ruin to the very means by which he had hoped to avert it. These unwelcome truths were but too soon revealed to the heart-stricken Vincentio. Far, however, from brooding over evils that were irremediable, he roused at once the latent energies of his nature to grapple with the calamity, and extract from the bitter draught presented to him a salutary balsam, if such might be, to aid and strengthen him in the hour of trial. The amount of claims he found would leave him in possession of a fortune too limited to uphold the dignity of his house, yet still sufficing in some distant spot to yield all that love could desire. Would the count under such circumstances hold his promise sacred? Alas! his conduct seemed but too evident of his purpose. Would Agatha herself accept a portionless yet not degraded noble? The question almost unmanned him.—“To lose her!—but no, I cannot, will not resign her! From her own lips will I learn my fate—and if she reject me——” The thought was too painful. With a desperation of purpose, in which the impetuosity of his temperament was but too apparent, he sought the villa Gheranzi.

The sun was just setting as he entered by a private gate, that led to the gardens; and sunset in that delicious climate is a scene of splendid beauty. The richly-blending hues of leaf and flower were now bathed in a flood of light, as resplendent as fleeting. Tint after tint, gradually receding in brilliancy, yet not less beautiful in the softer glow reflected from that crim-

soned west which the sun had now forsaken faded into shadow, unbroken save by the vivid fire-fly, that seemed to triumph in the swift falling gloom which veils the repose of nature ; and oh, how lovely is that repose !—Agitated as was the soul of Vincentio, the voice of passion yielded insensibly to the silent yet not less powerful influence of that sweet hour of stillness and serenity.

“ Alas !” he exclaimed, “ what is the splendour of courts or palaces to the flowery enamelling of nature—the blue o’er-arching canopy of heaven !—In a spot like this—” A light step interrupted his meditations ;—it was Agatha herself.

“ Vincentio here ?” she exclaimed.

“ Aye !” cried he, seizing her hand with a melancholy earnestness—“ I am Vincentio still—art thou still Agatha ?”

“ I am,” replied the maiden firmly.

He sank on his knee, and pressed her hand to his lips. “ Forgive me, Agatha, if I doubted thee for a moment. I am a wretched bewildered outcast. Alas ! it may be that you are yet a stranger to my utter destitution and misery !”

The tears of Agatha fell fast on his burning cheek. “ That misery, Vincentio, could alone excuse this unmanly burst of passion.—I know much—perhaps not all ; tell me the worst.”

“ I am ruined, Agatha ! and by whom ?—my fond, misguided father ! I might indeed”—and his eyes flashed fire as he spoke—“ I might yet whistle off these grasping creditors, and laugh their claims to scorn : they cannot compel—Away, away, unworthy thought !—shall I outrage the memory of my departed sire, and, to uphold my own name, abandon his to scorn and contumely ? No, Agatha ! not even for thee, all angel as thou art, could I blast the honour of my dead father.”

“ Vincentio ! my own, noble Vincentio ! dearer to me in this lone hour than in the zenith of fame and fortune ! whatever be thy fate, Agatha is still thine !—By yon blue heaven I swear never to wed another ?”

“ My angelic Agatha !”

“ Nay, nay, my friend, I but renew a vow yielded under happier auspices. My faith was given to thee alone ; art thou not still Vincentio ?—Let all things change but woman’s love !—be mine like yon glorious star, that shines more brightly as the light of day recedes !”

“ Is this well done, young man ?” said the count, breaking hastily on their conference ; “ is it well done to intrude on the privacy of my daughter ?—have the doors of my house been closed against you, that

you thus seek entrance by unaccustomed paths ?”

“ Your pardon, count !” replied Vincentio somewhat proudly : “ if to avoid the casual encounter of menials, who might look with scorn on my altered fortunes, need grace or pardon. I knew not that I should be so blest as to meet my Agatha here.”

“ Well, well !” cried the count, abruptly, “ be your motives as they might, it is now time we should understand each other.”

Vincentio shuddered, but spoke not.

The count continued, with some embarrassment :—“ You must be quite aware that our projected alliance is now at an end.”

“ My father,” cried Agatha faintly.

“ At an end ?” repeated Vincentio.

“ The count does but jest with you,” exclaimed the countess, coming forward.

“ My lady countess, we looked not for your presence,” cried the count peevishly ; “ and for jesting, it were ill-timed on this occasion. I speak with strong regret, but from a sense of duty which must not be controlled. When I promised my daughter to you in marriage, marquis, I pledged her to one of nobility illustrious as my own, and of wealth equal, if not superior. Prove to me that you are still the same, and Agatha is yours.”

“ This is but mockery,” cried Vincentio ; “ you know too well, count, the ruin that impends over the house of Petroni : yet promises, my lord, are, or should be sacred.”

“ The honour of our house demands it,” interrupted the countess.

“ Peace, peace, my lady !” cried the count, “ you are too hot. What promise have I broken ?—all engagements of this nature are conditional ; and on one condition I am yet willing to fulfil mine.”

“ And what condition is there,” exclaimed Vincentio, “ that count Gheranzi can ask and I deny ?”

The count seemed confused, but the swift-spreading shadow aided him as he proceeded : “ I am not to learn that there are claims on the Petroni property which would absorb perhaps the whole ; nor am I to be informed that it is at your option to admit or reject them. Shake off these incumbrances.”

“ And shall I do so, count ?” exclaimed Vincentio, his eyes lightening with indignation and scorn ; “ and would you take to your arms a son who had renounced the duty, the reverence, the affection of a child ; one whom the finger of scorn would pursue as a renegade from all that man holds sacred

or woman glorious?—Would you give your daughter, and such a daughter, to one whose wealth was purchased by infamy, whom the never-dying voice of an outraged parent would haunt in his halls of pride, aye, even in the arms of love?—Oh Agatha! why am I compelled to this?"

"It is enough," said the count; "our contract is dissolved."

"Dissolved?" repeated Vincentio, in a voice of thunder; "then is there no faith in man?"

"Remember!" exclaimed Agatha, faintly.

"I do remember," continued her lover, "that unhallowed night, when, over the grave of him whose memory is dishonoured even by this parley, you, count, swore to give me your daughter—Nay, nay, hear me out—I was then rich—It matters not for words—I was esteemed so—I was the honoured, the illustrious, the almost deified marquis Petroni. What am I now? a suppliant—an outcast!"

"You are too warm."

"It may be so; yet have I not cause?—What reservation was there?—none—by yon bright heaven I swear it!—To me, rich or poor, was Agatha affianced, and at your hands, in the face of heaven, I now claim her."

A dead pause succeeded, which the countess was first to break.

"Is this true, Gheranzi?"

"I have been absolved from my oath," the count slowly murmured; "the holy father——"

"Name it not!" cried the countess passionately: "there is no power, save His in whose presence we now stand, that could absolve a free-will vow: and oh Gheranzi!" continued his noble partner, more calmly, but with not less fervour, "can you desire it? If calamity hath overwhelmed the fortunes of Petroni, Petroni himself is still unsullied, and the house of Gheranzi, by adopting him as its own, will gain a treasure far greater than he has lost:—our wealth is ample."

"And shall I bestow it on a beggar?"

"Oh shame, shame!" exclaimed the countess: "hear not Vincentio, our degradation; hear not the wretched man, who for the vile dross of earth would barter even heaven.—Agatha, listen to a mother——"

"Say rather to a father," interrupted the count, "since a mother so far forgets her duty.—Agatha, my curse, a father's deadly curse, be on you—no knees to me——"

"Forbear, Gheranzi!" cried the countess wildly, "for the love of heaven, forbear! Behold me, thy wife, the daughter

of a princely house; behold thy weeping child, and him whom thy unhallowed words have stricken to the soul; behold us at thy feet, and breathe thy horrid imprecations if thou canst!"

"If I can!" cried the infuriated count.

"May, then, the curse of heaven——"

"No, no, Gheranzi! it will but recoil on your own head.—Oh, for the sake of her whom thy passion will destroy"—for Agatha now lay fainting at his feet—"for his sake whose noble forbearance in this hour of trial might shame thy unholy wrath—how? speak you not?—are all my adjurations vain?—Nay, go not, Gheranzi!—if we part thus, we part for ever."

"Then be it so!" exclaimed the count.

The countess looked wildly at him for a moment, pressed her hands on her forehead, and fell to the earth insensible. They hastened to raise her—alas! in vain. In the violence of her emotion, the very strings of life had loosened; a vessel had burst on the brain, and the noble, the generous countess was a corpse.

(To be Continued.)

YES OUR FLAG HAS DEFIED.*

Yes our flag *has* defied for a thousand of years

The wiles of the foe, and the rage of the breeze;

Attest it swart' Afric! and Parga in tears!

And *our* myriads who rot in the deep blue seas!

It has waved like a beautiful meteor in air,
And has floated where e'er there was spoil to be seized,

And murder, and rapine, and shrieks, and despair

Have been rife ere our glorious rage was appeased.

Yes our flag *has* triumphantly waved in the gale,

And has flaunted at many a banquet of blood;

And the vultures who see it unfurled never fail

To find plentiful prey for their ravenous brood.

Now and then, lest the ardour for slaughter should cool,

When no slaves struck for freedom or murmured at chains,

These lines were written on reading some clap-trap laudation of,

"The flag that braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze," &c.

We taught "great moral lessons" to tyrants
at school,
And our men fought like fiends—and got
flogged for their pains.

Oh God! that a nation should boast of a
rag,
So bloody, so filthy, and stained by mis-
deed!

Hide, Albion! your (mostly) victorious flag
Till the wounds your fell tyranny gave
cease to bleed.

Could the dead you have slain and the
hearts you have crushed
Be made manifest here, as hereafter
they'll be,

Your proud vauntings of glory and free-
dom were hushed,
And millions that now are enslaved would
be free.

W. T. H.



No. 2.—THE PARSON AND THE CAT.

Though paid for preaching,—'twas his
choice
To whisper out the truth :
But now he stretch'd his stentor voice,
More loud than any youth.

The dogs, who knew their patron's shout—
Nor did his flock so well,
Fired with parsonic zeal throughout,
Made echo every dell.

Poor Puss, in fright, for mercy begs—
Nor tree nor mercy near,—
She fastens on the horse's legs,
And mounts him by the rear.

The steed, unused to such a guest,
Still less to spurs behind,
Snorted and kicked, and onward pres'd,
A resting place to find.

Nor were her fangs the less employed
Her safety to complete ?
'Twas through their grasp she still enjoyed
Her elevated seat.

Through rising fear and lengthened pain,
The horse still raged the more ;
And how, to sit, and guide the rein,
The rider deemed was o'er.

Off went the Parson with his mate,
The hounds in full pursuit ;
Transferr'd to him was her dread fate.
He now, alas ! was mute.

A change of scene effected thus ;—
The Priest appeared the game ;
The triumph seemed to rest with Puss,
Till near the trackers came.

THE OUTLAW.

(Continued from page 215.)

The Norman men at arms were somewhat superior in number to the strangers who thus suddenly disputed their path. But the knight who commanded them ordered a few of the most trusty of them to take Edgitha aside into a coppice which a part of the assailants had just vacated, there to await the issue of the fight. "And Amral," said the knight, in conclusion of his order, "though heaven forefend that order of mine should be malison to an unfortunate lady, whom, by St. Peter's keys, I would fain marry myself, rather than coop her up in a house of eternal mass-saying and vesper-singing. Bully William's orders may not be gainsayed, and, therefore, fight ye, or shift ye, as ye best may, to preserve the lady in safe custody, but——" and here he lowered his voice, as though half-choked by contending passions, "she *must* die rather than be delivered alive to any save that holy mother, who, methinks, will not have all of us for guests to-night."

Amral and his companions did as their leader directed them, and the knight returned to the right front of his little troop, which position, during this short parley, he had quitted. Probably his opponents would have been in no slight degree profited by that circumstance, but that they, too, having succeeded in bringing the party to a halt, held a short conference, and seemed to be more inclined to parley than to fight. That such was their feeling was soon made manifest; for their leader waving his hand to the knight, and commanding his own followers to stand fast in their places, advanced half-way between the confronting ranks.—"Sir Robert de Ruthin," said he, "we have met ere now in tourney and in fight; we need not fight to show either our skill or our courage, and I would fain avoid bloodshed."

"And yet, young sir, for young I take you to be, though your beard may perchance show somewhat more venerably could one only persuade you to exhibit it by broad day-light, yet, I say, this same placable disposition of yours, was but oddly exemplified but now! Do you usually call to parley by sending shaft or bolt at a knight, and, by default of skill, putting the carcase of a stalwart man at arms in the unseemly position of that poor fellow?" There was a cutting irony in the manner of the knight, not unmingled, as he pointed to his slain soldier, whom he had highly prized for his integrity and rude valour, with a deeper feeling of pity than could have been reasonably looked for in the man who had already shown how much he preferred the orders

of his king to the suggestions of justice and mercy. His sarcasm seemed for a moment to confound him to whom it was addressed; and the latter, for two or three seconds, remained silent. At length he replied,— "'Tis true that I slew your man at arms, and 'tis true that the faltering of your beast alone preserved you from receiving the bolt which slew your follower."

"And yet," said the knight, "you talked but now, like a very priest of your desire to avoid bloodshed! Go to! Sir, you banter."

"Banter me, no banter! Sir Robert, I banter none. Could one stroke of my sword send the whole of your accursed nation that are in England to the Hell their oppression and cruelty have merited, that stroke would I strike on the instant. It is others' blood than yours that I would fain spare. Your fair prisoner, Sir Knight, must with me; but I would spare her the horror and the peril of the fight that must ensue, an you refuse to yield her."

"And to whom am I thus readily to yield up a noble maiden, placed in my humble custody? Of a surety your title to her should be somewhat of the strongest to warrant the peremptory coolness of your demand."

"She is betrothed to me; and but for the triumph of your accursed master, had long ago been my happy and honoured bride."

"Ha! sayest thou? Leofric the Saxon! Nay, then, beshrew mine eyes, and mine ears for not informing me to whom my tongue has been thus idly babbling! And beshrew my fool's pate that had not guessed that he alone of Saxon race would have been so malapert as to claim acquaintance with Robert de Ruthin—I hold no farther parley with a traitor. Retreat if ye will, for I covet not the worshipful vocation of a thief-taker, even though a thief more eminent than thyself were here."

"Thief!" almost shouted the indignant Leofric, "Thief! aye it is even so that you Normans, having robbed us of all, call it theft that we take back but a small part. In other circumstances, good Sir Robert, thy ill-mannered words should have spoiled thine appetite: but for *her* I can bear this too; and can even *beg* at your mercy what I ought to claim at your justice, or drag from your unwillingness with my good sword. Can you, will you, nay *dare* you—" the sentence remained unfinished, for the knight, with an air of most sovereign scorn, had turned again towards his own party, and his example was followed by Leofric.

"Serry your files!" cried the Norman knight, "scatter the base deer-stalking hinds, and trample their peasant carcasses with your chargers' hoofs—Amral remem-

ber my orders.—Forward ! Ruthin to the rescue !”

Leofric, for it was indeed that heroic Saxon by whom the knight's progress had been stopped, had ranged his men in close files ; the front ranks were extending their hunting-spears, and those in the rear preparing to let fly their bolts from those bows which, whether on deer or Norman, had seldom failed to do fatal duty. On entering their ambush they had quitted their horses ; but though on an open plain, that circumstance would have given to the Norman foemen a very great advantage over them ; the disparity was now the less considerable from the nature of their place of combat. Narrow, and flanked on both sides by thick woods, the avenue in which they were posted offered to the Saxons certain means of escape, should that be necessary, from their mounted and heavily-armed opponents, whom they could severely annoy, in the act of retreating. Indeed, but that Edgitha was at stake, Leofric would have unhesitatingly commenced the fight from the woody ambush, and not have exposed his followers until he had greatly weakened their opponent's force. His anxiety and impatience, however, had overruled his usual judgment.

The advance of the Normans was fierce and impetuous, though the evening was now all but dark ; and the long lances which they projected before their horses *en-couchant*, speedily put the front rank of the Saxons into disorder. They were themselves, too, disordered by the shower of bolts and arrows which the cross-bows and bows of the practised Saxons hurled among them, and, as if by mutual consent, both parties quitted their formal arrangement, and fought hand to hand. The instant that the order of the Saxons was abandoned, the fate of the fight was sealed. What were the short hunting spears and pointed swords of the Saxons, to the long weighty lances and the tremendous battle-axes of the Normans ? Even as a bullrush to an oak ; or the strippling David, without God, to the gigantic champion of Philistia ! Scarcely a man on either side escaped but with desperate hurt ; but the Saxons were at length compelled to retreat disappointed and in disorder.

As soon as Sir Robert de Ruthin could get his surviving soldiers together, he was joined by Amral and his fair prisoner, who, happily for herself, had been insensible, with but few and brief intervals during the whole contest, and was utterly in ignorance of the proximity she had been in to Leofric. Not venturing to question the knight, who, chafed as he was, was yet too considerate voluntarily to inflict any pain upon her ;—

she imagined that her escort had been attacked by common plunderers. She was thus spared, for a time at least, a new pang.

(*To be Continued.*)

NATIVE LAND.

(*For the Scrap Book.*)

BY CHARLES BRADBURY.

There's music, and for ever sweet,
In murm'ring zephyrs, when they meet,
With softness, in some lonely dell,
Where whisp'ring 'mongst the leaves they tell

How each soft gale has stray'd ;
Or in some still sequester'd bay,
To hear the mimic billows play
Beneath the rock's dark shade.
But, oh ! no sound is half so sweet
As that which floating o'er the main
Tells of dark ocean's wand'rings o'er,
And hails ye to your earth again.

Why weep at parting ? for 'tis worth
The pain of leaving native earth,
To wander o'er the ocean's foam,
If thus when turning to your home,
Such throbbing joy is met ;
Such a feeling, ever beaming,
With a boundless pleasure streaming,
Knowing no dull regret.
Oh ! there's no joy that fills the heart,
Like that, which owing no command,
Thrills through our frame, when glad we hear

The ever joyous cry of land.

Oh ! there was music in those strains,
The girls of Delphi's sunny plains
Did chant at night's calm stilly noon,
Unto the blushing maiden moon,
Their canticles of praise ;
And those were sounds brim-full of joy,
That hail'd Olympia's victor boy,
Crown'd in his early days.
But oh ! no sounds were half so sweet,
As those which floated o'er the main,
Hail'd the lone wand'rer's homeward bark,
To kiss its native shores again.

Oh ! 'tis a joy, all joys above,
When steering for the land ye love,
To hear earth's busy murmur bore
On Sound's swift wings, far from the shore,
To hail us to our home ;
Then as the waves break round the prow
Of our gay dancing bark we vow,
We never more will roam.
Oh ! there's no sound is half so sweet,
As that which floating o'er the main,
Hails us from wild ocean's roar,
To meet earth's family again.

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

Colonel —, an Irish officer of great gallantry, and a veteran in service, among others, made interest with Marshall Bertrand to gratify his curiosity, who at length introduced him to his imperial master. Napoleon was seated, covered, and dressed in his ordinary uniform—a dark green double-breasted coat, turned up with white, to which the tri-colour and star of the Legion of Honour were the only ornaments appended. He received the visitor with all the dignity of the Tuileries, but graciously inclined his head in acknowledgment of his salutation. The “General,” by courtesy, immediately inquired into his birth-place, his term of service, and his campaigns, with the rapid manner and quick articulation for which he was habitually remarkable. He then adverted to Egypt, and asked why the British army had so long procrastinated their disembarkment at Alexandria. Colonel — answered that they were apprehensive of the surf, which ran high upon the coast, as the weather was at that time very tempestuous. Napoleon was now insensibly descending from his *hauteur*, and becoming more unreservedly colloquial, when an unlucky blunder on the part of the officer at once cut short an interview which might otherwise have taken a very interesting turn. The emperor, it appears, was always sensitively jealous of allusion to his novel expedient of mounting part of the French forces upon dromedaries in Egypt. Colonel —, not being aware of the danger attendant on mootings so delicate a subject, was quite unprepared for the storm of displeasure he soon involuntarily excited. Accordingly, when Buonaparte interrogated him concerning the opinion which the English entertained of the French army in Egypt, expecting doubtless a merited encomium on the discipline and fine appearance of his troops, the Irish officer unsuspectingly commenced with, “Indeed, Sir, we were particularly struck with the figure which your Majesty’s *Dromedary corps*——” “*Foutre!*” roared out the irritated Napoleon abruptly, fired with indignation, and turning round upon his chair, implacable to any subsequent concession or apology. His manner thenceforward grew haughty and constrained, and in a few minutes after, the unconscious offender was bowed out of the apartment. It is almost superfluous to add, that the conversation was, of course, conducted in French.

GLEANINGS.

A BURMESE PEERAGE.

A patent of nobility among the Burmese consists of a title stamped upon a leaf of gold, which is subsequently bound on the forehead of the person whom the sultan “delighteth to honour.”

TITIAN'S PICTURE OF THE MAGDALEN.

In Titian's celebrated picture of the Magdalen, painted for Philip II. it is said he took the idea from an antique statue in his own possession, but availed himself of nature in the person of a young girl in his neighbourhood, who being fatigued by long standing, the tears ran down her face, and Titian attained the desired expression.

SCRAPERS.

Foote being once much annoyed by a fiddler “straining harsh discord” under his window, threw sixpence to him, and requested him to take his departure, as one *scraper* at the door was sufficient.

ON A PALE LADY.

Whence comes it that in Clara's face,
The lily only has a place—
It is because the absent rose
Is gone to paint her husband's nose?

DISAPPOINTED HOSTS.

An inhabitant of the city of Brussels, felt so confident that Napoleon would prove victorious at the battle of Waterloo, that he actually prepared a *splendid supper* for him on the day that decided the contest. Similar preparations were made, by other persons, for his principal officers. It seems also, that, in the imperial carriage at Gemappe, there was a list of upwards of twenty inhabitants of Brussels, whose names were communicated to the French troops, as persons who were to be exempted from the general pillage.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. R. C. will perceive that we are progressing, as brother Jonathan says, with his articles. We shall be glad to hear from Une Ennuyée whose silence is somewhat long. Alost is received and accepted, and will very shortly appear.

London: printed and published by Sears,
29, Charter-house Square; Berger,
Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Pater-
noster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row;
and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 29.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1831.

Price 1d.



THE OUTLAW.

[Concluded from Page 223.]

On arriving at the convent Edgitha found some little consolation ; for though the superior was a Norman creature of the king's, the sisters, with only one or two exceptions, were Saxon ladies ; and were kindly assiduous in their attention to their suffering and ill-fated countrywoman. The knight took leave of her with much courtesy ; but when, on bidding her farewell, she complained once more of the tyranny which left her no means of avoiding a hateful and sinful marriage, but that of immuring herself for life in this convent, there was a something of irony in his look as he said that she might yet live to see a change of scene.

His words were full sooth ! For, scarcely had she rested from her journey and entered upon her noviciate, when a royal order, borne by the same knight who had before

escorted her, came for her removal to another convent.

The fact was, that William, enraged at what he termed the presumption of Leofric, was resolved to place her in a distant convent so secretly as to baffle her lover, should he attempt her rescue from the one to which she was first sent.

Under the cover of a dark night, she was accordingly removed ; and having completed her noviciate in her new convent, took the veil. Her naturally high spirit was now so much subdued, that, insensibly but rapidly, the superstitious mummeries of the convent clouded even her mind, and she began in reality to mistake the almost perpetual forms and outward show of worship, in which she was engaged for mutual communion with, and submission to, the Most High.

This unhappy state of mind was fostered by her confessor, who had been appointed to the convent just before she commenced her noviciate there. The confessional in which he received the nuns was so nearly destitute of light, that it was impossible for either party to distinguish the other's features. Yet his tone of voice, and a something of peculiar gait and gesture made Edgitha imagine that he had not been unknown to her in other times. Respect for her confessor, however, kept her from making any mention of this; and every day rendered her more and more deeply immersed into the blasphemous errors which he sedulously inculcated upon her. Her love of Leofric, which survived the utter destruction of all hope of their union, a hope to which her vows had now for ever put an end, she had of course confessed; and that she was above all other feelings adjured by her confessor to root out of her mind. That was, indeed, a sore trial, yet superstition is so much more potent than our natural feelings, that she at length had not only ceased to love Leofric, but had even learned to hate him. Her confessor taught her that the manly heart and apparent virtues of Leofric, were accursed gifts bestowed upon him by the evil one, to enable him to ensnare her immortal soul withal; and that his struggles to destroy the Norman power in England, were not merely injurious as regarded man's interests but impious as being opposed to the manifest and declared will of God.

Soon after these atrocious arts had destroyed the naturally good feelings of Edgitha, and implanted in her mind, instead of them a dreary and insane enthusiasm she was one day called to the apartment which served for the convent infirmary to minister to a Saxon who had been found lying insensible in the adjoining wood.—At that period *all* ladies of rank knew something of the science—such as it then was in England—of medicines, and the inhabitants of religious houses especially devoted part of their time to its study, and took their turn at stated intervals to attend the infirmary. When informed that it was one of the other sex she was called upon to attend, Edgitha drew her voluminous veil closely around her, and proceeded upon her duty. She entered the apartment, and there, pale, haggard, and feeble, sat, or rather reclined—Leofric! Oppressed by long suffering he was so languid that he did not even raise his head as she entered, and she was able to retire unobserved; and under the pretence of sudden indisposition, she got a sister to supply her place. That very evening she had to confess.—Could she conceal from her confes-

sor that she had seen Leofric? Ought she to hide from that holy man that the sight of her lover had staggered her holy hatred, and taught her that a something of the old leaven of humanity still lurked in her rebellious heart? Alas! she was too superstitious to do so; she told all, and a long conversation followed her confession. She was surprised to find that her confessor seemed in no wise moved at hearing of her lover's proximity. Formerly he raved, and revelled in maledictions whenever Leofric's name was mentioned, but now he was calm, very calm; and there seemed to be a something of rapture in his tones, when, in reply to Edgitha's confession of the return, momentary as it was, of her love for Leofric, he said, "It is well; I am glad that it is thus; better thus than otherwise."

A more suspicious or less superstitious mind than Edgitha's would have been struck by this sudden and complete change in his real or apparent feelings. But Edgitha, on the contrary, was too much delighted and too completely duped to be a critical observer; and she could almost have worshipped her spiritual guide when he said, "Go, daughter; in the morning return hither, and I will provide you with medicine which will produce a wonderful effect upon your lover, and work a permanent change in your feelings."

True to her appointment, Edgitha sought the confessional in the morning, and received a small phial from the confessor; the contents of which he directed her to give to her lover. Accustomed to regard the words of her confessor as holy oracles, and no longer fearing that she should sin in succouring him whom she had once so fondly loved, Edgitha hastened to the apartment where he still lay, feeble, though greatly relieved. Hidden as she was within her thick veil, she feared, on her first entrance, her tremors would discover her.—Speaking, however, in a subdued and disguised voice, she bade Leofric drink the draught she presented. Seeing that he hesitated, she stooped down to his couch, and whispered, "The Saxon and the cause of the Saxon are dear to me;—drink the healing draught, that Leofric, the Saxon's pillar of light, fade not for ever from their sight." Startled at finding himself recognized, but re-assured by the earnest and vehement manner in which such apparently sincere good advice was offered, he did as he was directed; but had scarcely laid down the phial, when he shrieked, "Norman murderess, I am betrayed!" As he uttered these words, and before Edgitha could recover from the mingled horror and surprise into which they threw her, the

confessor stalked solemnly and proudly into the apartment.

“What saidst thou Leofric the Saxon?” asked the monk, “calledst thou thy doctress a Norman murderess? Daughter, raise thou thy veil.” Edgitha, who had gazed upon the monk from the instant that he entered into the apartment—it was the first time she had seen him in open day-light—mechanically obeyed his order, though her senses seemed to be utterly gone. She slowly threw back her veil and displayed to the astonished eyes of the dying Leofric the well-known features of his betrothed maiden. The monk, at the same instant, threw back his cowl; and they beheld, smiling with a fiendish malignity, the recreant Saxon Thane, who had been Leofric’s rival in their happier days, and who had now succeeded in completing his ruin.

My tale is now soon to be told. The recreant Saxon had retired to a monkish life in consequence of a refusal on the part of the Norman usurper to put *him*, instead of a Norman man at arms, in possession of Edgitha’s lands. His interest had procured him the confessorship, and he had applied himself to the task of corrupting the mind of Edgitha, in the hope of gratifying illicitly the passion he still felt for her. Perceiving, however, that her superstitious enthusiasm would be as effectual a bar to that as her personal dislike had been to his winning her hand when they were both free to wed, he siezed upon the opportunity afforded by Leofric’s illness and reception in the infirmary of the convent, to wreak his vengeance on them both.

Leofric expired ere he could utter a curse upon his foe, or a blessing upon Edgitha; and a few short months terminated her life and her miseries together. The confessor alone, except Edgitha, having been present at the death of Leofric, and her superstition being too strong to be wholly shaken off, his guilt was never discovered. But his wasted form and ghastly face showed that he was tortured by a sleepless self-upbraiding; and Christian charity commands us to hope that his penitence was sincere and soul-saving.

W. T. H.

EARLY CHARACTER OF HANNIBAL, BY LIVY.

Hannibal being sent to Spain, on his arrival there, attracted the eyes of the whole army. The veterans believed Hamilcar was revived and restored to them; they saw the same vigorous countenance, the same piercing eye, and the same complexion and features. But in a short time his behaviour

occasioned this resemblance of his father the least towards his gaining their favour; and, in truth, never was there a genius more happily formed for two things, most manifestly contrary to each other—to obey and to command. This made it difficult to determine, whether the general or soldiers loved him most. Where any enterprise required vigour and valour in the performance, Asdrubal always chose him to command at the executing it; nor were the troops ever more confident of success, or more intrepid, than when he was at their head. None ever shewed greater bravery in undertaking hazardous attempts, or more presence of mind and conduct in the execution of them. No hardship could fatigue his body, or daunt his courage: he could equally bear cold and heat. The necessary refectation of nature, not the pleasures of his palate, he solely regarded in his meals. He made no distinction of day and night in his watching, or taking rest; and appropriated no time to sleep, but what remained after he had completed his duty: he never sought for a soft or retired place of repose, but was often seen lying upon the bare ground, wrapt in a soldier’s cloak, amongst the centinels and guards. He did not distinguish himself from his companions by the magnificence of his dress, but by the quality of his horse and arms. At the same time, he was by far the best foot and horse soldier in the army; ever the foremost in a charge, and the last who left the field after the battle was begun. Those shining qualities were, however, balanced by great vices; inhuman cruelty; more than Carthaginian treachery; no respect for truth or honour; no fear of the gods; no regard for the sanctity of oaths; no sense of religion. With a disposition thus chequered with virtues and vices, he served three years under Asdrubal, without neglecting to pry into, or perform any thing, that could contribute to make him hereafter a complete general.

BLINDNESS.

Want of sight, even in a brute, demands and excites our commiseration; but a rational creature afflicted with blindness, is one of the most deplorable objects that the feelings of the mind can possibly contemplate. The incomparable Milton, who, from the age of 42, laboured under this distressing calamity, thus pathetically complains:

* * * * * With the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev’n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer’s rose,
Or flock’s, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark

Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of
men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with an universal blank
Of nature's works, to me exchanged and
raised ;
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
Par. Lost, b. 3, l. 40.

And this, in the person of his hero Samson
Agonistes :

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day !
O first created Beam, and thou great Word,
Let there be light, and light was over all !
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime de-
cree ?

The sun to me is dark,
And silent. * * * * *
* * * * *

Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself,
* * * * * Why was the sight
To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd ?
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd ?
And not as feeling through all parts dif-
fus'd,
That she might look at will through every
pore ?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death :
And bury'd : but yet more miserable !
Myself the sepulchre, a moving grave :
Bury'd, yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial
From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life.

S. FARLEY, JUN.



No. 3.—THE PARSON AND THE CAT.

At length the ardour of the steed,
Was checked by strength of arm ;
The dogs closed in, which took the lead
And Puss was all alarm.

Afraid lest some rude hound should reach,
And drag her through the pack,
She left the horse's goaded breech,
And scaled the Parson's back.

Around his neck, in apish mood,
Her foremost limbs she twined,
And from each cheek she drew the blood,
As erst from steed behind.

Himself he could not disengage
From Pussey's fond embrace ;
'Twas toil enough to calm the rage,
And check the horse's pace.

The hungry dogs now thickened round,
All thirsting for the Cat ;
The hunter made a sudden bound,
And off flew wig and hat.

Away went Priest—away went he,
Like Gilpin fam'd of yore ;
The villagers came out to see,
The dogs kept up the roar.

Both old and young their voices raised,
 "Our Parson!" was the cry,
 To see such game they stood amazed,
 And rent with shouts the sky.

Not long before they saw him borne,
 Full stately to the sight,
 But little dreamt so swift return,
 And in such piteous plight.

His cheeks were like the damask rose,
 But not with morning air;
 Miss Pussey, with the tint that glows,
 Had placed her pencil there.

As forth the hound, and human pack,
 Poured like a stream along,
 Some joined, like minor rills, their track,
 And sung the jocund song.

Away went Priest—away went he,
 Like Gilpin famed of yore;
 'Twas laughable Miss Puss to see,
 As high as heretofore.

Ah, luckless wight! he should have been
 Within his study walls,
 Where seldom such as he are seen,
 Though loud the Church's calls.

He brought from College his degree,
 But studious habits left;
 The scholar's shadow you might see,
 Of substance he was left.

AGATHA GHERANZI.

(Continued from page 220.)

The events of some succeeding weeks must be passed lightly over. The count was for a time inconsolable, and the emotions of Agatha were such as to endanger her life; during this period, the agony of Vincentio was almost beyond endurance. The remains of the countess were borne to the family tomb with princely pomp and magnificence, which seemed intended as a feeble atonement to the dead for injustice to the living. Vain as is that last subterfuge of intruding conscience it contributed to lull the remorse of the count, whose lulling avarice once more arose, as the better feelings of his nature grew less vivid, and rendered him as averse as before from the fulfilment of his engagements. The fading cheek, the dim eye, and the pleading looks of Agatha, had less power over his will than the reviving desire of an alliance with the prince of Castel-Monti, whom the knowledge of the altered fortunes of Petroni had emboldened to renew his pretensions. Vincentio, on the recovery of his mistress had suddenly quitted Mantua, and was not yet returned. The count, re-assured by his absence, had urged the addresses of Castel-Monti on Agatha with an earnestness, which in her enfeebled state of mind

and body, the memory of her oath could alone have enabled her to resist.

"These continued refusals," said he, one day when the prince, again repulsed, had left the palace with some indication of resentment; "these repeated refusals, my child, are unkind and undutiful. Petroni, it is clear, has wisely and justly abandoned his pretensions, and you are now therefore free." A faint shriek from Agatha interrupted his counsels—Vincentio stood before them.

For some time no one found utterance for feelings which were bitter enough in all.

"I stand before you, count," at length Vincentio said, "poor, but stainless. I durst not risk temptation, even for Agatha. My father's manes are appeased—his debts are no more!"

"And the wealth of Petroni is also no more?"

"It is nearly so, count."

"You know my determination—ask me not to repeat it."

"Will nothing then change it? has the past spoken in vain?"

"We thought you had relinquished this fruitless passion," cried the count, evading the question; "and the prince of Castel-Monti—"

"How, Agatha! have you too, forgotten your vow?"

"A vow, Agatha!—what folly is this?" exclaimed the count.

"Vincentio!" cried the maiden, "I have sworn to you—I swear to you again, in the presence of my only parent, never to wed another. Oh, my father! you must; you will forgive your poor Agatha, for her sake who is now no more, and in whose blessed name I also vow never to wed even my own, my best-beloved Vincentio, till your consent shall hallow our union!"

"You have been unwise in this," cried the count.

"Agatha!" exclaimed Vincentio, "though by this vow you have perhaps blighted my hopes for ever, I honour, I revere, the feeling from which it sprang; and oh, if it be possible, I love thee more dearly than ever! Say not, count, that we must part. Can I, ought I, to relinquish that hope which, come weal or woe, shall shine my beacon, my guiding-star through all!"

"I will not be urged," replied the count in great embarrassment; "let me know the present state of your fortunes: if there be any chance of a retrieval, I may yet be prevailed on to comply; but the honour of my house forbids me to bestow my child on one, whose title is his only possession. In a week we will talk of this again."

At the expiration of a week, Vincentio

again appeared, but with a gloomy earnestness in his manner, wholly different from his usual frank and unreserved deportment.

"I find," said he, speaking with great agitation, "that there are certain sums owing to my late father, which time and perseverance may yet recover.

"It is well," said the count; "you talk now like a just and honourable man."—*Vincentio* started.—"I will not deal harshly with you," continued the count: "you are both young; much is due to the memory of our late regretted countess; and a year's delay will not be too much. If, therefore, on the festival of St. Michael in the ensuing year you prove to me that you are in possession of funds sufficient to uphold your dignity, *Agatha* shall be yours. If, on the contrary, your efforts are unsuccessful, you shall on that day renounce your pretensions, and, mark me! release her from the further observance of her rash and foolish vow."

"Your conditions are hard, I had almost said unjust," exclaimed *Vincentio*.

"They are at least unchangeable," replied the count drily: "you know the oath that *Agatha* has sworn to me, and you know also the only terms on which my consent shall ever be yielded to your union."

"You leave me, then, no choice," cried *Vincentio* mournfully: "but may I not see *Agatha* ere I depart?"

"For what purpose?"

"Alas, I know not!—Oh, count, you little know what you have this day counselled—Heaven grant that the issue may never recoil upon you."

He sighed and departed.

"*Agatha*, informed by her father of the result of their conference, grew more composed, and by degrees regained much of that elasticity of mind which had shed its fairy beams over her earlier years. Naturally sanguine, and unversed in worldly affairs, she looked forward with hope, almost with confidence, to the result of those efforts which she understood from time to time employed the unceasing attention of *Vincentio*. Of the nature of those efforts little was known. His absences from Mantua were frequent, and often protracted; but the few domestics whom he yet retained, and who were ancient servants of the family, preserved a religious silence on all that respected their master: yet there were those who pretended to read in their dejected looks and faltering speech a tale of disaster and disappointment. The count himself observed that there was much mystery about the actions of *Petroni*, and even hinted his apprehensions that the

hopes of *Vincentio* pointed to the same fatal source in which the ruin of his father had originated. After the lapse of a few months, however, brighter prospects seemed to open. It was ascertained that *Vincentio* had remitted considerable sums to his steward, and had even directed certain repairs to be commenced in his palace, which seemed to indicate an intention of restoring it to its former grandeur. Thus time rolled on till one month only of the stipulated period remained to be accomplished, when *Petroni* suddenly presented himself at the villa Gheranzy. His pursuits, whatever they had been, had much changed him. His looks were wild, his features haggard—and there was a degree of ferocity in his manner utterly foreign to the mild and urbane dignity of his former character.

"I come, count, a suppliant, but to your justice rather than to your mercy. The task you have imposed on me is impracticable; either extend the time, or reduce the demand. I have toiled when even the herdsman slept; I have dared that, which but for *Agatha*—and he struck his forehead with his clenched hand as he spoke—I had trembled even to look upon.—Nay, hear me out.—I have amassed a treasure which ought, which must be accepted as a release from further toil."

"Name it," replied the count—"It is a good earnest," continued he, returning the papers to *Vincentio*, "and requires but a little more exertion to secure the object of your desires. Nay, nay, no entreaties; I am firm, *Petroni*."

"Say rather hardened," exclaimed *Vincentio*, with bitterness; "but I have done: I bow to no man. On your head be the consequence of this fatal hour!"

Infuriated by conflicting passions, he rushed into the garden, where, at the foot of a temple which had been erected to the memory of the late countess, he beheld *Agatha*, seated and looking on the declining sun with a countenance in which peace, innocence, and love, were sweetly depicted. He paused—he trembled; the big drops of emotion chased each other across his pale forehead, as he gazed on her who still unconscious of his presence, seemed lost in happy musing.

"With thee—with thee, *Vincentio*—" she slowly murmured. He was at her feet.

"If you love me, *Agatha*—"

"*Vincentio*, what means this?" exclaimed the affrighted maid.

"It means," said he wildly, "that I am again rejected, spurned, despised, by your relentless father; that, to gratify his ambition, his avarice, he would force me

on courses which my soul abhors. Oh save me, save me, Agatha!" he cried, his tears bursting forth in an unrestrained flood: "I am lost—dishonoured—wretched here and hereafter, but for thee! Thy gentle hand can alone lead me back from paths which but for thee I had never trod!"

"Vincentio, what mean you?"

"That to win you from your father I must peril life, honour, my immortal soul!"

"Oh frightful! frightful! speak not thus! by what means can I—"

"Fly with me! this instant fly! and I am secure and happy!—Happy! oh what a word to express the bliss, the rapture of possessing thee!"

"Vincentio, it must not be!" exclaimed the maiden firmly; rather let us at this moment bid each other an eternal farewell than violate an oath sacred in the sight of man and Heaven. Nay, nay, look not thus upon me; fortune may smile on us yet."

"I cannot lose you!" cried he wildly; "whatever be the issue, I must peril all."

"Oh Vincentio, what mean you?"

"Ask not! know not!" he exclaimed; "Fate thrusts me onward—whither I dare not look—You are the prize, Agatha, to gain whom nor earth nor heaven shall bar me."

"Oh hold, Vincentio!"

"It is too late," he cried, as he imprinted a burning kiss on her lips: "even this may be the last!"

He looked on her with a countenance in which love and despair were strangely mingled, waved his hand, and was out of sight in an instant.

The agitation of Agatha remained long after the immediate effects of this last mysterious interview with her lover had passed away. Alas! the more she reflected on his dark insinuations, the greater was her terror at their impending issue; yet unable to comprehend or even to guess at the nature of his forebodings, she could but weep and wonder, and seek in the past noble career of Vincentio a trembling hope and assurance of the future. That he had left Mantua immediately on quitting her she soon learned. She could not, therefore, if she would, have sought him, nor had she even the means of addressing a letter to him, as his old steward had owned to her, on inquiry that he was wholly ignorant of the place of his retreat.

Time, which pursues its undeviating course through good and ill, passed on; and a few days now only remained before the expiration of that period on which the fate of Agatha depended. Nothing, how-

ever, had yet been heard of Vincentio, and her fears augmented almost to distraction as hour after hour stole insensibly away. At this momentous crisis the count received intelligence of the death of a relative near Naples, with the important addition of a large property having devolved on him. With the ardour of one whose whole soul was concentrated in the acquisition of wealth, he gave orders for their immediate departure to take possession of his newly-gained richness. In vain did Agatha urge the nearness of that hour on which her destiny seemed to rest. The count would hear of no opposition.

"Respect for the dead, Agatha," said he, "would at all events oblige us to postpone the nuptials. Indeed, we stand altogether in an altered situation: if there was disparity of fortune before, how much greater is it now?"

"You would not break faith with Vincentio, my father?" exclaimed Agatha faintly.

"I am not yet called upon to keep it," cried the count pettishly; "when Vincentio claims the performance of my promise, I shall know how to answer him."

Agatha shuddered; she read in her father's eye the wavering of his heart. Alas! should Vincentio claim her hand at the appointed day, would her father fulfil his engagement? and should he fail, what must be then her part?—"To keep my oath!" she mentally exclaimed; "have I not sworn?"

They arrived at Rome in perfect safety; the count elated with his good fortune, and Agatha proportionably depressed at the probable consequences of this seemingly auspicious event. There they were advised to take an armed escort to protect them from the brigands who were reported to infest some part of the road to Naples, and whose depredations of late had assumed a more daring and atrocious character. The count, however, loved money too well to part with it, unless in a case of absolute necessity.

"I have just learned, Agatha," said he to his daughter, the morning after their arrival, "that the prince of Casti will leave Rome to-morrow; and as he is said to have considerable treasure with him he will, of course, take a proportionate escort: in his company, therefore, we may travel securely.—Why, girl, what are you thinking of?"

"Of the festival of St. Michael," replied Agatha reproachfully.

"True, true; the time draws near—two days only, I believe: the greater need, therefore, for haste, that we may reach home in time for Petroni, who will cer-

tainly not grudge to tarry for us a short time; to-morrow, therefore, we start for Naples.

(*To be Continued.*)

SELECTED.

For the Scrap Book.

To be smiled on when we meet,
And forgotten when we part;
Till the cold world's dark deceit,
Grows familiar to the heart.

To be left ere life is fled,
By the one that most should love us;
To be only named when dead,
By the tombstone that's above us;

With other woes too sad
And withering to tell,
Are the most that man has had
On earth since Adam fell.

GLEANINGS.

ON GAMING.

The direct purpose of the gamester is to transfer money from the pocket of his neighbour into his own. He rouses his sleepy and wearied attention by the most sordid of all motives. The fear of losing pierces his heart with anguish; and to gain, to obtain an advantage for himself which can scarcely exceed, and which very seldom equals, the injury his competitor sustains, is the circumstance which most transports his heart with delight. For this he watches; for this he calculates. An honourable gamester does not seize with premeditation the moment when his adversary is deprived, by wine, or any other cause, of his usual self-possession. He does not seek with sober malice to play upon his passions.—He does not enter with avidity into the contest, with an unpractised but presumptuous rival; but he cannot avoid rejoicing when he finds that accident has given him an unusual advantage. I have often thought that I could better understand how a man of honour could reconcile himself to the accursed and murderous trade of *war*, than to the system of the gaming-table. In war he fights with a stranger; a man with whom he has no habits of kindness, and who is fairly apprised that he comes against him with ruinous intent. But in play he robs, perhaps, his brother, his friend, the partner of his bosom; or in every event, a man seduced into the snare with all the arts of courtesy, and whom he smiles upon even while he stabs him.

Goodwin's St. Leon.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

That tyranny and cruelty can jest over their victims, the following anecdote of the usurper Cromwell is a sufficient proof. A gentleman, one day, waited on this hypocritical fanatic to beg a lock of king Charles's hair for an honourable lady. 'Ah! no, sir,' said Cromwell, shedding at the same time a few crocodile tears, 'that must not be; for I have sworn to him, when he was living, that not a hair of his head should perish.'

J. A. MOBBS.

EPITAPH.

In Plumstead Church-yard, Kent, (near Woolwich) to the memory of James Darling, who died 23rd of Jany, 1812, aged: 10 years.

WEEP not for me my parents DEER
There is no witness wanted here
The hammer of death was GIVE to me
For eating the CHERRIS off the tree
Next morning death was to me so sweet
My BLISED Jesus for to meet
He did ease me of my pain
And I did JOIN his holy train
The CRUEL one his death can't shun
For he MOST go when his glass is run
The HARROWS of death is sure to meet
And take his TRAIL at the judgment seat.

EPITAPH.

In Fulham church.

Upon the monument of Thomas Bonde, dated A.D. 1600, at the west end of the south aisle, is the following inscription:—

"At Earth in Cornwall was my first beginninge,
From Bondes and Corringtons, as it may appere;
Now to earth in Fulham God disposed my endinge,
In March the thousand and six hundred yeare
Of Christ; in whom my body sure doth rest,
Till both in body and soul I shall be blest
Thomas Bonde, obiit, ætat suæ 68."

CORRESPONDENTS IN OUR NEXT.

London: printed and published by Sears 29, Charterhouse Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 30.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1831.

Price 1d



LEILA.

A TURKISH FRAGMENT.

Beneath a canopy of state
Proud Sultan Osmyn idly sate,
While Eunuch pages waited there,
All silently—for mutes they were ;
And watched that musing despots eyes
As though they would his will surprize,
And execute it ere his sign
Should task their zealous care :
God ! that a slave should thus incline
His tyrant's sloth to spare !
God ! that thy creatures thus can dare
Their fellow worms to crush ;
When but *one* rotting corse laid bare
Their haughtiness might hush !
Curled round him thick the scented smoke,
He ceaseless drew from gemmed chibouque ;
And though the Moslem face can hide,
With matchless art, the thoughts that glide
The Moslem brain within ;
The low'ring brow and twitching cheek

Spoke Osmyn musing how to wreak
Some vengeance, or forget some sin.
'Tis past ! his reverie is past,
And, like the shaft that cleaves the blast
To do red wrath's behest,
The pang, or be't of woe or wrath,
Hath left no trace to mark the path
By which it pierced his breast.
No infant in its dreamless sleep,
No saint in holiest musing deep,
Bears calmer front than Osmyn, now
That pang no longer wrings his brow ;
And, gazing on his aged face,
Nor sin nor sorrow might ye trace.
Well knew the obmutescent train
Who marked their masters' altered air,
That now it would not be in vain
His Harem's captives to bring there.

* * * * *

Voluptuous forms ! bright beaming eyes !
 Before that despot now appear,
 And zealously each dancer tries
 To fix that hoary despots' leer ;
 As though an aged lechers lust
 Should waken love, and not disgust !
 In vain those beauteous wantons try
 To kindle rapture in his eye ;
 Which seems to seek some absent form,
 On which to fix with glance more warm.
 A sign, a frown, a lightning glance
 Suffice ; and the lascivious dance,
 Is ended for that day ;
 And the piqued dancers lowly bend,
 Their poor ambition at an end,
 And mutely file away.

* * * * *

Another form, another mien,
 Are her's who now alone is seen
 In Osmyn's gorgeous hall ;
 That Christian garb, that look of scorn,
 Tell not of one to bondage born,
 Or meet for sensual thrall.

* * * * *

Far away ! far away, is the land of her
 birth,
 Far away are the friends of her love ;
 And no longer she deems of the raptures
 of earth,
 But prays for the mercy above.
 Long moons have passed o'er since the
 man-stealer's pow'r
 Consigned her to Osmyn's Serai,
 And she's still as unyielding as in the first
 hour,
 Her young beauty delighted his eye.

* * * * *

In vain, stern fiend ! no slave is she
 To hug the clanking gyve ;
 Her soul, her guiltless soul, is free,
 She quails not while alive.
 Threats ! homage ! rage ! the pander's
 touch !

Nay, then ! the fatal-hour is come ;
 The maiden *must* escape from such,
 And seek her safety in the tomb.
 One look of supplication cast
 To him whom she hath worshipped ever ;
 One thrilling thought upon the past,
 Which promised joy,—to be, oh ! never,
 And bursting from th' astonished slave
 She slowly nears her tyrant's seat ;
 Ye minions ! fly ye not to save
 The master ye so lowly greet ?

* * * * *

That form dilated, looks it like
 A 'venging murderer's ? No ;
 That small white hand will never strike
 Avenging murder's blow.
 The very despot's eye, beneath

Her look of virtuous scorn,
 Is quailed, and his convulsive breath
 Would fain forbid his victim's death.
 He knows, and his mute panders know
 The christian maiden's thought ;
 Her poinard's bared—that holy blow
 Ensured the peace she sought !
 Now, tyrant ! glut impotent rage !
 And let your wanton slaves assuage
 The lust they haply love ;
 The Christian girl has bravely won,
 Right bravely her last deed was done—
 Christ pardon her above !

W. T. H.

REMARKS ON THE PAINTINGS

OF JOHN MARTIN ESQ.

The painter of the fall of Nineveh, Belshazzar's feast, and other works of equal merit, has sought for himself fame, and has obtained great fame, without any assistance other than that of madame Nature. It is very much to this painter's credit that he has never studied in any academy nor visited any foreign parts ; but is a genuine native genius tutored as well as born in the land of merry old England. Ben Jonson, we know, laid bricks, Burns followed the plough ; John Martin was originally a coach painter. How long he followed that trade we know not ; Nature was his master, and Nature has made him what he now is. Martin is an original genius : but his paintings, perhaps, possess too much. Why is Martin not a royal academician ? Can any one inform us ? Is it because he has not sufficient talent to be included in that enlightened body ? Is he not a gentleman ; or, in short, can it be learned what one good reason there is for his exclusion ? Oh, no, it cannot. Martin wants *the manners of a gentleman*, and Martin wants *grace and originality of pencil* ; and Martin wants this that and the other, and so he cannot arrive at the stupendous dignity of R. A. This is, also, the case with Haydon. The academy offered kindly enough, some time since, to make him an A. R. A. and, on the first vacancy to enrol him among the body of Royal Academicians. Martin, rightly enough refused the *very flattering* offer.

While talking of the Royal Academy we should like to know why Newton was not an R. A. long before Landseer ; and how it is that Clarkson Stanfield is not one of the select.

Martin is at present illustrating the bible, some numbers of which have appeared and speak much for both his genius and his mechanical ability.

Besides painting, like Hogarth before him, he engraves his own works ; and beautiful indeed are those engravings.

Proofs of his Nebuchadnezzar sell at twenty guineas each ; and a proof is well worth the money. Of his four large works Nineveh, Joshua commanding the sun to stand still, Belshazzar's feast, and the Deluge much might be said. They are original and grand, and are infinitely superior to the best works of Danby with whom he is generally classed by superficial critics.

P. R. C.

No. 6.—NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SEA-LION;

Phoca leonina of Linnæus, in Zoology, is a species of seal, which inhabits the seas about New Zealand, the island of Juan Fernandez, the Falkland islands, and that of New Georgia. The animals of this species are seen in great numbers in June and July, the breeding season, on the island of Juan Fernandez, whither they resort in order to suckle their young on shore, and where they continue till September: they bring forth two at a time; and during this season, the female is very fierce. They arrive on the breeding islands very fat and full of blood, and their blubber has been found a foot thick; one of them has been known to yield a butt of oil, and the blood has filled two hogsheds.

Lord Anson's people ate the flesh, calling it beef by way of distinction from that of the common seal, which they called Lamb. The old animals, (except at the breeding season,) are very timid; and to prevent surprise, each herd places a sentinel, who gives certain signals at the appearance of danger; they associate in families, like the sea-bears, and are equally jealous of their mistresses. They are of a lethargic nature, and fond of wallowing upon one another in miry places; they grunt like hogs, and snort like horses.

During the breeding season they abstain from food, and become very lean; at other times they feed on fish and the smaller seals. The male has a projecting snout, hanging five or six inches below the lower jaw; the upper part consists of a loose wrinkled skin, which the animal when angry has the power of blowing up, so as to give the nose an arched appearance; the feet are short and dusky, having five toes on each, furnished with nails; the hind feet appear like lacinated fins; the eyes and the whiskers are large; the hair on the body is short and of a dun colour; that on the neck a little longer, and the skin very thick. The greatest length of an old male is twenty feet, and the greatest circumference fifteen. The nose of the female is blunt and tuberosus at the top; the nostrils wide; the mouth breaking very little into

the jaws; two small cutting teeth below; two small and two large ones above; two canine teeth; remote from the preceding, five grinders in each jaw, and all the teeth conic; the eyes oblique and small; no auricles; the forelegs twenty inches long; the toes furnished with oblong, flat, nails; the hind parts, instead of legs, divided into two great bifurcated fins; no tail; and the whole covered with short rust-coloured hair. The length from the nose to the end of the fins is four yards, and the greatest circumference two and a half.

W. E. C.

NORWOOD.

A summer or an autumnal visit to Norwood has no doubt been a source of gratification to at least some of our numerous readers. The many enchanting spots in its vicinity have been visited by us when the woodland banks have been overspread by the pale primrose and purple violet shedding a delightful fragrance around. There is something very delightful in viewing the progress of nature at the season we allude to, while yet the murmurs of the north cause the atmosphere to be cramped with cold, or rather the bracing gales of the vernal season. From hence at this period the splendid raiment of universal green with which nature is bedecked presents itself in a most luxuriant view of meadow and woodland. A ride or pedestrian ramble along the road leading to Sydenham Common will well repay the visitor. Beneath lie open to view the counties of Essex, Epping forest appearing conspicuous, Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. Eastward the view is enlivened by woods, fields of corn, and pasture every where adorned with stately elms. The beautiful white spire of Beckenham towers above the foliage of trees, and last, not least, a bird's eye view of the noblest city in the world. The suburbs of the village were formerly frequented by large numbers of the vagrant craft called gypsies, and continue to be the resort of a large portion of those vagrants as the law styles them at the present period, who have now become residents, occupying decent cottages in the stead of their moveable dormitories. Their importunities prove a great annoyance to respectable visitors and tend much towards the disrepute of the place.

We have, notwithstanding, found some of the tribe to be more intelligent and better informed than might be imagined. Indeed, we have a predilection for a conversation with the canaille in our pedestrian excursions; many are the keen remarks and amusing naratives we have had from such

persons. It appears by the ambulator that Norwood formerly abounded with valuable oaks, and that it was considered fatal to the workman who ventured to lift the axe for the purpose of felling one of them, but this, gentle reader, was in an age of superstition, antecedent to the march of intellect. There have been recently erected two new churches, and the neighbourhood is gradually increasing with the villas of mercantile men and retired tradesmen. A very considerable attraction at Norwood

arises from the recent discovery of a mineral spring called the Beulah Spa, delightfully situated in a wood of oaks. Non-subscribers are allowed to visit the Spa and drink the waters on payment of one shilling. It has been graced by the presence of royalty, and promises to obtain great repute for its medicinal properties, and it is already much patronised by the public.

WILLIAM WOOLSTONE.

Camberwell.



No. 4.—THE PARSON AND THE CAT.

Presement's goal he long had gained,
And fattened on the spoil;
The present goal unseen remained,—
For this he still must toil.

But still though greatly out of place,
For safety he must strive,
Once more he checked his horse's pace,
To every fear alive.

The roar of dogs and swains was heard,
And nearer as they came,
More desperate still the steed appeared,
No skill his rage could tame.

Away went Priest—away went he,
Like Gilpin famed of yore,—
Each farmer, shouting, said with glee,
“We ne'er shall see him more.”

Others, anon, as loudly cried,
“No fear of him to-day;—
Far better is he skill'd to ride,
Than skill'd to preach and pray.”

Let him, some wags might next have said,
Nor limb nor cranium break,
The goal by him must soon be made,
Or Puss will tithe his cheek.

And why not pay, like those around,
For pleasures thus received?
It matters not how harsh the sound,—
The tithed are always grieved;

And grieved the more, as tithes are given,
To those, whom all declare,
Nor seek themselves the road to heaven,
Nor point their hearers there.

Not on the good, in Heaven's pursuit,
Who toil with all their power ;
But grubs, who only eat the fruit,
Would satire's vengeance shower.

But stay, while wandering from my tale,
Wide as the Priest from sport,
The pointed claws his cheeks assail,
His features still distort.

The pars'nage-house at length was gained,
Without a broken limb,
But ne'er was he so tightly reined,
Nor caught in such a trim.

The house-dog heard the horse's feet,
And hastened to the door,
His master's reverend eye to meet,
And greet him as before.

How much surprised to see his lord,
With mouth so widely stretched !
Though grinning—not an angry word,
No hand to him was reach'd.

The mastiff knew—for wise was he,
That he had done no harm,
Nor sooner did Miss Pussey see,
Than he began to warm.

AGATHA GHERANZI.

(Continued from page 232.)

They quitted Rome at sun-rise, to be in advance of the prince of Casti, who, the count feared, would travel with greater expedition than they could command. On reaching the house in the Pontine Marshes where they were to dine, nothing, however appeared of the prince or his suite ; and after having waited some hours for his arrival, the count had the mortification to learn from a courier who then passed, that his highness, from some unexplained cause had deferred his journey till the following day. They had no choice, therefore, but to remain at a wretched inn of very questionable safety, or pursue their route to Terracina. In this exigency, the count, whose chief fears were for his wealth, of which he carried as little as possible, decided on the latter course ; and speed was too consonant to the feelings of Agatha to meet with opposition from her, even had her apprehensions been greater than they were. As night-fall approached, however, the timidity of the count increased.

"We shall be late in Terracina, Agatha ; and, to say truth, I like not this mountainous pass : it savours of danger.—Nay, nay, don't be alarmed :—look, girl, to the end of the vista, and see how gloriously the sun is setting—on Terracina, as I live, and the sparkling sea behind it !"

It was indeed a scene of brilliant beauty, suggesting only ideas of peace and in-

nocence. Alas ! that the loveliest haunts of nature should be profaned by the lawless rapacity of man ! They were already emerging from the pass, calmed and reassured, when a band of brigands, fully armed and masked, rushed from a cavern in the rock and demanded booty. The count, in tottering haste, yet not without an inward struggle, handed the contents of his purse, which to his astonishment, was furiously repulsed by the robber, while Agatha, terrified and trembling at his violence, sunk half-fainting to the back of the carriage.

"This is but mockery," cried one of the party, in a dissonant voice : "we know you for the prince of Casti ;—your treasure or you die !"

"No ! on my life ! on my soul !"

"Perjure not yourself, old man ; it will not save you here, and may damn you hereafter, if priests speak truth."

"No impiety," cried a hollow voice behind.

"You are deceived, on my soul !" exclaimed the count, in great trepidation ; "I am no prince ; I am a poor traveller, whom you but vainly impede.—Drive on postillions !"

"At your peril !" cried the brigand who had last spoken, and who seemed the leader of the band, approaching the carriage window :—"we are not deceived, sir prince, and you escape us not. Your treasure, or you die !"

"Do I dream ?" said the count—"that voice—"

"Delay is death !" exclaimed the brigand, in a voice of thunder : "will you yield ?"

The count, seemingly paralyzed by some inward emotion, answered not.

"Heaven forgive me, then !" cried the brigand, as he levelled his carbine ; "it is my last stake !"

"Hold ! hold !" exclaimed the count, as the ball entered his heart.

Agatha, reviving from her trance, looked up, as the body of her dead father sunk on her knees ; and at that moment the mask fell from the face of his murderer. It was Vincentio !—Astonishment, horror, and despair were depicted on his countenance. She sank insensible at his feet.

On recovering her senses, she found herself in bed, with her only female attendant weeping at her side. "It was then but a dream !" she exclaimed ; "yet thy tears, Marina, and, oh ! that murdered form !" fixing her gaze on the dead body of her father, which, from want of room, had been deposited in the same apartment.—"Nay, hinder me not ;" she cried, as she sunk back exhausted on the bed ; "I must go

to him—he is my only parent.—Alas! have I a parent?" The sense of her bereavement was too horrible for endurance. Convulsions succeeded each other with frightful rapidity; and in a few hours she was reduced to the brink of the grave.

Long did she remain in this wretched abode, hovering between life and death; and indebted, under Heaven, for her recovery to the unremitting care of the gentle and affectionate Marina. Of the past she seemed for a time to have but a feeble and confused recollection. The sudden alarm, the fatal catastrophe, passed at intervals over her memory like an imperfect image, pale and indistinct; and once she saw, or dreamed she saw, the figure of the murderer, through the scanty curtains of her bed. It was no dream: the shade of her former lover—alas! he was now only a shade—hovered around her, unseen by her domestics, and ministered to her safety: he was, in fact, uncontrolled lord of the district, and his fiat was fate. Horror-struck at his crime, he had instantly fled the spot, leaving even Agatha, whose glance he dared not again meet, to the care of her attendants; but lost as she was to him now and for ever, her fate was still his; and his first aftercourse was to track her steps to the inn whither they had conveyed her, and the occupants of which were the mere creatures of his will. Strange that the crime by which he had hoped to secure the possession of her should be the means of wresting her from his arms! Retributive justice, though often slow, is not the less sure. Once, indeed, a demoniac impulse, which her utter helplessness alone could have suggested, flashed across his excited imagination; yet, fallen as he now was, his better feelings recoiled with horror even from the thought of injuring such angelic purity. He but lingered round the spot, like an unearthly being over the grave of his hopes, till the reviving senses of Agatha warned him to be gone; when he departed, thanks to the inefficiency or weakness of the Roman government, none knew or inquired whither.

Youth and an excellent constitution at length prevailed; and Agatha, now countess Gheranzi, revived to the misery and desolation that awaited her. With a celerity, which seemed to spring from a dread of encountering the cause of that misery, she fled the scene of her deprivation, and sought that lonely home from which happiness was for ever banished. Here a fixed but serene melancholy succeeded to those paroxysms of grief which had shaken her frame almost to dissolution. Yet, severe as was the task of again mingling with the world, she declined not

such consolation as friendship might yield; wholly disregarding, however, on the one hand, the splendid alliances which were urged on her acceptance, and, on the other the counsels of those who would have persuaded her to retire to a convent, and dedicate her vast fortune to religious uses. Her sorrow was not of an ascetic character: to console the aged and miserable, to heal the wounds of sickness or misfortune, to feed the hungry, and to clothe the naked—these were the only alleviations to a grief which grew more calm but not less intense as the strong lights of her sufferings yielded to the soft shading of time. The perseverance of the prince of Castel-Monti, who only of her suitors continued to persecute her with unavailing addresses, disturbed for a space that serenity of woe which the virtuous alone can feel. Even he, however, wearied and somewhat incensed at the firmness of her rejection seemed at last also to have abandoned a fruitless pursuit.

To the catastrophe of that fatal evening she had never adverted; nor did the public voice reproach her with a supineness, which was variously attributed to timidity and hopelessness of discovering the perpetrators of the deed. The crime was too frequent, and the atonement too uncertain, to excite more than a temporary interest. Vincentio, ever in her thoughts, but never named by her, where was he?—Did he still live?—Could he yet pursue that guilty course which had led him to the commission of a crime, involuntary, indeed, as to the person, but not the less to be abhorred? Alas! had he but made his peace with offended Heaven, his death were now the most welcome tidings that could have reached her; but his fate was wholly unknown: he had never returned to Mantua, and his faithful steward, heart-broken at his absence, had sought from the countess intelligence which he believed, she only could give. It was a heart-rending scene: the tears of the old man fell fast and unrestrained, while Agatha, torn by the conflict of warring passions, with difficulty struggled through an interview which recalled the past in all its vivid horrors.

The prince of Castel-Monti, though seemingly acquiescent in the rejection of Agatha, had kept a strict but unobserved watch on her actions. He had marked with surprise the long estrangement of Vincentio, who, it was generally expected would have appeared to claim the hand of the countess, now that every obstacle to their union was apparently removed. Long pondering on the strangeness of his continued absence, he had been led to suspect that it was in some shape connected with the death of the count; and the shrinking,

the alarm, of Agatha, at some slight insinuations which he had purposely dropped, had tended to strengthen his suspicions. If he loved her less than when he had first addressed her, he was not the less desirous of possessing her. His avarice was excited by her great accession of wealth, and his pride, which had been deeply wounded by her disdain of his suit, could only now be appeased by his final triumph. Could he but penetrate that secret, of the existence of which he was every day more firmly convinced, success was certain; once master of that, the rest followed of course. In this mood he had watched the departure of Vincentio's steward from the villa Gheranzi; and determined, at all hazards, to profit by the occasion, he had, by the connivance of her major-domo, abruptly entered the presence of Agatha, while her cheeks were yet wet with the emotions of that fearful interview. Incensed at his intrusion, she replied to his artful questions as to the cause of her disorder, with a spirit and self-possession which, though they baffled, did not the less irritate him. Finding, however, that he was but injuring the cause he had hoped to promote, he at length withdrew, breathing secret denunciations of vengeance against the unfortunate countess.

The spirit that had borne her through this cruel attack faded with the disappearance of Castel-Monti, and a vague dread of impending evil, not the less painful because it was dark and undefined, took possession of her imagination. In that utter despondency of soul which so often follows strong excitement, she wandered into the garden; but the balmy gale of evening passed vainly over her fevered brow; and, abandoning herself to the indulgence of feelings which could not be repressed, she sank down on the steps of that temple which had once before seemed ominous of ill, and wept without restraint. Did then the suspicions of the prince point at the real murderer of her father, and had his features been marked by her attendants? True, as Petroni, he was unknown to all except Marina, on whose fidelity she could at all hazards rely. But should he reappear at Mantua, might not the brigand be recognized in the marquis Petroni?—Might not she at last be compelled to stand forward as the public accuser of one to whom her heart still involuntarily cleaved—ay, even to pursue him to the death? A deep sigh disturbed her meditations: she looked up—Vincentio stood before her. That eye, that gaze, riveted on her countenance in sorrow, in love, in passionate adoration, could be only his; but the haggard face, the matted locks,

the spare attenuated form, that seemed to indicate the last stage of suffering nature, bore no trace of his former self. She hid her face in agony.

“Leave me!—fly, for the love of Heaven!—This fatal spot will be your death.”

“O might I but die thus,” he exclaimed, gazing wildly on her, “I were blest indeed.—But it must not be. I came but to look on you once more ere I yielded up this miserable being:—your pardon I dare not ask.”

“Oh yes! yes!—I do forgive you freely, and from my soul: yet oh! if you would not see me expire at your feet, begone;—already, perhaps, your steps are tracked.—Ha! a noise!—be speedy for your life—”

He heard it not, or if he heard, disregarded it; his soul seemed to have drunk in that sweet forgiveness, and to be venting its transports in humble praise and gratitude to Heaven. At this moment, the prince of Castel-Monti, at the head of her servants, rushed into the temple.—“It is he;” they all exclaimed, as they rushed forward to seize him; but Agatha, by a sudden impulse, which the intense love of woman could alone have inspired, threw herself before him, and, by gestures more impassioned than the words which died on her lips, commanded them to desist.

“You know not what you do, lady;” exclaimed the prince: “it is the assassin of your father.”

“I will avouch him to be the murderer of my master;” cried one of the servants, coming forward.

“And if my eyes deceive me not,” said Castel-Monti, with a sneer of exulting malice, which he could not repress, “in that murderer I behold the marquis Petroni, the bethothed of his daughter.”

Agatha, pale, cold as marble, bowed her head, but stirred not.

“Lady, his touch is contamination,” continued the prince: “leave us to deal with him as he merits. The murder of thy father can only be expiated by the blood of his assassin.”

“Oh fatal haste!” slowly murmured Agatha, disregarding the serpent-glance of the prince and the astonished looks of her own domestics.—“Cruel Vincentio! why fled you not?”

“I came but to die, Agatha; and thy forgiveness has severed the last link that bound me to life: yet Petroni must not die a felon's death. Pardon; sweet excellence!” he continued, drawing a stiletto from his belt.

“No, no!” she exclaimed, too well in-

terpreting his fatal purpose, yet powerless to prevent it; "not so, Vincentio!—My life;—my fortune;—I will save you yet."

He looked on her with eyes that beamed love, gratitude, almost exultation, as he buried the fatal weapon in his heart. Even as he fell dead at her feet, he caught at her upraised hand, and attempted to press it to his lips. Enraged at the sight, the prince snatched it from his grasp:—alas! it fell powerless from his own.—Agatha Gheranzi had ceased to live.—*Forget me Not.*

THE FAIR ONE'S PLAINT.

When unto me impelled by love.

His heart ingenuous, he revealed,
When ev'ry star that shone above
Appeared to whisper "Helen yield."

Oh, how could I unmoved remain
While love tried each alluring art;
How could I cold indifference feign,
Whilst ev'ry look betrayed my heart?

But, ah! he's gone, the dark blue wave
Has borne him from his Helen's arms,
In silence now he seeks the grave,
To him this world presents no charms.

Could I (then all regrets would cease)
Now on his prayer consent bestow,
He'd not seek death to merit peace,
Nor I find life the stage of woe.

W. JONES.

GLEANINGS.

EPITAPH.

The church-yard of Great Yarmouth, in the county of Norfolk is crowded with tomb-stones, the inscriptions upon many of them are curious: perhaps, Mr. Editor you will give insertion to the following, as a specimen, it is a verbatim copy:—

"In Memory of Rich^d. Bacon Goodwin,
who was

"unfortunately drowned on Braydon
1 Sept. 1813, in the
"17th. year of his Age."

"Oh most unhappy fate, which caused me
to be drowned

"And I laid only two hours, before that
I was found,

"And then with grief brought here, all
in my youthful days

"Whilst my poor parent dear, did mourn
for me always."

T. G.

SPANISH CHARACTER.

The national spectacle of the bull fights it is thought must have tended to foster among the Spaniards that delight for butchery which has too often stained their successes in arms. When Napoleon during his Russian campaign was informed of the cruelties inflicted by the Spaniards on their French prisoners (they buried them chin deep, and bowled at their heads with cannon balls!) he showed little surprise but said,—"Spain is Africa as Russia is Asia."

A celebrated Tory wit of the present day, having to take an early dinner previous to the opening of the theatre, wandered into Russell-court, where some reforming landlord has put up "The Lord John Russell's Head," as an inviting sign. The wit, turning to a friend, protested against entering the house, exclaiming, "What! dine at the Lord John Russell's Head! by no means; we shall have nothing but the Bill!"

W. FORD.

AFRICAN ANTS.

These insects set forward sometimes in such multitudes, that the whole earth seems to be in motion. A corps of them attacked and covered an elephant, quietly feeding in a pasture. In eight hours nothing was to be seen on the spot, but the skeleton of that enormous animal, neatly and completely picked. The business was done, and the enemy marched on after fresh prey. Such power have the smallest creatures acting in concert.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

We do not remember receiving any articles from Z, *ci-devant*, C.; assuredly, however, we should accept of none bearing the remotest resemblance, either in style or in orthography, to his recently received note. W. E. C's remaining articles in early Nos.; as also, Alost's. The Correspondent who promised some "Tales of Military Life," has, we fear, forgotten us, and his promise together. Roderic's tale is accepted. Of the article he enquires about we regret that we can give him no account; it is impossible for us to preserve the articles we do not insert.

London: printed and published by Sears, 29, Charter-house Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 31. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1831. Price 1d.



THE POACHER.

Frank Edwards was exactly fifteen years of age, and his brother George two or three years older when their father, a small farmer in Sussex, was reduced to utter ruin by the harsh and unchristian conduct of his landlord. It was on Frank's birthday that every thing his father possessed on earth was sold by public auction by authority of the Sheriff; and in the evening the unhappy family took possession of a wretched hovel on the border of Ash-down forest.

In this truly miserable abode old Edwards dragged on a few wretched months; and then sighed out his last breath, and was deposited in that peaceful habitation "where the wicked trouble not, and the weary are at rest." Mistaken murmurers that we are! He whom we have perversely accustomed ourselves to look upon as a grim and hateful fiend, is the best benefactor of our race; snatching us from our

fevered wretchedness and conducting us to a land of eternal and unbroken peacefulness.

Poverty, more than aught else, blunts the edge of our better feelings; and renders us insensible, or at the least comparatively so, to bereavements which under other circumstances would wring our hearts with a scarcely endurable pang.

And thus it was with Frank Edwards and his brother. In a very few days after they had followed their good old father to the grave they had lost even the appearance of grieving for him; and were as conspicuous in the sports of the rustic throng as ever they had been during his life.

After passing a few years in the usual hard and ill paid labours of agricultural servants, and arriving at the age of early manhood the two brothers were suddenly parted from each other by an unexpected

though at that time—for it was during our war with Buonaparte—by no means uncommon event. A recruiting party of the ——— regiment of cavalry being stationed in a neighbouring town, two or three of them walked over on a Saturday evening towards the end of autumn and joined the company assembled in a little public house called the Hatch, in the village of Ditchling, about six miles from the cottage inhabited by the brothers. The company was a jovial one, and the tankards were often filled and speedily emptied; and in short the usual effects followed; to wit, the drunkenness of all, but the recruiting soldiers, and the enlistment of several of the inebriated boors.

Among the fourteen or fifteen stalwart youths and young men who awoke on the Sabbath morning with aching heads and heavy hearts was George Edwards; and on the very next day he was marched away to a distant port; and was heard no more of for years.

Frank loved his brother as fondly as an uncultivated mind, brutalised by bad habits and abject poverty, could love; and he was for a time almost inconsolable. At length, however, the place his brother had held in his heart was supplied by a young fellow of whom every one spoke ill, but whom no one could distinctly prove a single crime against. He never worked, was always well dressed, and well provided with money; yet, though assiduously frequenting the resorts of the idle and the profligate, he was never once known to be intoxicated. Between Frank and this young man a very close intimacy grew up; and several young men in the neighbourhood appeared to be admitted to a more partial degree of confidence by both of them. At length Frank's friend and three or four more of the young men suddenly disappeared altogether; and though Frank did not quit his usual abode or absent himself long at a time from the Hatch, it was known that he too was frequently absent, no one could tell where, for a day or two together. When he was at home, too, his appearance and his expenses were such as nothing short of respectable fortune could have warranted; and those who noticed him observed a nervousness in his manner, and care-worn expression in his features, which but too plainly told that his mended fortune sprang not from a legitimate source. Some said one thing, and some said another; some would have it that he was a poacher, and others flatly affirmed that he was engaged in fair trading, *i. e.* smuggling; while one or two of the most pious old ladies in the

neighbourhood were quite ready to affirm, as they already conscientiously and firmly believed, that the young man had made compact, to the destruction of his soul, with the enemy of mankind. For my part, as is my wont in such cases, I said nothing; but was perfectly well persuaded that Frank who had been a poacher almost from his cradle, was now neither poacher nor smuggler, but a highwayman and a house-breaker, and so it proved.

Things had been in the state I have described for nearly five years, and, independent of more trifling affairs, at least six score of atrocious robberies had been committed, and still the persons and the haunt of the robbers were undetected, and even unsuspected. At length a nobleman's house at a few miles distance from Ditchling was completely stripped of its plate and cash. My lord was naturally irate, and as naturally memorialized the Secretary of State upon the subject; a course which I rather wonder that he did not pursue when his neighbours were robbed. The Secretary sympathized with his noble friend, promised redress, but recommended silence and patience.

In a few days after the noble lord had received the bland letter of the Right Honourable Secretary, a stranger arrived late in the afternoon at the hedge ale-house I have already once or twice had occasion to make mention of; the Hatch at Ditchling. He ate heartily and drank heartily, and paid freely and upon the nail; and mine host was not a little pleased when he announced his intention of taking up his abode at the Hatch for at least a day or two. Towards evening the rustics began to muster in the tap, or, as it was there called, the kitchen, and I observed that the stranger whispered a few words to the landlord, who looked astonished first, then pleased, then shook hands with his guest, and finally seemed to assure him he would keep his secret. What was it? We shall see: at the time I thought the man was a crimp, or a recruiting sergeant, for he had something of a military air, and that swart complexion which a residence in a far land invariably betows. I was quite wrong in my conjecture.

The evening past merrily; the stranger told several tales with great humour; but used the proverbial licence of travellers, somewhat too unscrupulously.

In the midst of the mirth Frank entered with all the appearance of having just ended an expeditious if not perilous ride. His agitation, for he was really and greatly agitated when he first came in, soon subsided; and he attached himself to the

stranger, who on his part seemed particularly anxious to show him a friendly and cordial bearing.

At length Frank, though on all hands pressed to stay, took his leave of us, and we heard his horse's hoofs further and further; and, at length, all present, but the stranger and myself, became wearied of wassail and sought home and slumber. I, too, at length departed, leaving the stranger at the foot of the stairs which led to his bedroom, whither I of course supposed him to be proceeding. As I lived only just beyond the village, in the direction of Ashdown forest; I had come to the Hatch on foot and in like manner returned home. My farm was separated from another by one of those long gorge-like lanes, thickly shaded on each side by ash trees and underwood, which are so common in that neighbourhood; and just as I past the lane, I, for a moment, thought that the light of the moon showed me a human countenance. I hallooed "good night!" but received no answer, and accordingly passed on my way. But though I had at the time taken so little notice of the circumstance, I was all that night restless, and perpetually haunted by a notion that the face I had seen was that of Frank Edwards.

On that very night a strange man, of athletic form and respectable appearance was just entering Ashdown forest by one of its many inlets, when two shots were fired, from each side of him, and from so short a distance, that while the bullets deprived him of life, the flashes of the pieces actually burned his clothes and skin. He fell on the instant, and as he did so, four men sprang from a thicket; and one of them, pointing to the body, burst into a savage laugh and said to his companions—"Brown Bess against Bow-street and the world for stakes! 'Tis a clean done job, and he were unreasonable to grumble, for he has spent his last evening in jolly company, and over right excellent cheer." After some more coarse jokes, and a few words of more serious sort, this man, who seemed to be the leader, bade the others take up the body, and they carried it to a cottage a few hundred yards off: that cottage was the residence of Frank Edwards!

(To be Continued.)

REMARKS ON THE PAINTINGS OF

H. W. PICKERSGILL, R. A.

Landscape, history, and portrait, are the three grand divisions of our school of painting. In the first, perhaps, pre-eminent to all living artists, Pickersgill stands;

though Phillips, and, sometimes, the venerable president Shee, stand in between him. Nor should we omit Sir William Beechey whose paintings, though stiff and formal, possess great depth of colouring and effect. We have now named the four celebrated living portrait painters. Now for our subject.

Pickersgill was born in or near Hackney, and evinced an early talent for drawing—flowers in pots were his favourite things—there is a lady now living, but in very indifferent circumstances, who, when young possessed many of his pots of flowers, but they are now lost. Of the merits of Pickersgill much could be said to his praise, and nought to his dispraise. Within these four or five years he has raised himself up to that station which he now so honourably holds; as being at the least, one of the first portrait painters now alive. His ladies possess much of the effeminacy and loveliness of those of Lawrence—whilst his gentlemen possess to a great degree the boldness and breadth of colouring of the gentlemen of Sir Henry Raeburn.

He is at present engaged with a full-length portrait of his grace the duke of Buccleugh, which, we believe, will appear in the next year's exhibition, his grace's countenance is not in the least manly, nor should we think that the stern and vindictive moods of his ancestors have descended upon him; not that we mean any offence to his grace, by saying so, all that we intend is, that we could select numbers of gentlemen and noblemen who would make a much superior portrait, and who would be more suited to the pencil of such a man as Pickersgill.

It is well for the fame of every artist that he has made portraits of the most distinguished men and women of his time. It is the case with our subject—he has transferred the heads of Lord Lyndhurst, Lockhart, and Bulwer to the canvass, and good portraits do they make. The visitors to Somerset House this year, perhaps, will remember the portraits of Lord Lyndhurst and Bulwer, and those of the year before that of Lockhart.

Allan Cunningham, the celebrated bard of Nithsdale, and the author of those interesting lives of British painters, sculptors, and architects, the concluding volume of which will be shortly published, has also lately been sitting for his portrait to Pickersgill. It is now to be seen in an unfinished state, at the artists picture gallery, 18, Soho Square. These, we believe are only a few of the portraits of illustrious men that Pickersgill has performed, and no doubt his increasing reputation and fame will bring him many more.

I have seen a great number of portraits by Pickersgill whose talents in that line are no doubt great, still he was thought but an ordinary limner of portraits—Can he paint an Historical piece worth accepting—can he give the air and breath of life to men and women of other days—he can try—but perhaps, and there is no doubt of it he would fail like Lawrence did in his Satan. Adieu to Pickersgill.

P. R. C.

MIRA AND CRIBB,

OR, THE GAMING TABLE.

Mira was the only daughter of a nobleman, who had bravely served his country; and his estate being but just sufficient to provide for his sons, Mira had her education under an aunt, who afterwards left her fifty thousand pounds. The old lady was what we call a very good sort of woman, but being very infirm, she led, in Mr. Pope's words, "an old age of cards;" and Mira, being her darling, she always made one of the set. By this she contracted an early love for play, which at first disguised itself under the plausible appearances of willingness to oblige her company, and doing somewhat to pass away the time: but when Mira became mistress of herself and fortune, she found this passion so strongly confirmed, that it gained an absolute ascendancy over her mind; though in all other respects she was frugal, prudent, and virtuous. Her husband, who filled a place by which he had opportunities of knowing very secret transactions, loved her to distraction; and she had every indulgence that fortune or nature could bestow. Her passion, however, for play led her some time ago into a set, of which Count Cribb was one; and she lost five hundred pounds. The frequent demands of that kind she had made upon her husband, and the many solemn promises she had given not to renew them, rendered it worse than death for her to apply to him; yet the money, be the consequence ever so disagreeable, nay, fatal, must be obtained. The Count was a secret agent for the enemies of this country, who spare no money to procure intelligence. Though every way disgusting and disagreeable, yet his readiness to be in all parties at play, and his being always well furnished with money, procured him admittance to what is called the very best company, though they both knew and called him a spy and a sharper. The Count, who had great experience in distresses of that kind, saw that of the lovely Mira, and knew he could make it worth his while to relieve her. He pretended to enter with

her upon a *lété à tête* game at piquet, and throwing up the cards all of a sudden, swore he was picking her pocket, because she did not mind her game, and that he was sure something was the matter with her. "But, faith," continued he, "I am not myself in a good cue for play, I am uneasy; I would give five hundred pounds with all my heart——" Mira in her turn was equally impatient to know the Count's distress: and at last she learned, that he could get a thousand pounds bet with lord Mattadore upon a certain destination of great importance; but he did not know what side to take, or how to stake his money. Mira had good sense enough to see through the villain's design; but the dear delight of being again set up in play, stifled within her all consideration of duty, love, and loyalty, she several times traversed the room in a musing posture, but the struggle was soon over, and the bargain struck. She was to procure the Count authentic intelligence of the destination, and he in return was to present her with five hundred pounds.

Mira, upon her return home, affected an unusual gaiety; and what gave vast pleasure to her husband was, that having invited some friends to sup, the card-tables were early removed, and the remaining part of the evening was dedicated to cheerful conversation. The unsuspecting Hortensio, for that was the husband's name, went to bed, and falling to sleep more profoundly than usual, Mira, seized the golden opportunity of transcribing from his pocket-book, a paper which contained all, and more than the Count wanted to know. In the afternoon, her husband being abroad, she hurried to the place of assignation with the welcome intelligence to the Count. He could not believe his own good fortune when he read it, and being a thorough bred villain, he resolved to seal his correspondence with the beautiful agent, with more tender engagements than those of money. Though Mira loathed and detested him, yet the golden bait, which he dangled in her eyes, and which was to restore her to the comforts of her soul, proved at last irresistible. She plunged, conscious of her crime, into perdition, and is now undone. She has got in her purse the wages of her double perfidy, while her passion for play will soon bring her into circumstances that will oblige her to repeat her crime; and a few months will extinguish the remains of that modesty, and those sentiments that gave dignity to her beauty, and loveliness to her perfections. Such are the effects of a passion for gaming!

RODERIC.



No. 5.—THE PARSON AND THE CAT.

Forward he dashed in bristled mood,
The horse again to fright,
But ere he drew a drop of blood,
The pack was in full sight.

And who his gruffness could gainsay,
Though with the hounds he fought;
He wished a snack as well as they,
For this he sternly sought.

Tremendous was the fray indeed,
And madly did they strive:
The Priest in poor Miss Pussey's stead,
Was next to flayed alive.

Fancy could sketch another scene,—
For farming Priests abound,
And shew the stack-yard, and the green,
In motion all around.

The chuckling hens and cackling geese,
United with the dogs,
Cows; calves and sheep, who sought their
peace,
Fled with the grunting hogs.

The Parson more than satisfied,
With leave, we now dismount,
And place both mirth and wounded pride,
To Pussey's just account.

But what can inmate say or do,
Returning in such haste?
He carries game—Miss Puss, 'tis true,—
But not to suit the taste.

Put all may know how he was heard,
And heard with what applause,
When in the rostrum he appeared,
With scars in such a cause.

What merriment would PAUL inspire,
Religion how much slur,
Clothed with huntsman's red attire,
In boots, and cap, and spur!

How strange to Christian ears the sound,
To come from PETER's lip,
“Hark, hark to cover,” to the hound,
And see him crack his whip!

Oh! worse than swine, more useless far,
And still more out of place,
No more in Christ's right-hand, a star,
A blot on Zion's face;—

Yes, worse,—whose fate we here rehearse,
And may he stand alone!
May Priests no longer shine in verse,
Where knaves and fools are shown.

Repent, reform, and imitate
Those Clergymen of fame,—
True pillars of the Church and State,
Of EVANGELIC name;

Let every pulpit once be fill'd,
With EVANGELIC men,
Soon shall the voice of foes be still'd,
And useless be their pen.

MY FIRST PLAY.

"It will not be much longer," I muttered, as I buttoned up to the top my almost threadbare coat, "I soon shall be able to get another;" at the same time I felt instinctively for my own copy of my manuscript play, which was carefully placed therein. I hurried out of my lodgings, and slamming the street-door, I stood on the step, surveying the clouds.—It was a cold November's evening, a most inauspicious time to produce a good play; for all the good-natured fashionables are out of town, and none but surly critics, reporters to newspapers, and play-going lawyers in it; and the darkening clouds and chilling fog proclaimed the approach of night.

"This night is big with fate!" escaped my lips, while with rapid step I hastened to the theatre to witness the first performance of my new play. Trembling with hope and fear. I found myself at the entrance of the theatre, and my heart leapt within me when I found myself quietly seated in an upper box where I could hide myself as much as possible from the eyes of the public: for I fancied every eye in the theatre turned towards me; and every time I saw one individual whisper to another I thought it must be to point out me as the author of the new piece. I regarded every fiddler in the orchestra with anxious eyes, and at every pause of the music I fancied that I perceived the curtain drawing up. How different, thought I to myself, is my situation to that of a well known author whose name alone almost ensures the success of his play, or, even if it be bad his friends are sure by their unjust and boisterous applause, to save it from that damnation, which it would otherwise meet with on the first night, while I unknown and without interest must trust to the good taste and liberality of the audience for my success.

At length the moment came when my fate was to be decided. The music had ceased; the fatal bell had rung; and after the cry of "Hats off," in the gallery all was quiet—you might have heard a pin drop in the theatre. I sat in breathless expectation, feeling those sensations which an author alone *can* feel. The two or three first scenes passed off tolerably. I watched the countenances of the audience; some I thought, expressed that they were eagerly looking for something better. The applause was sparing, although the performers did their duty, and gradually diminished. Soon a slight buzz of disapprobation ran round the house: a person next to me asked his neighbour if he did not wonder how the manager could have the impudence to bring such

trash before the public, and judge of my feelings gentle reader when the same "d—d good natured friend," remarked on one of my best jokes on the originality of which I prized myself, "Our author seems to have borrowed largely from Joe Miller; I have not heard one joke or pun in the play which I have not read a dozen times before." I could scarce refrain myself from telling him flatly that he lied. At length the stifled feelings of the audience burst forth and the gods belched forth their thunder: hisses, groans, and cries of "off! off!" were heard in every direction; and to add to my misery the manager stepped forth eyeing me with a look which almost petrified me, and promised that the play should not be repeated. Half mad I rushed out of the box, and heard two flat vulgar looking tradesmen discussing the merits of my unfortunate play. One of them said "well now it may be bad taste but I don't think that that ere piece be so much amiss, I like it." I could hardly resist rushing forth and shaking him by the hand. In the words of Otway, "I could have hugged the greasy rouges! they pleased me." I soon found myself at my lodgings sadly musing on the scene which had passed and firmly resolving never to send another play where it could not be fully appreciated. This was the fate of my first attempt when with little interest and less money, I took it to the manager. But now, having acquired a name, and having some interest (which is every thing to an author) I have several times met with decided success—although many of my productions which have been successful were (at least in my opinion) very inferior to "my first play."

I. J. B. TURNER.

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ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES.

No. 2.

The character of Alfred, and some account of his system of Police.

The merit of this prince, both as to his private and public life, will bear comparison with that of any monarch or citizen of any age or of any country. So various were his virtues, and so perfectly did each prevent the others from exceeding their proper limits, that he, and he alone, of all the characters immortalized in history, seems to have approximated to that perfection which the ancient philosophers were so fond of delineating in their discourses, and so incapable of exemplifying in their lives.

His civil and military virtues would equally challenge our admiration, only that the former, from being so much the more

rarely possessed by princes, are thence entitled to the pre-eminence. To his contemporaries, who owed so much to his virtues, he was as agreeable as he was useful. Vigorous and well proportioned in body, he excelled his companions in gymnastic sports nearly as far as he did his contemporaries in general in the more precious accomplishments of the mind; and his engaging manners and excellence of heart secured him the love of all who were admitted to his intimacy. Greatly and justly as he is admired, it is, perhaps, unfortunate for his fame that he had not lived at a later period. For though the barbarism of his time rendered his civilized mind and pure ambition doubly extraordinary and doubly valuable to his contemporaries, it at the same time prevented the actions of his life from being handed down by historians worthy of the task.

His system of police, though extremely simple, was, at the same time, extremely effective. A hundred neighbouring families composed a *hundred*; ten such families constituted a tithing decennary, or friburg; over which an officer presided called the head of the friburg. Every man in the kingdom was obliged to belong to some friburg, or be considered in the light of one who had broken the peace. In these friburgs each man was security for all the others, pledging himself that all and every of them should demean himself and stand to the enquiries and the awards of justice. It was from such reciprocal engagements between the members of a friburg that this sort of community was commonly called a frank-pledge. If any one fled from justice the term of thirty-one days was given to the friburg to produce the offender. If he was not then delivered up, the head of the friburg was to take two principal persons from his own decennary, and from the three neighbouring decennaries the head and two of their members. These, together with himself, making twelve, were to purge him and his decennary from any wilfulness or privity to the offenders crime or flight. And if the head of the friburg could not purge his decennary in this way he and it were to make compensation to the party injured. Such great care was taken that persons should be well known before they were harboured, that if any one took a stranger in and suffered him to stay three nights under his roof, and the stranger afterwards committed any crime, the person harbouring him was considered as having made himself a pledge for him, as for one of his own family, and was, upon the absconding of the offender, to make amends to the injured person,

Much of the *spirit* of the system remains

to this day in our country police, (the *tything-man* remains even in name,) though the altered state of society has necessarily abolished the details.

J. G—T—D.

BURNING OF WIDOWS.

During the time I was at Poona, from Nov. 1828 to 1830, there were four instances of women who burned themselves on the death of their husbands. The first two I witnessed. I desired to ascertain the real circumstances by which these ceremonies were attended, and, in particular, to satisfy myself whether the women who were the victims of them, were free and conscious agents. The spot appropriated to this purpose was on the margin of the river, immediately opposite the house in which I lived.

On the first occasion the pile was in preparation when I arrived. It was constructed of rough billets of wood and was about four feet in height and seven square. At each corner there was a slender pole supporting a light figure covered with small fuel straw and dry grass. The interval between the pile and the frame, which formed a sort of rude canopy, was about four feet. Three of the sides were closed up with matted straw, the fourth being left open as an entrance. The top of the pile, which formed the bottom of this interval, was spread with straw, and the inside had very much the appearance of the interior of a small hut. The procession with the widow arrived, consisting of about a hundred persons, including the Bramins who were to officiate at the ceremony, and the retinue furnished by the government. She was on horse-back and had garlands of flowers over her head and shoulders, and her face besmeared with sandal wood. In one hand she held a looking-glass, and in the other a lime stuck upon a dagger. Her dress, which was red, was of the common description worn by the Hindoo women called a saree. Where the wife is with the husband when he dies, she burns herself with his corpse; and in those cases where the husband dies at a distance she must have with her on the pile either some relic of his body, or some part of the dress he had on at the time of his death. In this instance the husband had been a soldier, and had been killed at some distance from Poona. His widow had with her one of his shoes. She had quite a girlish look and could not be more than seventeen or eighteen. Her countenance was that of the common cast, without any thing peculiar in its character or expression. It was grave and composed; and neither in her

carriage, manner, nor gestures did she betray the slightest degree of agitation or disturbance. She dismounted and sat down at the edge of the river, and with the assistance of the Bramins went through some religious ceremony. She distributed flowers and sweetmeats, and although she spoke little, what she did say was in an easy natural tone, and free from any apparent emotion. She did not seem to pay any attention to the preparation of the pile; but when she was told that it was ready, she rose and walked towards it, then performed some other ceremonies, standing on a stone on which the outline of two feet had been traced with a chisel. In front of her was a larger stone which had been placed as an altar, on which was a small fire. These ceremonies lasted about five minutes, and then she approached the pile and mounted it without assistance. With her own hand she then lighted the pile and expired without a groan.

GLEANINGS.

PEMBROKE HALL.

It is not perhaps generally known that the foundation of this college, (Cambridge) was the result of a disastrous event. In the year 1363, Andomer de Valentia, earl of Pembroke, celebrated his nuptials with a gay tournament; joining in the tilting matches, the earl was unfortunately dismounted and killed. His "virgin wife," renounced the world on the event, and devoted her wealth to the foundation of the college which was called at first, "The Hall of Maria de Valentia." The venerable appearance of this college drew from queen Elizabeth the exclamation, "O domus antiqua et religiosa!"

THE HAGUE.

This village as it is styled contains more magnificent houses than occur in the same space in any city in Europe. The Vyverburg building is an oblong of great extent, having on one side a fine avenue of luxuriant foliage, on the other a sheet of water a quarter of a mile long. But the beauty of this place is dimmed by one recollection. Adelaide de Poelgeest a favourite of count Albert here fell a victim to the fury of the populace during an insurrection in 1392. The spot where the act was perpetrated is marked by a triangle, paved with white stone.

TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE.

At Aix-la-Chapelle in the choir of the

great church were deposited the remains of Charlemagne: the tomb was covered with a plain black slab under the centre of the dome, and marked with the simple inscription *Carolo Magno*. On the tomb being opened by Otho III. the body of the monarch was found seated in a chair of marble, dressed in his robes and adorned with the insignia of royalty. These were taken away to be used in subsequent coronations. The tomb was again opened by Frederick I. and placed in an antique sarcophagus, which was carried off by the French on account of its singular beauty, and lodged in the Louvre at Paris, but has since been restored.

DIOGENES.

Alexander the Great, on beholding Diogenes, the philosopher, in a charnel house, his eyes attentively fixed on the bones of the dead, which lay in heaps; asked him what he was doing; to whom Diogenes replied, "I am looking for thy father Philip's bones, but cannot distinguish them from those of his slaves."

ON A GENTLEMAN NAMED HEDDY.

In reading his name it may truly be said
You will make that man *dy* if you cut off
his *Hed*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. M's article is accepted, and we shall be happy to hear farther from him. We scarcely know what to do about the series of papers proposed by C. J. Jun.; we must "perpend the matter,"—and he shall see an early announcement of our decision. We hope P. R. C. has not forgotten our publisher's address! We have great pleasure in assuring our numerous subscribers that we are making such arrangements as will enable us, at the commencement of the next volume, so greatly to improve our work as to render it equal, if not superior, in interest to any publication of the day. To *some* of our correspondents we must, therefore, observe that to obtain insertion for their articles they really *must* write more carefully and employ more of thought, and less of mere verbiage. *Ver. sap. sat.*—we hope to prove the truth of the adage.

London: printed and published by Sears
29, Charterhouse Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 32.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1831.

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REMAINS OF LONDON WALL.

IN ST. GILES'S CHURCH-YARD, CRIPPLEGATE.

The wall was so termed by the Romans who were the builders of it. It commenced at the Tower of London eastwardly, and passed between Poor Jewry Lane and the

Vineyard to Aldgate, in which extent, between Wall's court and Black Horse alley, was a bastion, and another opposite Weeden's Rents, a distance of 82 perches.

From Aldgate the wall formed a curve between Shoemaker-row, Bevis Marks, Camomile-street, and Houndsditch, fenced with three bastions, one opposite Harrow-alley, a second opposite Bowle court, and a third between Hand-alley and Castle-yard, and abutted at Bishopsgate, a distance of 86 perches. Thence taking a westerly direction through Bishopsgate churchyard, it continued its course behind Wormwood-street and Allhallows church, passing the back of Old Bethlehem hospital, where part of it was standing until the demolition of that structure; it then reached Moor-gate at the end of Coleman-street, and continuing in a straight direction, abutted at Cripplegate, at the distance of 162 perches. Hence it continued westerly along the back of Cripplegate church-yard, where a part of the wall is still to be seen, and opposite Lamb's Chapel court was another bastion. From this place the wall took a southerly direction between Castle-street and Monkwell-street, in which small distance were no less than three small bastions at the back of Barber Surgeon's Hall. Following its course at the back of Noble-street, we come to Dolphin court, opposite Oat-lane, where another bastion was erected; it then again proceeded westerly to Aldersgate, at the distance from Cripplegate of 75 perches. Keeping along the back of St. Botolph's church-yard, it continued by the back of Christ's Hospital, and the New Compter, where it again formed a curve to the south, to Newgate, in which space were two bastions, the distance from Aldersgate to Newgate being 66 perches. Continuing onwards at the back of the present prison, the wall passed the ends of the late College of Physicians, (now converted into a copper-smith's workshops and a place for the sale of meat), in Warwick-lane, the Oxford Arms Inn, Stationers' Hall, and the London Coffee-house, Ludgate-hill, where it abutted at Ludgate, the distance being 42 perches.

From Ludgate it proceeded by Cock-court to New Bridge-street, where remains of it may very easily be traced; whence it wound along the Fleet Ditch to the east side of Chatham-square, and to the Thames at the distance of 130 perches.

ODE TO WINTER.

"Long may he rain."

Hail! hoary headed winter,
Thou mighty power,
Whose gelid breath
Blighteth each fragile flower
That blooms in parterre, field, or heath,
Come not too early
With thy hurly-burly,

For marching hither tardy as ye will,

'Tis true

Ye will not only flowers kill
But freeze our *currents* too!

Sage of the snowy bear,
Who with destructive hand
Stripped the foliage from the trees
That deck our happy land,
Think'st thou such ravages will please?
If so that thought deceives,
Tho' well I know
That though canst show
Thou only tak'st this liberty with our *leaves*.
But, hold! perchance I am too quick to
blame,

My strictures may be held unfair—
For let it loud be told by trump of Fame
Thou even mak'st our barren trees all
bare:

Albeit, thou art old,
Shrivell'd and cold,
Yet thou hast beauties that entice man
To sing thy praise,
(Thou needs must be a nice man!)
For, ah! how sweet the lays,
The bard of Seasons and the Farmer's Boy
Chaunt of the pleasures men enjoy,
During thy reign.
And then again;

There are a thousand other rhyming blades
that yield

Their modicum of praise,
Yet greater far art thou than these,
For when ye please,

In meadow, waste, or field,
Or grassy glade,

Thy breath can make a *rime* on every *blade*!
W. R*N*Y.

STANZAS TO A YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE.

Hail wedded pair! whom love has joined
In mystic bands to live:

Oh may you all the pleasures find,
That Heav'n and earth can give.

Oh may transcendent joys be found,
Your mutual love to bless:
And may those joys be ever crown'd
With mutual happiness!

While as in love and bliss you live,
May Heav'n on you bestow
A beauteous offspring that may give
New joys new hopes below!

Methinks I see the prattling boy
Now lisping call his sire;
Methinks I see, extatic joy!
In him the father's fire!

Methinks I see her mother's arms
The smiling girl enfold;
Now glowing with her mother's charms
Delightful to behold.

As up your rising offspring grow
Your pleasures will increase :
Nor end they in this life below,
Nor in eternal peace.

For there your wishes meet their fill
And joys supreme arise ;
Your mutual love increases still
That 'gan beneath the skies.

Oh may you live to length of days
In joy and happiness,
That far transcend the feeble lays
Of friendship to express.

TO A PICTURE OF JULIET.

Moonlight—through the bulustrades
Of a desert temple gleaming,
Sunset—when the flowers and shades
Lie in dew and odour dreaming,
Music—when the chords are rung
By a hand of grace and sorrow,
Singing—when the lay is sung
In no tones that art can borrow,
Prayer—when hymn'd, at night above,
Mem'ry—when it sets us weeping,
Watching—when the one we love
By our side is calmly sleeping ;
These all hallowed as they be,
Not to purer thoughts subdue me,
Than this pictured sight of thee,
Beautiful and lovely true one.

J. A. MOBBS.

THE GNOLL.

Gnoll castle, or the Gnoll as it is commonly called, is situated on the brow of a hill contiguous to the town of Neath, a few miles from Swansea.* The worthy proprietor in the most liberal manner permits visitors to view the delightful park and grounds, and there are but few persons sojourning in its vicinity who omit to avail themselves of such liberality. After passing the lodge we gradually ascend through groves of ancient elms, where the feathered tribe add to the beauty of the scene by their melodious notes. Here and there we are struck by a deep ravine and rugged rocks, streams and rivulets, and on the summit is an extensive fish-pond, but the cascade must not be omitted, forming as it does of itself ample recompence for the ascent. If like the writer, the visitor is enamoured of sequestered scenes and charmed with rural beauty, he may in this secluded spot retired from the busy scenes of life commune with himself

* A description of Swansea will be found in the old Series, vol. 3. p. 138.

“ And gain what books and preaching may
not give,
A knowledge of the heart, that depth unknown !

Retirement how blest ! that brings vain
man
Acquainted with himself, and keeps him
so.”

The Gnoll is a very ancient structure but it appears to have been originally less extensive, when, however, it came into the possession of Sir Humphrey Mackworth, some few years since, he effected considerable improvements in the buildings, and suggested the plans upon which the grounds are so tastefully laid out. From the Gnoll may be viewed the extensive ruins of Neath Abbey, which for antiquity has perhaps as great claims to the attention of the tourist.
Camberwell. w. w. c.

THE DANGER OF PLEASURE ;

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

A dervise of Teflis entered the shop of a confectioner. The master of the shop presented the holy man with a bowl of honey for his refreshment ; upon which an immense number of flies descended upon it. The confectioner took up a fan to disperse them ; when those which had posted themselves on the edge of the bowl easily escaped, but the greedier ones, which had ventured into the middle of the bowl were entangled by the honey, vainly endeavoured to get free. The dervise observed all the incidents of this proceeding with great attention ; and after meditating a few seconds, sighed deeply and burst into tears. The confectioner, greatly surprised at the emotion displayed by his guest, respectfully requested an explanation of its cause.

“ This bowl,” said the dervise in reply, “ is the world, and the flies are its inhabitants. They that lately posted themselves upon its rim, resembled prudent persons, who, prescribing limits to their desires, do not madly immerse themselves in pleasures but rest content with tasting of them sparingly. The flies that rushed greedily into the middle of the bowl represent such as, giving a loose to their mortal passions, plunge themselves inextricably into an abyss of sin, and at once forfeit an immortality of happiness and incur eternal torment and unavailing repentance.

THE POACHER.

(Continued from page 243.)

What a perverse and insensate creature is man ! The woods invite him to solitude

and peace, a thousand flowers impregnate the air he breaths with delicious odours, and the feathered creation carol their many songs to sooth his fiery mind ; and all in vain. Vain, alas ! vain 'are all the treasures of nature, vain all the blessings and beneficence of nature's God. The worm, the frail, impotent, and short lived worm repudates the peace to which he is invited and even wooed, and perverts all the elements of happiness into instruments and adjuncts of misery unspeakable.

Often since the night of the bloody tragedy which I briefly described in a former part of this tale, have I walked in the scene of its perpetration, and wondered how the heart of man, in its wildest mood of blood-hungriness or hate, could so far resist the softening influence of so sweet a spot, as to make it the altar of a bloody Moloch, stained with the victim's life-stream, and resounding with the shrill, piercing, and unavailing, shriek of the victims mortal agony. But so it was ; the murderers wavered not, neither did they spare ; and when they had borne away the lifeless clay a mass of congealed blood still told the hideous tale of their crime, and seemed to cry aloud to the all-seeing and all potent One for vengeance upon its perpetrators.

Peaceful scenes, alas ! had no effect upon the hearts of the murderers, and in their at once degraded and uncultured minds, that dove of human heart, the love of peacefulness, found no rest for his wearied sole. They feared their victim and therefore they hated him ; they hated and therefore they slew him.

And the sabbath sun uprose in its faint but beautiful brightness, and the small birds sang their songs of natural sweetness ; aye ! the sabbath of nature, and of nature's God, came again to the earth, as though man had not polluted his maker's beautiful work with blood, or terminated in agony and fruitless struggling the life of his Creator's creature.

It was, oh it *was* ! I remember it as though it were but yesterday—a beautiful though a bleak morning that ushered in that sabbath day which brought dismay to many, detection to a few, and horror and untimely death to one, who might have been now a reverend and beloved old man, contemplating the, perhaps, even yet distant, close of a well spent life of respected usefulness. The sabbath sun arose and with its first glorious light there came
——— but I anticipate.

Round the porch-like front of the Hatch public house, which I have before had occasion to make mention of, there were usually assembled, by seven o'clock on Sunday mornings, a rustic group, whose

best, attire was donned, but whose jolly countenances still bore testimony to the strength of mine hosts old ale, and the fervency and depth of their over-nights' potations. The super-refined reader, who mistakes appearances for things, and the mere dandyism of manner and squeamishness of association for the refinement of the heart, which is the genuine and only source of that politeness which alone is honourable to individual man, or serviceable to society,—the reader who is thus mistaken, and who piques himself more upon the style in which his daily dinner is put down than upon the advance he may daily make in wisdom or scholastic acquirement, will, I have no doubt, vote me vulgar, when I confess that I was not unfrequently to be seen in the midst of this rustic group.—Be it so ; vulgar or not, there I most assuredly was ; and there I acquired more real knowledge of agricultural affairs—and though I farmed rather to *save* than to *earn* money, even that knowledge was precious—and of the inartificial human heart than ever I acquired from books, though I am a reader of no ordinary zeal and industry. Locke was a fine fellow ; and Reid and Fearn are by no means to be despised ; but for *my* metaphysical studies give me the kitchen of a rustic public house, and from ten to nineteen bumpkins, varying in age from sixteen to sixty, duly seated therein behind brown stone ale jugs and white clay tobacco pipes. Tell me not of vulgarity and refinement or any other antithetical tom-foolery ; if I *get* the knowledge I seek I care not an odd volume of the dullest novel, whence or through what medium I get it. Enough of this and to my tale once more.

On the sabbath morning following the night of the murder I, as usual, made my way to the Hatch, and there found the villagers assembled, even more numerously than usual. But instead of the merry though somewhat cacophonous loudness of argumentation in which I had been accustomed to find them engaged ; each man whispered to his neighbour, and all looked blank dismay, and even criminal. Being somewhat looked up to by neighbours, partly because I was not *very* rich, and partly because I mixed more in their company, and took a more hearty part in their sports than the richer persons in their neighbourhood, I was not left time to enquire the cause of their unusual care, and informed, as if with one voice and one accord, that a hugh pool of blood had been discovered just within Ashdown Forest ; and that the stranger who had engaged a bed at the Hatch, and who had even, on quitting the house desired the landlord to

remain up for him, could no where be found. I had seen enough of the stranger to be of opinion that he was a man extremely well fitted to keep number one in good repair; and moreover I knew that fellows of his jovial kidney were not likely to think much of keeping an elderly retailer of beer and tobacco from his bed when his getting to it depended upon their relinquishing the gratification of an idle whim, or a sensual passion. Thinking, therefore, very lightly of his disappearance, and being inclined to exaggerate the credulity and love of marvellous which are so conspicuous in our country population, I ridiculed their fears and jocularly asked if any of them could swear it was not an ox, or some other beast, which had parted, perchance, and contrary to its desire, with the blood which had alarmed them so much. I almost repented me of my words as soon as I had given them utterance; for I plainly saw that I had hurt the pride of my auditors; by no means the least delicate or sensitive feeling of an uneducated countryman, though his form be burley and his hands coarse and horned with daily toil.

"No, master ——," said one of them, with something of resentment in both his manner and his tone, "oxen do not wear such finery as this, I trow;" and so saying he handed me one of those massive but almost utterly valueless rings which

London jewellers call gold and change gold for, and which, at the time I write of were less common than they now are and were proportionally dear.

I took the ring to look at; and could not for the soul of me help retorting, that though oxen wore them not, asses not uncommonly did so. But this I said as a joke merely; and as such it passed. But as I was told that the ring had been found close by the blood and that the ground around was trampled by feet of different sizes, and especially as the unnailed prints of, as was supposed, the strangers boots, though at first intermingled with those of the nailed ones, were missed long before the others ceased to be traceable, I advised that a watch should be set upon the spot to prevent any approach to the blood or the adjacent footmarks, and a magistrate be immediately sent for. My advice was instantly adopted; and about half past eight that morning Lord —— and Mr. ——, two of the most active magistrates in the county arrived in the former's curricule, and straightway entered the little parlour of the Hatch, and were received by my host and hostess with that profound humility with which licensed ale sellers always greet licensing magistrates.

(To be Continued.)



NOVEMBER.

Now the eleventh, but in the anient Roman calendar the *ninth* month in the year, was so called from the Latin word *Novem*, nine.

The Saxons denominated it *Wint-monat* (*Wind-month*) because of the blustering

winds which generally prevail throughout this month. They also called it *Blot-monat*, (*Blood-month*), as being the month when they killed great numbers of cattle for winter store and for their sacrifices.

The Protestant church dedicates the first

of November to the commemoration of all those saints and martyrs, in honour of whom, individually, no particular day has been assigned. This festival is called *All Saint's Day*.

The fifth of November is well known to all our juvenile readers as the anniversary of the terrible Gunpowder Plot ; on which day, in order to commemorate properly this horribly intended burning, they doubtless rejoice in their very hearts, "since," as a very delightful author remarks, "the said attempt gives them occasion to burn every thing they can lay their hands on, their own fingers included ; a bonfire being, in the eyes of an English schoolboy, the true 'beauteous and sublime of human life.'"

On the fifth of November, also, king William III. of glorious memory, the firm establisher of British liberty, landed in England, in 1688, after the revolution which vested the throne of England in the family of the house of Orange.

The ninth of November is Lord Mayor's Day ; that is, the day when the chief magistrate elect of London, who is called the lord mayor, annually enters upon the duties of his important office.

No. 7.—NATURAL HISTORY.

THE RHINOCEROS.

Is the name of a genius of quadrupeds of the order of *belluæ* in the class of *mammalia*, in the Linnæan system, so called from a horn growing on their nose.

Of this genus there are only two known species. 1. The rhinoceros with only one horn on its nose ; and, 2. The rhinoceros with two horns.

In the year 1739 we had a young rhinoceros with one horn shewn in England, of which Dr. Parsons has given a very accurate account in the Philosophical Transactions.

The creature fed on rice, sugar, and hay, his keeper used to mix the rice and sugar in the following manner : seven pounds of rice and three pounds of sugar made the provision for one day ; he eat this at three meals ; and besides this he eat a truss of hay every week, and a large quantity of greens that were brought to him at different times, and of which he seemed more fond than of dried food. He drank often, and always swallowed a large quantity of water at a time.

He appeared very peaceable in his temper, and bore to be handled on any part of his body with great patience, except when he was hungry ; but he was then always outrageous, as also when he was struck. His most violent passions, even on the last

occasion, were however always immediately appeased by giving him victuals.

Notwithstanding the lumpish aspect and heavy make of this creature, he would jump about very nimbly in his fits of passion, and often leap to a great height ; and one common mark of his fury was the striking of his head against the walls, or any thing else that was in the way, and this he would do with terrible violence. He was very apt to fall into these passions in a morning before his rice and sugar were given him, and from the whole he appeared quite untractable, and seemed able, in his passions, to have run so fast, as that a man on foot could not have escaped him.

This creature was two years old, and did not exceed a young heifer in height, but was remarkably broad and thick. His head was very large ; and the hinder part of it, near the ears, remarkably elevated above the rest of the face, which was flat, and sunk down in a very strange manner in the middle, rising again toward the origin of the horn, but in a much smaller degree.

The horn in this young animal did not rise above an inch high from its tough basis (though in full grown animals it is sometimes three feet and a half long), and was black and smooth at the top, but ragged downwards ; and the determination of its growth is backward, not straight up ; this is very evidently seen in the horns of old rhinoceroses, which are always curved in a considerable degree that way. If we consider the proportion of this animals size to the length of its horn, and thence carry the proportion to that between the large horns we see in the museums of the curious, we must suppose the animal of a very stupendous size when at its full growth.

The sides of the under jaw of this creature stand very wide asunder, slanting outward to the lower edge, and backward to the neck ; the edges turn outwards from this structure of the bones, and the head necessarily looks very large. The rhinoceros has four cutting teeth, one in each corner of each jaw, and six grinders in each ; the first remote from the cutting teeth. That part of the head which reaches from the forepart of the horn to the upper lip may be called the nose ; this is very thick and bulky, and has a kind of circular sweep down towards the nostrils ; on all this part there is a great number of rugæ or wrinkles.

The nostrils are situated very low, in the same direction with the opening of the mouth, and not more than an inch from it ; and, when viewed in a foreview, the whole nose, from the top of the horn to the verge

of the lower lip, is shaped like a bell. The under lip is like that of an ox, but the upper more like that of a horse, and he uses it as that creature does, to gather up hay from the rack, or grass from the ground but with this superior advantage, that this creature has a power of extending this lip to six or seven inches in length from the nose, and there drawing it to a point; with this lip, thus extended the creature is able to grasp a stick, or any small substance, and hold it extremely fast; and this power of prolonging the lips serves, in many purposes, to the same end as the trunk of that other unwieldy animal the elephant.

The tongue of the rhinoceros is said to be so rough as to be able to rub a man's flesh off from the bones; but in this young subject it was so soft, that it resembled that of a calf. It may possibly grow harder with age; but the story of its effects seems of a piece with the many other false marvels reported of this animal. The eyes are dull and sleepy, much like those of a hog in shape; he seldom opens them entirely; and it is to be observed that they are situated nearer the nose than those of any other known quadruped. The ears, are broad and thin towards the top; the neck is very short; the shoulders are thick and heavy; the body is thick and juts out at the sides, and has a hollow in the back; the belly hangs low; the legs are short, thick, and strong; the hoofs are divided into three parts, each pointing forward; the tail is slender, flatted at the end, and covered on the sides with very stiff thick black hairs; the skin is naked, rough or tuberculated, lying about the neck in vast folds; there is another fold from the shoulders to the forelegs; and another from the hind part of the back to the thighs. The skin is thick, and seems almost impenetrable, insomuch that it will turn the edge of a scymitar, and resist a musket ball; it feels like a piece of board of half an inch thick. It is covered in all parts, more or less, with a sort of incrustations, resembling scales. These are small on the neck, and largest of all on the shoulders and hips; between the folds of this thick skin, the cuticle, which is left bare, is soft and easy penetrable. The scabby incrustations of the skin have been called scales by some writers, but this is a very wrong term for they have nothing of the nature of scales, nor any thing of regularity in them.

W. E. C.

ABERNETHY AND THE CHANCERY BARRISTER.

A chancery barrister having been for a long while annoyed by an irritable ulcer

on one of his legs, called upon Mr. Abernethy for the purpose of obtaining that gentlemen's advice. The counsellor judging of an ulcer as of a brief that it must be seen before its nature could be understood, was busily occupied in removing his stocking and bandages; when Mr. Abernethy abruptly advanced towards him, and exclaiming in a stentorian voice, 'Halloo! what are ye about there? put out your tongue, man! aye, there 'tis—I see it—I'm satisfied—quite enough—shut up your leg, man—shut it up—shut it up. Here take one of these pills every night on going to bed. The lawyer put the box of pills into his pocket, handed over a fee and was about to leave the room, when Mr. A. thus accosted him:—Why d—e look here this is but a shilling! The barrister sarcastically replied—'quite enough, man—shut it up!' and hastily quitted the room.

N. M

THE INDIAN GIRL,

AS SHE SHOT AN ARROW.

The sense of the following lines is literally the same as was expressed by a young Indian woman; from a memorandum in her own words.

Ah! now my chief to battle go,
 Dis token me will send;
 Me with it drive away de foe,
 And he poor RENGÓ's fiend!
 Me arrow fly thro' fields of light,
 And cut de milk-white air;
 Me wish it go where RENGÓ fight,
 And tell him ZELA's care!
 She well remember when he find
 Poor ZELA's fitter dear;*
 He see her face! it please my mind,
 And make me drop de tear!
 Me tank HIM,† 'bove blue mountain top,
 Dat send de bark and corn;
 And bid de fire and great gun stop,‡
 And make de hut so warm:
 But since dat day me weep my fill,
 For all him, love me dearly!
 Ah! much me fear de foe him kill,
 And dat kill ZELA nearly!
 My arrow fly, and take him part,
 Me fight too, if I dare:
 But if it strike poor RENGÓ's heart,
 Me tink it find me there.

* Rengo was of an opposite party; he gained admittance to ZELA by bringing in intelligence of her sister, who had been taken from her, and found by RENGÓ.

† Their Deity.

‡ Lightning and thunder.

GLEANINGS.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. CANNING.

ORIGINAL.

He has gone to the grave when the light of
his fame,
Was gathering brighter around him ;
But the shadows of death cannot darken
a name,
With which a brave people have crowned
him.

He is gone to the grave—but his genius
shall bloom
Ever green in the annals of story,
And his eloquence peal from the depths
of the tomb,
To hallow the halls of his glory !

He has gone to the grave—but sad freedom
remains
To worship the spirit who won her ;
From the grasp of the bigot—the rust of
the chain
Dull tyranny fastened upon her !

He is gone to the grave—but a halo lights
yet,
The track of his glory behind him ;
Like beams in the east where the day-god
has set,
His equal oh ! where shall we find him ?

I. J. B. TURNER.

GENUINE ORTHOGRAPHY.

The following is a literal copy of a notice recently given by the clerk in a parish church in Devonshire :

“ This is to gee notice, here's narra Sunday here next Sunday, keas why, Measter is going to Daalish to preach.”

Judge Rooke, in going the western circuit, had a stone thrown at his head : but from the circumstance of his stooping very much, it passed over him.

“ You see,” said he to his friends, “ that had I been an upright judge, I might have been killed.”

The same learned judge some few years since asked a young gentleman about to be admitted an attorney, the following question :

“ Suppose a tenant for life holds over, how would you eject him ?” He immediately replied, “ Send for an undertaker my lord.”

E. B.

A ROYAL EPITAPH.

Margaret of Austria when at sea, and in danger of being wrecked composed for herself the following Epitaph.

Cy gist Margot, la gente demoiselle
Q'eut deux maris, et simourut pucelle.

Beneath these waves the gentle Marg'ret's
laid
Who had two husbands, and yet died a
maid.

That hunger's not mortal
There's proof the most weighty ;
For here lies a poet
Who lived to be Eighty !

The populace, in all ages and nations are rash to perpetrate what their misguided fury suggests, repentant at the sight of the mischief they have done, and prompt in their accusations against others instead of confessing their own misconduct.

Life of the Empress Catherine II.

An Irishman expressed a wish to go in a sedan chair. His wish was gratified, but the bottom of the chair was taken out so that he was obliged to walk. After having walked him for some distance his friend asked how he liked the chair, he answered, “ Very well indeed, but, except for name, it is very like walking.”

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received the articles of X and shall use most of them : we remember nothing of a former letter which he alludes to.—Received and accepted the favours of the following correspondents ; M. A. B. W. E. C. and Alost. “ Conrade's ” paper is received and accepted. We beg leave, however, to tell M. A. B. that conundrums and such like lively matters, belong by ancient right to the venerable Sylvanus Urban ; whom we do not desire to deprive of such *very* valuable commodities. Our “ Constant readers,” according to our constant writers account of themselves are “ numerous as leaves in Valambrosa.” We beg to suggest to those who think that we look to their compliments and not to the merit of their articles in making our selection, that “ Constant Purchaser ” would be a more novel and *far* more influential signature.

London : printed and published by Sears, 29, Charter-house Square ; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand ; Steill, Paternoster-row ; Strange, Paternoster-row ; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 33.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1831.

Price 1d.



THE LADY OF LOCKERBY.

IN the sixteenth century a conflict took place between two hostile clans of the names of Johnstone and Maxwell, close by the river Dryffe, near Lochmaben, which is called the battle of Dryffe sands. It was carried on with such vigour by the Johnstones and their allies that they quickly compelled their enemies to seek safety in flight. The Maxwells and the confederate barons suffered grievously in the retreat—many were overtaken in the streets of Lockerby and cut down or slashed in the face by their pursuers, a kind of blow which to this day, in that country, is called a “Lockerby lick.” Maxwell himself, an elderly man and heavily armed, was borne down from his horse in the beginning of the conflict, and as he named his name and offered to surrender, his right hand, which he stretched out for mercy was cut from his body. The lady of Lock-

erby, who was besieged in her tower, had witnessed from the battlements the approach of the laird of Johnstone, and as soon as the enemy had withdrawn from the siege of the fortress, had sent to the assistance of her chief the few servants who had assisted in her defence. After this she heard the tumult of battle, but as she could not from the tower see the place where it was fought, she remained in an agony of suspense until, as the noise seemed to pass away in a westernly direction, she could endure it no longer, but sallied from the tower with only one female attendant, to see how the day had gone. She took the precaution to lock the strong oaken door and iron grate, with which a border fortress was commonly secured, and knitting the large keys on a thong, took them with her hanging on her arm. Upon entering the field of battle she found all the relics of a

bloody fight; the little valley was strown with slain men and horses and broken armour besides many wounded and incapable of saving themselves. Among others she saw lying beneath a tree a tall grey haired noble looking man, arrayed in bright armour, but bareheaded and bleeding to death from the loss of his right hand. He asked for mercy and help with a faltering voice, but she only seeing before her the enemy of her clan and the cause of her father's captivity and death, raised the ponderous keys which she bore along with her, and dashed out the brains of the vanquished lord Maxwell.

Tales of a Grandfather.

THE POACHER.

(Concluded from page 253.)

The magistrates remained closeted for some time and then proceeded to the scene of the supposed murder. Having viewed it and made their observations they returned to the Hatch and gave orders to the constables; which orders were privately given, and which the constables were to keep strictly secret, and execute by the close of the morning's divine service; to attend which the magistrates then took their departure.

Scarcely had they done so when Frank Edwards, whose absence none of us had noticed, made his appearance. He had that sudden stupid and semibrutal appearance which all men have on the morning after a debauch, while the fumes of their Circean draughts yet retain some of their stupefying potency. He was quickly surrounded and informed of the discovery which had been made and the suspicion, the horrible suspicion, to which it had given birth. I thought he did not seem to be either so much astonished or so much interested by the discovery as he ought to have been; but poacher and wild care-for-nothing dog as I, and all others in the neighbourhood, well knew him to be, I must confess that I, at least, had no suspicion that he had imbrued his hands in the blood of a fellow creature.

One of the assembled he-gossips happening to remark that Frank did not "seem to think much of it" the old landlord who just then entered the room and saw Frank for the first time that morning, replied "Frank ought to think much of it though; and so he will, poor fellow, when he knows as much as I think he will be obliged to know."

"What do you mean, you old fool!" replied Frank "do you mean to say that I have had anything to do with the murder if one *has* been committed?"

"No, Frank," replied he, "no; God forbid; better any one, bad deed as, done by any one, it is, had done this murder than you, for Frank, if it is, as seems to be the case, the merry companion we had here last night that has been murdered,—it was your own brother George, and I know you liked him well."

I am an old man and with grey hairs have I doubt not, got an impaired recollection of some of the scenes I have witnessed. But nothing short of actual aberration of mind will ever efface or weaken my recollection of what followed this declaration. The drunken man was sobered on the instant; the strong and reckless man was smitten—bowed down—crushed! Ghastly as the unburied dead when the moon-beam glances upon their stiffened features, was now that bold and evil man; and angels might have pitied even him, all guilty and bloody as he was, so wretched was his appearance and so thrillingly penitent his tones, as he almost shrieked "Oh, God! I have murdered my own brother!" On uttering these words he fell down in strong convulsions; and some hours elapsed before he recovered sufficiently to relate the particulars of the horrible affair.

At the conclusion of divine service the magistrates returned, and the constables also, came to the Hatch to make their report. They had been on a false scent and had returned as wise as they went. To be sure they had! we could have told them that; for we had the wretched murderer in safe keeping.

In a former part of my tale, it will be remembered, I spoke of the daring and successful robberies which had been committed in the neighbourhood. When information reached the secretary of state of the robbery committed upon lord ———, he dispatched an acute and resolute Bow-street officer with orders to use the utmost zeal and diligence in apprehending the perpetrators. *That officer was George Edwards!* He had been in the army, behaved well, risen to a halbert, and purchased his discharge. Subsequent to obtaining it, he was appointed to the police through the interest of his quondam colonel; had manifested so much shrewdness and daring as to have attracted the notice of his superiors; and was, on that account, selected for the mission which cost him his life. *How* it became known to the robbers that an officer was in the neighbourhood never clearly appeared; most probably, however, some of the jew receivers in London to whom from time to time Frank used to dispose of the stolen property, and who always hang about the police offices, had contrived to pick up the

information and forward it to them. Thus much is certain, that Frank knew that an officer had arrived and would search the neighbourhood during the night; and he joined the company at the Hatch for the purpose of dogging him and, to use his own words, "stopping his wind." The officer bore the name of Copeland, and was known by no other, as he assumed that when he enlisted. Altered in figure, features, voice, and manners, he ran no risk of being discovered by his brother and he concealed himself, not from suspicion that that brother was one of the villains of whom he was in quest: but merely to heighten the surprize of discovering himself. To the landlord he had revealed his name, but not his errand; professing merely to have come down to see his brother. And when he went out, in reality to make his observations in the neighbourhood he had said that he was going to call at his brother's cottage and enjoy his surprise. Poor fellow! his brother waited to slay him; watched him to the ambush gave the signal, and when it was not obeyed as promptly as he expected, fired the fatal shot himself and thus crowned his career of crime.

Acting on Frank's confession even the boobies who did constabulary duty in a retired country place could not fail to apprehend the whole gang. At the same time that they did so they found much booty concealed in various parts; and in Frank's cottage, buried beneath the hearth, was found the body of his murdered brother.

The murderer was hanged, and the robbers with whom he had associated transported; as, on his trial he protested himself the *sole* murderer. Though we had heard the contrary from his own lips, corroborative proof was wanting of the blood-guiltiness of any more than the, at all events, *most* guilty; and, therefore it was that he alone paid the utmost penalty of the law

W. T. H.

THE ILL-FATED LOVERS.

I had settled my accounts with mine host and his dependants, my luggage was on board: I had wrapped myself up in my boat cloak, and had seated myself at the stern of the vessel.

A melancholy, perhaps constitutional but no doubt increased from the idea of leaving the land of my forefathers for that of the stranger, came over me. I thought of home—I thought of the inmates of that home—from every one of whom I had only a few days before with such emotion parted.—“Shall I,” said I to myself, “find any congenial spirit in the clime to which I am

going, who will replace the loved beings from whom seas will shortly separate me?” There is something at all times moving in the idea of separation; but when that separation is for the first time—where the prospect of return is far distant,—when the mind however greedy after novelty, is yet suffering under the poignancy of recent adieus,—then indeed is sorrow choaking. I sighed aloud,—perhaps I shed a tear: would that I had never had more unworthy occasion to have done so! “Land of my birth! and to me pregnant with every tender emotion,” I cried, as the order for departure was given at the helm, “may I revisit thee under more joyful feelings than those with which I leave thee, and may the loved friends I leave behind cherish the remembrance of one whose fondest hope is in the joy of seeing them again. I turned away from the retiring land, and giving way to my musings, I was absorbed in melancholy reflections until the land was indistinguishable from the horizon. The movements and voices of the sailors and passengers roused me from my lethargy: I rose from my seat and was surprised to see so many companions—I wandered from one face to another—I canvassed, in my mind, their reasons for migration—I thought I already read something of the character of each; as, at any rate, I wished to do. My mind, in its present state of desertion, wanted to find some being similarly circumstanced, with whom to confer,—some object to lean upon. As I was thus musing, I cast my eye on a young man who was thoughtfully looking over the side of the vessel, his head resting on his hand. “His,” said I is no journey of pleasure.” I watched him attentively: he remained long motionless, absorbed—lost: he started suddenly, left the place where he was standing, and not until the morning afterwards did I see him again. There was something about this gentleman that haunted my imagination, and prompted me to an attempt at farther intimacy. His very appearance as well as his sorrows interested me: in figure he was upright and rather tall, his complexion, whatever might have been its hue of youth, was now rather sallow; his raven black hair hung wildly over his forehead; his eyes dark, large, and somewhat sunken; he was attired in military undress, surmounted by an ample and dark mantle apparently of foreign manufacture. During the rest of the voyage, I saw him but seldom, and learned little to satisfy my curiosity. At last the shores of Portugal glittering to the rising sun, rose to our view. All was hope. Did I lose sight of thee, England for one moment in the glowing expectancy?—We landed. Every thing

was new to me, and so situated I felt bereft when parting from such as the voyage had familiarized me to. My curiosity regarding my interesting fellow passenger had not been satisfied. As I was about to leave the ship he asked me if he could serve me. I stated the embarrassments of a stranger in a strange land. It was from Lisbon that he had sailed (in consequence of ill health, occasioned by a wound), when he last visited England, never to see it more. We went together to the same hotel. I thought him doubly melancholy this evening. He appeared very solicitous to proceed on his journey. He was going he told me, he feared on an idle errand, "but," said he, with considerable emotion, "a longer stay in England would have been death to me." We parted for the night. I had hoped to have seen him in the morning, but no, he was gone. A letter, however, he had left for me in the hands of the waiter, it was written hastily and wildly, and dated three o'clock: it explained all. "Ah, why my Estrella," did it say, "did the fates ordain that I should see thee but to weep and die!" Estrella was the daughter of a Spanish grandee: she had loved and her passion was warmly returned. The British camp had been suddenly broken up. The lovers had met—they had parted alas for ever. Captain C—— was wounded in the retreat—his health was despaired of—England was recommended to him—to it he had gone. He had returned to find out his friend, to make her his beyond the chance of separation, but it was a delusion. Several months afterwards, at a considerable distance, I found out my unfortunate friend, he was much altered, disappointed hope had made sad havoc with him, a hectic flush announced the worm within; every hope for the continuance of his life had vanished from him—and for why? Because he had too truly learnt that his Estrella, to sooth the pangs of his absence, had preceded him to realms to which her unfortunate friend was so soon to follow. She was gone, but she had left in the hands of a relation a locket of her hair, to be given to her lover, should he ever appear again in Spain. At the back of it was a little piece of embroidery, showing two birds flying different ways drawing tighter a true lover's knot. It was surely too emblematical of her love and fidelity.

ALOST.

RAFFAELLE.

"In offering a few remarks on this most eminent painter, I shall bear in mind that

essential quality in the articles of the Scrap Book—brevity, and endeavour to adopt the motto *multum in parvo*. My sketch will probably have more weight with many readers when I give the name of Sir Joshua Reynolds as the principal authority for my opinion of the different foreign artists whom I shall notice. The task of criticising the most eminent masters of the *British School* I leave to the abler pen of P. R. C., hoping, however that he will not forget to notice "*wee curly-headed David*"* who I should have thought would have stood foremost in his list, as his talent is at least equal to Turner's and certainly far superior to that of Sir M. A. Shee.† Now to our subject, and we will begin with this "prince of painters."

This artist, who may be considered the head of the highest school of painting (the Roman or Florentine) was the pupil of Pietro Perugino, one of the earliest masters of modern art. Raffaelle, however, soon surpassed his master and being drawn to Florence by the fame of Michael Angelo, he there studied the ancient sculptures, and formed that style of painting which placed him on the throne of his art. The greatest works of the Roman and Florentine masters are in Fresco, and Sir Joshua in one of his discourses says "I have no desire to degrade Raffaelle from the high rank which he deservedly holds; but by comparing him with himself he does not appear to me to be the same man in oil as in fresco:" and again, "When he painted in oil, his hand seemed to be so cramped and confined that he not only lost that facility and spirit, but I think even that correctness of form which is so perfect and admirable in his fresco works." The chief excellences of this extraordinary man are "the propriety, beauty and majesty of his characters, the judicious contrivance of his composition, his correctness of drawing, purity of taste, and skilful accommodation of other men's conceptions to his own purpose." His greatest as well as latest works are the Cartoons (drawings on large paper) they were originally intended as patterns for tapestry (or fresco), are seven in number and are to be seen in the gallery of Hampton court. The forte of Raffaelle is expression, and hence the translation of his works

* David Wilkie, R. A.

† P. R. C. has done so. Moreover, he is not answerable for the order in which his papers are inserted. We are obliged to arrange them with some regard to their length and that of other papers which are to accompany them.—Editor.

upon copper is more difficult than that of those of most other artist.

This admirable *painter* and amiable *man*, died Anno 1522, at the early age of 37.

His fame was at its height in his life time, and he lived to see his school support it.

P. J. jun.



DECEMBER.

Derives its name from the Latin word *Decem*, ten. It was primitively the tenth, but is now the twelfth month in the year.

Our Saxon ancestors appropriately termed it *Winter-monat* (*Winter month*), until they embraced the Christian faith; when, in devotion to the birth-time of the Saviour they reverently called December *Heligh-monat* (*Holy-month*). It was also called by them *Midwinter-monath* and *Giul-erra*, or the First Giul. This word *Giul* here means the feast in honour of the Saxon God *Thor*, (which was celebrated at the winter solstice,) and was derived from the word *Iol* or *ol*, signifying ale, because ale was a chief requisite and mark of such feasts. *Giul* is now corrupted into *Yule* and *Gule*.

On the 16th kalend of December (the 17th day of the month) the Romans commenced the celebration of the feast called *Saturnalia*, which lasted five days. This festival was held in honour of *Saturn* or *Time*, the fabulous father of all the Gods. It was celebrated in Italy long before the building of Rome, and indeed its origin cannot well be traced. During its continuance no war was allowed to be proclaimed, nor any criminal executed: the schools enjoyed a vacation, and the whole city indulged in mirth and freedom of conduct; servants were allowed to be free and merry with their masters, pupils with their teachers, and the people with their supe-

riors. This joyous festival was originally confined to one day only, but it gradually increased to five, and, indeed, some authors say, to seven.

The Christian calendar dedicates the 21st of December to the memory of *Saint Thomas the Apostle*, surnamed *Didymus*, or the *Twin*. This day is also generally considered to be the shortest day in the year. The 25th day of the month is sacred to the commemoration of the Nativity (or birth) of our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. This festival was celebrated in the earliest ages of Christianity, and was called pre-eminently. "The festival of festivals," and "The chief of all festivals." Its name *Christmas*, is derived from the Latin words *Christi Missa*, meaning the *Mass of Christ*, which the Roman Catholics performed on this sacred day. The word *mass* is applied by them to their religious rituals, and their service book or Liturgy is called the *Missal*, or *Mass Book*. On the 26th of December, the memory of *St. Stephen*, the first martyr to the Christian faith, is honoured. The 27th is sacred to *St. John, the Apostle and Evangelist*,—the most beloved disciple of Christ; and on the 28th, the dreadful slaughter of the Jewish children by Herod, by which he hoped to slay the infant Jesus, is commemorate, under the name of "*Holy Innocents*." This festival is also called *Childermas*, or *Child Mass*.

“ Now icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes home in frozen pail.”

—
 No. 8 and 9.—NATURAL HISTORY.
 THE BUSTARD.

Otis, in Zoology, the name of a large bird. The *Otis* is called *tarda* and *otardes* by several authors.

In the Linnaean system, the *otis* or bustard makes a distinct genus of birds of the order of the *gallinae*; the distinguishing characters of which are, that the feet have only three toes each, and those all placed before, and the head is not adorned with a crest or any other ornament.

It is of the size of the common turkey, its beak is like that of the common gallinaceous fowls; its head and neck are grey; its belly white, and its back variegated with transverse streaks of red and black: it has no hinder toe, by which, and by its size, it is easily distinguished from all the rest of the gallinaceous kind. The male is distinguished from the female by being of a much larger size, and by a tuft of feathers about five inches long on each side of the lower mandible. Besides, the males have a pouch, whose entrance lies immediately under the tongue, which is capable of holding near seven quarts; this secures them against draught, in those dry tracts where they commonly live, and is probably filled with water to supply the hen when sitting, or the young before they can fly. It feeds on herbs and grain, and earth worms, and eats very greedily the leaves of dandelion, and particularly on the seeds of hemlock, which seems a very strange food.

It is to be met with in many parts of England, where there are large heaths and plains: they are very bad fliers, and very difficultly raise themselves up from the ground; but they are extremely shy, and if they see a man at a very great distance, they immediately escape as fast as they can. Their flesh is esteemed. The lesser bustard, or, *otis tetrax*, of Linnaeus is about the size of a pheasant.

THE CONDOR.

The name of the largest of all birds in South America; and, perhaps by the description of it, in the world. It is frequently met with on the Andes.

It is of the carnivarous kind, and so very strong, fierce, and voracious, that it often seizes lambs from the flock, and Don Ulloa informs us, that he actually saw one

of them rising with a lamb in its talons. The Indians have various ways of catching them: besides traps and snares laid for them near any carrion, they kill a cow or other animal, and moisten its flesh with the juice of some strong intoxicating herbs and then bury the body till it putrifies. In this state they take it up and lay it on the ground; and when the condor's come near to devour it, they are intoxicated and rendered motionless, when the Indians fall upon and kill them.

W. E. C.

—
 THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

It seems then, that though these delightful papers are arrived at their intended conclusion *we*, we of the Scrap Book! are alone in the secret of their authorship!—Well—duty, duty to our readers is paramount even to our deep respect for the venerable Christopher North. We love that “old man eloquent,”—though he has now and then misled us when he and we were younger than we can write ourselves in the second year of the reign of our sovereign Lord the King, William IV. Yes! we *do* love Kit; we love even his fictitious devouring of flanks of beef, and his imaginary deglutition of divers and sundry bowls of toddied Glenlivet. But we *must* love our readers better; so here goes. In the October number of Christopher's redoubted *Maga* appeared the last of the “passages” from the “Diary of a late Physician.” Do we object to assumed signatures? Not we. Did not our old school-fellow, C. Lamb, call himself *Elia*, and create——, and a delicious creation too, —— his “uncle” in Fetter-lane? Does not Reynolds, our writing master's son—right little, by the bye, have we profited by his benevolent and gifted father's instructions, as witness the weekly complaints of our printer!—publish his own delightful poetry under the assumed name of *Hamilton*? Does not another school-fellow of ours, the misrepresented and excellent, as we will hereafter maintain, Leigh Hunt sport a *pen*? And does not Scott, the glorious, the varied, the “*Ariosto of the north*” come Dr. Dryasdust and Christopher Croftangry? Bah! pish! pooh, pooh! dear reader ours! we hate your matter of fact fellows, who wish you to

“——swear to the truth of a song:”

mathematical correctness is our aversion; and we chiefly love the letters of Junius because not one of our thousand and thirteen friends—our exact and ample number—can tell us who wrote them. Nevertheless we love our readers, and we think

that our dear friend Kit has been somewhat too categorical and extensive in saying "the thing which is not."

A month or two ago our friend Christopher announced that he had received several hints to be "worked up in the peculiar manner" of &c. &c. Now *that* we can easily believe, for *we* receive similar hints twice a week; and never take them! Dullards those who send their ideas—ideas! for us to lick into shape, as the bears do their clumsy cubs. Small blame to Christopher for poking the like of them in the Balaam box. But, then, Christopher did somewhat more. He travelled out of his editorial record, and averred the "passages from the Diary of a late physician" to be actually that which they professed to be. Nay, Kit, not a *late* but a marvellously *early* physician! Why, man, he is *now* barely twenty one years of age! We admire his abilities—his genius, for he *has* GENIUS—but he owes all his "physic" to Reece and Buchan, as we shall show when old Ebony does the "diary" up into a volume; and he never even studied physic, or, as Scott calls it in St. Valentine's Eve, pottercarriership in any other school.

The truth is, that young —, the author of the glorious "passages" in question, is the son of a Scotch methodist parson. He and his brother came to town to seek their fortune. The brother became a limner and is doing well, and — (we suppress his name because he has chosen to suppress it), entered himself in the Temple; and we trust will ere long be called to the bar, to delight us by his spoken, as he already has delighted us by his written eloquence.

Such are the facts as to the *author*. Of the "passages" we shall speak more at length when they be, as they doubtless will be, collected into a beautiful hot-pressed volume, price seven shillings and sixpence, bds. *Diximus!*

W. T. H.

TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER.

Blue eyes! the light entrancing
Of such in youth how dear,
As thine, like sunlight glancing,
From skies as blue and clear,
Flash'd from them rays of gadness,
Or beams of love serene;
As though care, suffering sadness,
Should ne'er be, nor had been.
But feelings, holier, deeper,
Pervade my bosom now,
As Lethean shades, fair sleeper,
Evanish from thy brow;
And thy young eyes reposing
On me their light new born,

Seem twin blue flowers disclosing
Their sweetness to the morn.

Smiles! I have seen them beaming
On many a radiant face,
Each glance, each feature teeming
With eloquence and grace;
But the glad recognition
That wreathes those features small,
So artless, pure, Elysian,
My babe is worth them all!

Resemblances to others,
We mark in look and tone:
Thy mouth—how like thy mothers!
Thy forehead—like my own!
But feelings sad steal o'er us,
As lineaments we trace
Of some who've reach before us,
The goal of being's race.

But grief I'll not remember,
Nor blend them with my lay:
Ne'er may my heart's December
O'er cloud thy laughing May:
No wintry wreath I'll gather
From the bleak past, but twine
Hope's sunny blossoms rather,
To grace affections shrine.

Life no such wild discloses
As gloomy poets feign:
Thorns hath it! aye, and roses!
And balm for every pain!
And the fond hope I'd nourish,
That like some hardy flower,
Long, long thou'lt bloom and flourish
Come sunshine or come shower.

For, though the world's abounding
In tracks of care and sin,
And pleasure's maze surrounding
Lures heedless footsteps in;
Virtue's straight pathway tending
To bowers of joy divine,
Yields verdure never ending.—
And may that path be thine.

I. J. B. TURNER.

GLEANINGS.

DODSLEY.

About five or six miles from Mansfield is the mill where the incident took place on which Dodsley founded his pleasing drama of "The Miller of Mansfield."

PLEASANT SPORT.

The Galwegians who attended David I. of Scotland to Custon Moor, had a favourite amusement of tossing infants upon their pikes!

THE GOUT.

Imagine a sensation in the great toe as if it had been suddenly seized with a

pair of red-hot pinchers. Whew! there they are at it! nipping and tearing the flesh, and then rubbing the lacerated joint with aquafortis, or a solution of blue vitriol. And now the pain shoots along the nerves on that side, till my head bumps and bumps as if a legion of imps were playing at leap-frog in it!

HERRINGS.

The course of herrings and mackerel is traced by their eggs, which during a calm may be seen floating on the surface of the water like saw dust, amidst an appearance like the water or track of a whale.

ALI PACHA'S HEAD.

The head of Ali Pacha was sent to Constantinople, and exhibited to the public on a dish. As the name of Ali had made a considerable noise in Europe, and more particularly in England, in consequence of his negotiations with Sir Thomas Maitland, and more, perhaps, the stanzas in Childe Harold, a merchant of Constantinople thought it no bad speculation to purchase the head and dish and send them to England for exhibition; but a former confidential agent obtained it from the executioner for a higher price than the merchant had offered, a together with the heads of his three sons and grandson, who according to custom were all seized and decapitated; and had them deposited near one of the city gates with a tombstone and inscription.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received the paquet forwarded to us by the Signor Camelleri, resident at Liverpool. We very sincerely and cordially thank him for his spirited translations from the German, Italian and Spanish; and we beg to assure him that we only defer the appearance of them till that of the first No. of our second Volume from *absolute* necessity. We are *always* two or three Nos. in advance; and have now sent into our printer the three Nos. which will complete this Volume. For the *other* service the Signor has done us, we are very much obliged to him; and he may rely upon it that in our next Vol. we will do no discredit to his kind recommendation. We shall be *always* happy to hear from him; and particularly when his theme has reference to his own sunny land. Our printer's devil has got us into a scrape! Our old correspondent R. C. Brownell is not a little irate for that we have not

answered him though he has written to us once and again. Ah, that murky little blunder! playing at peg in the ring we dare swear; and so our bland notice to R. C. B. never reached ——— St. And now we have R. C. B. remonstrating again, and an official looking co-remonstrator dates from Farringdon St. A plague upon the imp say we! Well, we now answer R. C. B. again and we tell him that at each of the four places duly set forth in the imprint he can regularly get the Scrap Book. Is *that* satisfactory? What *can* we do with such rubbish as the following, sent to us by "a subscriber?"

Lo! ye who men *thy* slaves would make
In this high favoured land
And seek dear freedom's base to shake
With *your* despotic hand.

May freedom on the human race
Her peace and plenty bring!
While Britons shout with mighty voice
"All hail our patriot king!!!"

Lo ye, who &c. *may* Freedom &c;

What does the man mean? We advise phlebotomy for the correction of his mental aberration, a dictionary for his improvements in the art and mystery of spelling English, and a total abstinence from scribbling for the sake of his reputation and his peace. We do not like to be severe but we are really so much pestered by persons who will write though they cannot spell that we shall, in mere self defence print some of their communications *verbatim et literatim sicut in M.S.*—P. R. C. we want to see some more of your hand writing! Our fair friend Une Ennuyée has been scurvily treated. Her article *ought* to have appeared in this No. but was sent back to us as "copy to spare." We really regret the circumstance and will insert the article (Autumn) as early as possible. Received and accepted with thanks, the letter of our valuable correspondent W. E. C. Other correspondents in our next. Death of a child at sea in an early No. In the first No. of Vol. II. we shall commence *reviewing new works and extracting from them*; and both authors and publishers may rely upon being most impartially treated.

London: printed and published by Sears
29, Charterhouse Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 34.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1831.

Price 1d.



ST. JAMES' PALACE.

ST. JAMES' PALACE.

This ancient palace has not any outward appearance to recommend it to notice, or distinguish it as a residence of a British monarch, being a plain brick building. An old pair of towers faces the end of St. James's Street, at the south-west end of Pall Mall, between which is the arched narrow gate, leading into a small square court, with a piazza on the right, or west side, which leads to the grand stair-case. The buildings within are low and very plain in their appearance; beyond this are two other courts, but like the rest have little the appearance of a royal residence.

The most attractive is the state apartments, which look into the park. It is comprised of one story of considerable length, with large windows; and, although not very imposing, looks more noble than any other part of the palace.

This palace, however, has been the town residence of the sovereigns of Britain ever since the year 1695, when the palace of Whitehall was destroyed by fire. It is pleasantly situated on the north side of the park, between which is a garden and a low brick wall, and the interior comprises several very elegant state and other apartments. Before the marriage of his late majesty, George IV., then prince of Wales, even these were rather meanly furnished, but since that time they have been rendered more commodious, and various repairs and appropriate furniture have been added, so that they are something more befitting the grand occasions on which they are used, although there is still nothing very superb either in the decorations or the furniture. The walls are covered with tapestry, rich and beautiful in colour, although of great age, being made for Charles II. and had lain unthought of in a chest, until accidentally discovered, a little before the marriage of George IV. when prince of Wales. The apartments are entered, as stated before, by the grand staircase, on the right of the front court. At the top of this staircase are two guard rooms, the one on the left is called the queen's guard room, and that on the right the king's leading to the above named apartments. Beyond the king's guard room the first is the *presence chamber*, only now used as a passage into the chief apartments. There is a range of five rooms opening into each other in succession. The presence chamber opens into the centre room, called the *grey chamber*, in which there is a canopy under which his

late majesty was wont to receive the fraternity of Quakers. On the right are two drawing rooms, one beyond the other. At the upper end of the inner room is a throne with a canopy. On this throne the king usually receives the addresses of corporate bodies. The canopy was made for the birth day of her late majesty, queen Charlotte, immediately after the union of Great Britain and Ireland, and contains, among its other adornings, the shamrock, the national badge of the newly united country, on the crown, and most tastefully executed. The canopy is of crimson velvet, with broad gold lace, and with embroidered crowns set with fine pearls. The king and queen were accustomed, on certain days, to be present in this room; the nearer one being a sort of ante-chamber, in which the nobility were permitted to sit down during the time their majesties were present in the inner room; this being, for that purpose, furnished with a sufficient number of sofas and stools.

On the left, on entering the privy chamber, from the king's guard room, and presence chamber, are two levee rooms, that nearest serving as an ante-chamber to the other. These several apartments are handsomely covered with tapestry of first rate workmanship. Many fine and valuable paintings adorn the walls.

 REMARKS ON THE WORKS OF FRANCIS CHANTREY, Esq. F.R.S.

The only bust sculptors that have appeared in this country, of any merit, before the time of Francis Chantrey are Rubiliak and Joseph Nollekens. The busts of Newton and Dryden, and the monument to the memory of Mrs. Nightingale, now in Westminster Abbey, are proofs of the former's genius. The busts of Nollekens are numerous, some hundreds of them, will stand comparison with any ones, with the exception of Chantrey's.

Francis Chantrey was born the 7th of April, 1782, at Norton, a little village in Derbyshire, and was the son of a farmer there: his taste for art commenced early. On the day he went to Sheffield to be apprenticed to an lawyer, he happened to arrive a few hours before his friends, and, of course, boy like, went looking into every shop—he was found eagerly gazing into a carvers and gilders, and instantly express-

ed a desire to be apprenticed there. He accordingly was—it was one Rogers a Scotchman that was his master. Soon afterwards (about two or three years) our young apprentice grew tired of wood carving, and in his leisure hours got clay and tried to model. This agreed with him, and he was taken away in his seventeenth year from carving in wood. While with Rogers candles were generally seen burning in his room late at night, so intense was his study. We now know no more of him until he went to Dublin, where he studied some time—afterwards, we believe, he went to Edinburgh, and thence to London, where finally found himself about 1808-9.

One of his earliest works is the bust of Horne Tooke, which is exhibited at Somerset-house. “He was then,” says a writer, “young and unfriended, but the great merit of his work did not escape the eye of Nollekens. He lifted it from the floor—set it before him—moved his head to and fro, and having satisfied himself of its excellence, turned round to those who arranged the works for the exhibition, and said, ‘There’s a fine—very fine work, let the man who made it be known—remove one of my busts and put this one in its place, for it well deserves it.’ This was a great test of its excellence, or else it would not have come from the mouth of honest Joe Nollekens. The same sculptor often said, when requested to make a bust, “go to Chantrey, he’s the man for a bust—he’ll make a good bust of you,—I always recommend him.

Another of Chantrey’s earliest and best works is the bust of John Raffaele Smith, the engraver, well known by the name of Silenus, one of his earliest friends—he has a night cap on—it is a work of talent and genius.

The names of some of his busts, would be interesting. Sir Joseph Banks—Sir Walter Scott—Lord St. Vincent—Wordsworth—Southy—Bone the enamelist—George III.—George IV.—William IV.—Sir William Curtis—Duke of Sussex—Lord Egremont—John Rennie—James Watt—Canning—Nollekens—Northcote—Grenville Sharp—Stamford Raffles—Wellington, with many others. Of these Scott—Rennie—George I. and IV. and James Watt, are the finest.

The statue to the memory of Lady Louisa Russell has not been surpassed by any thing done in Britain—she is fondling a little bird to her bosom—standing almost tiptoe. The eagerness, and yet seemingly the easiness with which she does it is surprising—the feet appears to us to be rather too long, it is now in Woburn Abbey.

A work which has been a subject of loss to Chantrey is the monument to the memory of Marianne, the only daughter of Johnes of Stafford, the translator of *Frerisant*. She is lying down on her death bed, and the father has hold of her hand, looking with a melancholy face on her—a relative is placed at the bottom of the bed, or couch, with a handkerchief to her face; strewed about are a pallet and brushes, a bible and violincello. When finished notice came that Johnes could not pay for it—it is now to be seen in Chantry’s shop, and attracts much and deserving attention by visitors.

The sleeping children, also by him, is a fine work, exhibited in Somerset-house; some mother actually wept over it. They are now in Lichfield cathedral; this, we believe was done about the year 1817, and in 1818 he was elected a Royal Academician. There were twenty-five member sitting when elected, he had all the votes except one. Chantrey has executed other sleeping children.

When the statue of George III. was proposed by the city, Chantrey sent in his model, which was chosen, but he nearly lost it by the following occurrence—he had, when young, practised painting, some of these are now in his possession—some unknown person said Chantrey was not fit for it, as he was a painter, Sir William Curtis sent for him, and asked whether he professed painting—he answered he could paint and had done so, but it was by sculpture that he gained his livelihood—he accordingly made the statue which is now placed in the Council room, Guildhall.

Chantrey generally appears to be rather unlucky about his works—when the two monuments to the memory of Colonel Cadogan and General Bowes, were taken to be placed in St. Paul’s Cathedral, one of the men was sent out to buy a rope to hoist them up to their destination, which he did, but he bought a useless one, the consequence was the rope broke, and down came one of the monuments, (we don’t know which), smashed to atoms—various parts were, for a long time after, to be seen lying carelessly about in his marble yard.

While speaking of the works of Chantrey, in St. Pauls, the statue to the memory of General Gillespie should not be omitted, it quite relieves ones eyes after having looked on those stupid and most absurd allegories—there is scarcely an allegorical work which does not need an explanation. We see Bateman’s—we see Fanes—we see the famous Sions, and many others, which are ridiculous. Give a statue like that of Gillespie or Horner by Chantrey—Johnson and Howard by Bacon—Rey-

nolds and Mansfield by Flaxman—place such statues as these in our cathedrals and public places, and the public will have something worth seeing and also something to understand. Bishop Heber blessing two Hindoos is scarcely worthy of the genius of Chantrey—in it we see nothing to shew us that he is a bishop—it needs no description for no doubt most people will have seen it, as it was exhibited only the other year in the Royal Academy. Hector holding up his son is a fine work, as also is Penelope, it embodies the following :

Across her knees, she laid the well-known
bow
And pensive sate.

After the peace of Amiens, in 1801, Chantrey visited the Louvre to see the works of art which were plundered from Italy by Napoleon. The next year he visited it again accompanied by Mrs. C. and Stothard.

In the year 1819 he journeyed through Italy for the sake of seeing the works of the masters of old, he staid there about eighteen weeks.

About this time belong the drawings for peak scenery, which every lover of art must either have seen or heard of.

In 1826 or 1827 he commenced working in bronze. George the IV. statue for Brighton was his first, it was so generally admired that he was commissioned to execute one in marble for Windsor, and another of larger dimensions for Edinburgh, which is now at Deptford ready to sail. The next was the statue of the illustrious Pitt, which was lately placed in Hanover-square. The artist himself was there between five and six o'clock in the morning superintending its erection. The stiff and absurd dress of the moderns is all concealed by the manly robe cast over him. We would, without any hesitation, name this to be the finest statue in Great Britain.

A sitting figure of the illustrious Watt is just now finished in marble for Westminster Abbey, as also one in bronze of him for Glasgow. Chantrey excels in sitting figures. there are many of them in his study.

A statue of Canning is already modelled and commenced in stone for the Abbey—he has his arms folded and holds a roll of paper in his right hand. The right shoulder, we have heard said by a person of taste and skill, was too much covered. This, indeed, seems a defect to us. By the decease of old Northcot Chantrey has had a thousand pounds to make a statue to his memory—he has not yet commenced it, nor is it likely that he could yet awhile,

as he is busily engaged with his equestrian statue of George IV. to be placed over the triumphal arch, Buckingham Palace.

Francis Chantrey is a small man, about five foot two inches, bald headed, has a red face, and wears a drab coat. The two greatest sculptors that have ever flourished in England were little men, we mean Flaxman and Chantrey. P. R. C.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

Wanted a man of liberal education
Who will not growl at any occupation
He must translate, engross and wait at table
Instruct the children, also clear the stable.
Keep clear accounts twixt creditor and debtor

And if he blows the French horn, all the better ;

He must dress hair in taste, and never flout,
When he is called to draw the child about,
Clean knives and shoes, and brew good country beer,

His wages will be twenty pounds a year.

THE FALL OF THE DEER.

Now the loud crye is up and harke !
The barkye trees, give back the bark ;
The house wife hears the merrie root,
And runnes,—and lets the beere run out,
Leaving her babes to weepe—for why
She likes to heare the deere dogges crye,
And see the wild stag how he stretches
The naturall buck skin of his breeches,
Running like one of human kind
Dogged by fleet bailiffes close behind—
As if he had not payde his bill,
For ven'son, or was owing still
For his two hornes, and soe did get
Over his head and ears in debt,—
Wherefore he strives to paye, his waye
With his long legges the while he maye :
But he is chased, like silver dish,
As well as any hart could wish,
Except that one whose heart doth beat
So faste it hasteneth its feete ;—
And runninge see he holdeth death
Four feet from him ; till his breath
Faileth, and slackning pace at last,
From running slow, he standeth faste,
With hornie bayonets, at baye,
To baying dogges around, and they
Pushing him sore, he pusheth sore
And goreth them that seeke his gore,
Whatever dogge his horne doth rive
Is dead—as sure as he's alive !
Soe that courageous hart doth fight
With fate, and calleth up his might,
And often dasheth out, that he may fall
Bravely, and be avenged of all,
Nor like a craven yield his breath
Under the jawes of dogges and death !

Hood's Whims and Oddities.



THE MASSACRE OF SCIO.

Scio is a most lovely island (the Chios of the ancients) in the Grecian Archipelago. Its climate is delightful, its soil fertile, producing the most delicious fruits and fragrant flowers. Its capital, named also Scio, is handsome and well-built, and its vicinity ornamented with the villas and gardens of many wealthy merchants, who once resided here in great splendor and luxury. Alas! how has the scene been changed. They who once enjoyed all the luxuries that wealth could purchase, or this delightful climate furnish—who were happy in the bosom of their families, and surrounded with every thing that could render life desirable—have either been cruelly slaughtered, or become wretched slaves or miserable outcasts, wandering without a home or without the means of subsistence. A heart of sensibility must bleed at a recital of the horrors witnessed by this once happy island; horrors, from which it will take many years to recover, and which will remain on record as another lamentable proof of the depravity of man, and of the savage nature of civil war.

So fearful were the inhabitants of Scio of losing the gratifications they enjoyed, and so effeminate had luxury rendered these wealthy islanders, that liberty had no charms for them, and the calls of their fellow-countrymen to join them in the glorious struggle for freedom were disregarded. Indeed, so ably had they managed to avoid every appearance of disaffection to their masters the Turks, that the Ottoman fleet never molested them, till on one unfortunate occasion, a tumultuary rabble joined the forces of a Greek leader, who landed with a small body of troops,

besieged and took the citadel, and put the Turkish garrison and inhabitants to the sword.

Scarcely was this tragedy completed, when the Ottoman fleet entered the harbour, and the Greek troops, unable to cope with so formidable an armament, fled and left the island to its fate. Although the principal inhabitants had taken no part in the outrage, they were aware of their danger, and instantly repaired on board the ship of the Capitan Pacha, making the most solemn protestations of their innocence, and of their fidelity to the Porte. They were received with great civility, and their fears quieted by the admiral's expressing himself ready to forget all that had passed, and ordering coffee and other refreshments.

Lulled thus into a fatal security, the Pacha landed his troops, consisting of six thousand men, without opposition. Immediately the work of death began—no distinction was made—the innocent were confounded with the guilty in one indiscriminate slaughter, and the Turks, when weary with their sanguinary work, would coolly sheath their bloody sabres, sit beneath the shades of the stately trees, take their pipes and coffee, converse with the utmost indifference, or take a nap, and then rise refreshed and renew their horrid employment! No attention was paid to the most earnest protestations of innocence, nor supplications for mercy. Neither the silver hairs of age, nor the blooming cheeks of beauty, wrought compassion in the hearts of the barbarous foe. Shrieks of agony and shouts of exultation were mingled in horrid dissonance. On every side were

seen trembling fugitives pursued by the ferocious murderers, who stabbed children in the arms of their mothers, cut down with their remorseless weapons the aged sire and the hapless youth, vainly endeavoured to ward off the blow each from the other—and exulting monsters triumphantly exhibiting the heads of their victims dripping with gore!

Nor when the shades of night, and the weariness of the assassins, gave a short respite to the wretched Sciots, was the scene less appalling. Bloody corpses were scattered over the velvet lawns; among the orange groves, and in the most magnificent apartments, as well as in the lowly cottages; and the plaintive lament of heart-broken relatives over the bodies of the slain, and the shuddering cry of despair uttered by those who knew that inevitable death awaited them at the return of day,—were as distressing and heart-sickening as the tumult and agonizing shrieks that accompanied the scene of blood and carnage. Daily was the butchering renewed, whilst any victims remained. Twenty thousand are computed to have perished in this massacre.

MY VILLAGE.

INTRODUCTION.

All praise be to Mary Russell Mitford! for many an hour of pleasant reading am I indebted to her. Many a care of mine have her writings soothed into a temporary oblivion; and again, I say, all praise be to her. But though she is to me one of the most delicious of our literary ladies, I must enter my most decided protest against *her* village being considered *my* village; or, indeed, being any village whatever in the united kingdoms of great Britain and Ireland. Her farmers are never dead drunk, the smock frocks of her boors are of unsunned snowishness and their shoon unclouted; they delight not in fat bacon, and as for “going the round” or being in any otherwise acquainted with the overseers, *that* is out of the question in her very pretty but very unreal village. Then her maids! They *are* maids indeed! They court, and simper, and all that, but they never, even in thought, make a slip; and you may safely swear that they would rather die than do so. Men and women, dogs and flowers, dunghills and pitchforks, every thing animate or inanimate that is in Miss M’s village is *sui generis*. And so let it be, for a lady had far better be too artificial than too coarse. I am a gentleman, of small means God wot and still smaller expectations, and have long lived in a village very different indeed from

Miss M’s;—and I hope to amuse, if not instruct, my readers by furnishing, a few sketches of some of those who have been co-inmates of it with me during the last twenty-two years and a quarter. *Coarse* details I shall *of course*—I mean no pun—take care to avoid; but, both as to characters and events I shall paint truly.

Being put upon half pay early in the present century and finding that for town life half pay was barely half enough I retired to the village in which I now live; and which though extremely sequestered and rural is within an easy walk of the metropolis. *Its name*, I shall take leave to suppress, a course to which I am induced by reasons quite sufficiently cogent if not more than usually obvious.

Soon after my arrival here I formed an acquaintance which has long since ripened into warm and, to me at least, delightful friendship with the clergyman who is what every clergyman ought to be the friend, adviser and comforter of his flock. To my occasionally accompanying this worthy man in his benevolent visits to the distressed, the afflicted, and the dying I owe my knowledge of some of the parties of whom, and of whose affairs I shall hereafter take occasion to speak. But, for no small portion of my knowledge I am chiefly indebted to my landlady; for whom I can honestly say this, that she is the most indefatigable *Pry* and the most voluble gossip that ever wore petticoats. Truth to say, she has no small share of imagination; and *therefore* I have made use of no portion of her information except such as the testimony of more matter-of-fact persons, or my own observation, has fully corroborated. With this much of preface I proceed to the first of my sketches from—*pray* believe we, dear reader,—*real* life.

CHAPTER II.

THE WIDOW BARTHOLOMEW.

My friend the clergyman, of whom I have heretofore spoken, is, like myself, a very great lover of *chess*. We play much together, and we play, I think, very equally, though my friend is absurd enough to boast of being very greatly my superior in the noble art. To such an extent does he carry this gentle monomania of his, that he not unfrequently goes so far as to lecture me upon the impolicy of such and such moves, and the superiority of certain others which he recommends to my adoption. So true it is that even the wisest and best of men have their foibles.

One winter’s evening, about five years since, while we were busily engaged in our

mimic war, by a blazing fire rendered doubly cheerful by the howling of the bitter blast without, we were interrupted by a message importing that my friend's attendance was wanted by the Widow Bartholemew. "Poor wretch!" said he, "I suppose she's worse; and hastily taking his leave of me, and saying that he should not see me again till the following night as it was then late, he departed upon his at once painful and benevolent business. About an hour after his departure, a ne'er do weel lad who takes upon himself the double office of porter and ostler to the only public house—ycleped the Red Lion Inn by the bye—in my village, brought me up a parcel which the London coachman had, not over willingly, entrusted him withal. "Well James," said I, "any news?" "I don't know none" said he, "except that old mother Bartlemy's croaked at last;" and then, thanking me for the trifle I gave him and—confound his boots! they *must* be a nuisance even to himself—stamping along the passage like an elephant in an ill humour, he made his way homeward shouting "I'd be a butterfly" with a ten bassoon power voice rendered doubly unmusical by a slight cold. *He* be a butterfly! I should marvellously like to catch him at it! He's a sad fellow that; and will most certainly have no creditable end if, unhappily for him, he live long enough to mature his talents and his inclination for mischief. More of him anon; I had well nigh forgotten the widow whose shuffling off of this mortal coil he had so briefly and so unceremoniously announced to me.

More than thirty years ago, Dick Bartholemew, then a young healthy and happy man, came to "my village" and took the Red Lion. From the report of those who knew the village at that time it appears that the house cost him but little and was in its then state worth still less. Of all its rooms only one was any thing like inhabitable consistently with the health of the inhabitant. Trade it had little of and was daily losing some even of that. For the poor people who had reared their family in it and been prosperous in it during two thirds of their lives, had grown feeble and deaf, and purblind. Moreover with the infirmities of age they had contracted a something of moroseness. The natural result was the gradual desertion of their house by even their oldest customers.

I say the *natural* result, for on God's beautiful and perverted earth there breathes not a more essentially base and heartless creature than your habitual wassailer. Little reck's he that the natural force of his host is abated or that his eyes are dimmed.

He goes for mirth, and for wretchedness he has neither eyes nor ears. Though the only child were dying in the chamber above, or sobbing there over her dying or dead parents, he would not quaff his liquor the less relishingly; or troll with less stentorian lungs his smutty chaunt. Is this solely the fault of peasants? Alas! no: selfishness and heartless self-indulgence are the crimes, and, like all other crimes, by their re-action, the curse of the whole human race. In my younger days I mixed much with what is falsely called *good* society; and *there* I saw those crimes in a concentrated baseness such as my experience, and it is a long one now, of humbler life furnishes me with nothing to parallel. The lady of broad lands and a noble husband calls upon God for mercy and support when the fell pangs of child birth wring her pampered and enervated frame; and then aye! ere the rose, if dissipation hath not blighted it for ever, has returned to her wan cheek, spurns the *teeming* pauper unaided and unpitied from beside her gaudy and luxurious vehicle. Nor are men in any wise less selfish than women. I have fought beside some of the mighty and bloody ones of earth in their hey-day of slaughter and of victory. I have marked their cold indifference to the sufferings of even their own men and their own men's wives and children; and I have seen them, heartless as they were towards others, writhe like beaten spaniels and have heard them shriek in their pusillanimous agony when they, too, in their turn, were stricken down by famine, fever, or the sword. Such almost uniform selfishness, indeed, did I observe among warriors abroad and butterfly fashionables at home, that nothing but an aversion to the trouble of hating could have preserved me from becoming a most bitter and irreclaimable misanthrope.

Pish! if I amend not this digressive propensity my readers will suspect me of a turn for Essay writing. Well! but one digressive remark more,—for the present at least,—this to wit, that I do not accuse the poor alone of indifference to others' woe but only of displaying it more grossly than those above them in rank, and superior to them in the possession of hypocrisy of feature and fluent falsehood of tongue.

And now a truce to digression and return we to the Red Lion and Richard Bartholemew.

W. T. H.

AUTHORS AND CRITICS.

Our authors fear the critics of the stage,
Who like barbarians spare nor sex nor age,

They tremble at those censors in the pit
 Who think good nature shows a want of
 wit.
 Such malice, oh ! what muse can undergo
 it,
 To save themselves they always damn the
 poet.
 Our authors fly from such a partial jury
 As wary lovers from the nymphs of Drury,
 To the few candid judges for a smile
 They humbly sue, to recompense their soil,
 M. A. B.

THE DYING EXILE.

ORIGINAL.

I saw him with his glazed eye
 Turned on the setting sun,
 He sank beneath the scorching sky,
 His race was nearly run ;
 Oh ! it was terrible to die,
 And none to close that glazed eye.
 I know not what he thought of then ;
 It could not be he prayed
 Forgiveness for his fellow men,
 Who thus could see him fade,
 With none to raise the drooping head,
 And soothe the spirit ere it fled ?
 It was not so. The brow was knit,
 The eye was waxing dim,
 But oh ! there was a light in it
 That should not be with him,
 A fiery gleam that told how dear
 He cherished hate though dying there.
 Oh ! it was terrible to see
 That he, the unforgiven,
 Could blight thus with his fading eye,
 And bear his hate to heaven.
 Could ask his God for pardon, when
 He dying curs'd his fellow men.
 Yet so it was—that meteor beam
 But too well told his wrath,
 I heard the expectant raven scream—
 His spirit had gone forth ;
 And on the cold turf only lay,
 A whitening mass of moveless clay.

J. B. TURNER.

GLEANINGS.

ANECDOTE OF CATHERINE II. OF RUSSIA.

This empress one day, at her toilet, received a lady of court, who with great difficulty continued standing. Catherine at length perceived her uneasiness and asked what was the matter with her. "My legs are very much swollen," replied she. "Well, well, lean against that bureau, and I will make as if I did not see you." was the sympathetic answer. What condescension ! What humanity ! and above all, what womanly sympathy !

MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

The French of the old court, with all their affectation of sentiment, and with all their external polish of manners, appear to have been always cruel and unfeeling in grain. Even the sentimental and elegant Madame Sévigné, in describing the execution that took place at Rennes, in Brittany, on account of some popular commotion, thus carelessly expresses herself in one of her letters to her daughter, Madam de Grignon.

Aux Rochers, Dimanche,
 27th Oct. 1675.

"On a pris a l'aventure vingt-cing ou trente hommes qu'il on va pendre. Avant-hier on va roua un violon qui avoit commence la danse, &c. &c. &c. On a pris soi ante bourgeois ; on commence demain a pendre. Cette Provence est un belle exemple pour les autres, et surtout de respecter les Gouvernantes, de ne point jeter des Pierres dans leur jardin."

The good French lady speaks of the executions with nearly the same *sang froid*, though not, perhaps, with equal elegance, that a great law-officer spoke in the House of Commons, of persons that were shot some years ago at a crowd that was assembled in St. George's Fields, "It matters little whether they die by shot or rot." In some of the lampoons of the time, he had the appellation of old shot and rot given him upon the occasion.

R. C. B.

MOLES.

Are so voracious as not even to spare their own species. If two are shut up together without food, there will shortly be nothing left of the weakest of the two, but its skin slit along the belly.

LIVING WELL.

If he who is good may be said to *live well*,
 And if to *live well* be to keep a good table
 Then he who eats best must in goodness
 excel,
 And virtue and vice are no more than a
 fable.

CORRESPONDENTS IN OUR NEXT.

London : printed and published by Sears,
 29, Charter-house Square ; Berger,
 Holywell Street, Strand ; Steill, Paternoster-row ; Strange, Paternoster-row ;
 and may be had of all Booksellers.

Scrap Book.

NEW SERIES.

No. 35. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1831. Price 1d.



THE FORTUNE THEATRE.

In Golden-lane, is a curious old building, with various figures, on the site of which originally stood the nursery for the children of Henry VIII. Mr. Alleyn, an eminent comedian, and the founder of Dulwich College, purchased the lease of these premises of one Brett, for £240: he then built the play-house which he denominated The Fortune Theatre, which cost him £520, and the private buildings £120;

so that the whole amounted, when finished, in 1599, to the sum of £880. It was a square building, eighty feet on each side, and partly raised upon piles: the basement was brick, on which was built a frame of three stories, the first twelve feet, the second eleven feet, and the third nine feet in height; the stories were divided in gentleman's and two-penny rooms. The area in the interior was a square of fifty-five

feet, the stage was forty-three feet in length and extended to the middle of the area ; the stage and dressing-room were covered, while the area was left open ; the supporters were wrought into the form of pilasters, supported by satyrs ; thus the whole audience sat exposed to the chances of the weather ; the performances took place by daylight, for the air must have rendered it impossible to depend upon keeping either lamps or candles alight ; this must necessarily have been a very uncomfortable situation for the actors, considering the active or passive characters they alternately exhibited.

As many of our readers may not have seen an ancient theatrical conveyance of property, we submit the following extracts for their amusement :—

“Agreement between Philip Henslowe and Edward Alleyn, esqrs. and Thomas Downton” (Daughten, or Dowten), who, it seems, had been an hireling at eight shillings per week, “as long as they play, and after they lye stille one fortnight, then to give him half wages.” The forfeiture for non-performance of articles was £40, if he played in any other house in or about London without leave.

The agreement made in 1608 stated, that in consideration of twenty and seven pounds and ten shillings, they demised, farmed, and leased to the said Thomas Downton one eighth part of a fourth part of all such gains in money as should thereafter, during the term of thirteen years, arise, grow, accrue, or become due, or properly belong to the said Philip Henslowe and Edward Alleyn, for or by reason of any stage playing or other exercise, commodity, or use whatever, used or to be used or exercised within the playhouse of the said P. Henslowe and E. Alleyn, commonly called the “Fortune,” situate and being between Whitecross-street and Golden-lane, in the parish of St. Giles without Cripplegate, London, in the county of Middlesex, &c.

REMEMBRANCE.

Remembrance ! oh the crowd of thoughts that word doth comprehend !—

Thoughts burning in the lover’s heart, or in the breast of friend ;

Thoughts now o’ercharged with heaviness, now big with life and light,

Upborne on wings of ripened hopes, or laden with their blight ;

Now fresh in healthful glow,

Now withering as they grow ;—

Oh ! who shall paint Remembrance in its blended bliss and woe ?

Remembrance ! oh ! ’tis blessed, when the retrospective glance

Lends but a brighter beam to days and years as they advance,

When present joys win richer zest from former doubts and fears,

And we reap a smiling harvest from a seed-time past of tears ;

Like lovers’ healing kiss,

In semblance such as this,

Thou art in sooth, Remembrance, but another name for bliss.

Remembrance ! ah, ’tis wretched, when its meditations bring

Fresh and alive to view no forms but such as wound and sting ;

Bright prospects faded ; kindness wrong’d ; warm confidence betrayed ;

Affection scorned ; and friendship—but the shadow of a shade ;

Alas ! in such a dress,

Fit partner of distress,

Alas ! what can Remembrance be, but added wretchedness ?

REMEMBRANCER, 1831.

MARTIAL JUSTICE.

Whilst I was lately at Cherbourg, a town in Normandy, celebrated as having been, in 1692, the scene of a naval combat, I found one subject engrossing universal attention, viz. the condemnation of a young soldier, by a council of war, to death, for having lifted his hand against his corporal, and the courage the unfortunate man had displayed during his imprisonment.

As it is easy in France to obtain permission to visit persons under sentence of death, my curiosity prompted me to go and see the soldier in whom the whole population of the town seemed to take so lively an interest ; and having ascertained that he was confined in the fort of Querquerrille, I set off, and in a few minutes arrived at his cell.

I found him to be a young man about 25 years of age, rather tall, with an open countenance, and a firm step. I advanced towards him, he rose and received me *a la militaire*, that is, without ceremony, and, addressing himself to me, said, “A man’s last moments are always curious, and pregnant with matter for reflection ; I invite you to be present at my execution, and you will see how a soldier can die.” Then parodying one of Portiers’ most famous scenes, he exclaimed, “What is death ? Death, it is the mere alleviation of a sensitive mind.”

Hincq (so the young soldier called himself) told me that he enlisted into the army

voluntarily, and had been sent into the first company of fuzileers, stationed in the fort of Quezquerrlle, and that on the 15th of July, whilst still labouring under the quantity of wine he had drank the night before, whilst celebrating the taking of the Bastile, he had struck his corporal, and had been tried by a council of war, and unanimously declared to be guilty, and condemned to die.

Scarcely had he finished repeating those celebrated lines of Casimir Dalavigne, that fate "formerly used not to the French the happiness of dying in the hour of victory, when the captain appointed to draw up the report of the case entered the prison, and exhorted him in the most friendly manner to appeal against the judgment of the court: but his entreaties were in vain; nothing could alter the determination of the prisoner. "I am aware," said he, "of the gravity of my fault; I know that the law punishes it with death, and I prefer undergoing my sentence to running the hazard of its being mitigated into imprisonment and chains, which would for ever stamp my forehead with ignominy and tarnish the honor of my family." The captain then withdrew, and I went out with him, and as we walked from the fort to the town, he related a variety of actions all equally honorable to Hincq.

"He must be saved," said I, "in spite of himself." "Our military code," replied the captain, "is so severe, I would almost say so barbarous, that I despair of being able to snatch him from impending death." Then, pressing my hand, he added, "farewell! and since it was I who in the counsel supported the accusation against him, so shall it be for me to obtain the king's commissary, the power to appeal against the judgment."

The appeal against the judgment was made, and whilst the affair was under revision, I paid the courageous Hincq several visits, during which I recognized in him many excellent qualities, though coupled with a violent and impetuous character. I even, in a measure, became attached to him, and was buoying him with a hope of regaining his liberty, when a decision of the council ratified the original sentence, fixed the day of execution, and, in a moment, destroyed the glimmerings of hope my better views had kindled.

At last the fatal day came, and the hour of execution was fixed for five in the afternoon. About three he expressed a wish for some refreshment, and half a bottle of wine. "You see," said he, smiling, "I am resolved to take advantage of the short time I have to live." His modest repast

being finished, he began with the utmost composure to distribute among those comrades who visited him the various trifles he possessed. At half-past four he was informed that the moment was arrived for him to quit the prison; when, perceiving that he had his best shirt on, he could not help regretting he had not thought of that before, as it was his intention to give it to one of his friends. As he passed the gaoler's house, he stopped, and said a few words of apology to the clergyman who attended him; then pulling his pipe from his pocket, he requested permission to light it at the gaoler's fire; having obtained it, without appearing in the least to wish to lengthen out his time, he bade farewell to his comrades, shook hands affectionately with me, and, escorted by a strong detachment of soldiers, began his last short march.

Arrived at the fatal spot, where the whole garrison was drawn out, but without their arms, Hincq emptied his pipe to give it to a person who was standing by him. During the reading of the sentence, which the faltering voice of the captain rendered hardly audible, Hincq interrupted him, saying, "Enough! enough!" Then having requested that his eyes might not be covered, and, as a last favor, that he himself might be permitted to give the signal to the piquet of twelve men appointed to the execution, he addressed a few words to the officers who were near him, embraced his confessor, and, bidding him retire, advanced with a firm and resolute step, without betraying the slightest symptom of trouble or hesitation, and placed himself at the appointed distance between the piquet; then drawing himself up, with a voice that betrayed not the least alteration, he went through the military exercise with as much courage as precision. At the word "fire," the fatal report was heard, an instantaneous horror seized on the numerous spectators, and Hincq had ceased to exist.

J. H. SMITH.

PATRIOTISM.

We all recollect the story of the Lacedemonian matron, whose joy at her countrymen's obtaining a victory was so great, that she could not lament the loss of her children slain in battle. The following anecdote, extracted from Thacher's (American) 'Military Journal, displays equal patriotism in conjunction with true paternal affection, and consequently places the American father above the Spartan mother:—"A venerable old man had five sons in the field of battle, near Bennington,

and being told that he had been unfortunate in one of his sons, replied, 'What! has he misbehaved, did he desert his post, or shrink from the charge?' 'No, sir,' said the informant, 'worse than that, he is among the slain; he fell contending mightily in the cause.' 'Then I am satisfied,' replied the good old man; 'bring him in, that I may behold him, and survey the darling of my soul.' On which the corpse was brought in and laid before him. He then called for a bowl of water and a napkin, and with his own hands washed the gore and dirt from his son's corpse, and wiped his gaping wounds, with a complacency, as he himself expressed it, which before he had never felt or experienced."*

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF WILLIAM TELL.

Burglen, in Switzerland, where the illustrious William Tell resided, is a village situated in the romantic valley through which the Schacher rolls its rapid torrent. The house in which the hero lived, is now transformed, according to the custom of the republic, into a chapel: a most admirable and politic practice, since the best feelings of the heart are thus associated with the recollection of the virtues of the Helvetic brave. The people on particular occasions visit this chapel with great solemnity; and it is astonishing to perceive the pains which the Swiss peasant takes to impress on the mind of his child, previously to visiting the sacred edifice, every particular of the history of the noble but unfortunate Tell. It was in the Schacher that Tell found his grave, by an inundation, 1354.

Switzerland had long groaned under Austrian dominion, and Tell, among others, had conspired to restore his country to its former state, by expelling that power.

Gesler, the governor, suspecting that some secret plan was forming for such a purpose, resolved to try the people; he accordingly ordered a cap to be placed on the top of a pole, in a public place, and homage to be paid to it as to himself. Tell refused to comply with the Austrian's command, was seized, and condemned to death, unless he should be able to hit with an arrow, from a considerable distance, an apple placed on the head of his little son.

* The anecdote is interesting, and therefore we insert it; but we confess, that of the paternal affection, spoken of and lauded by our Correspondent, we can see no jot or tittle. Is it not this substitution, by the mass of mankind, of words for things, which creates conquerors and other nuisances in such evil abundance?—*Editor.*

The father's feelings were here roused, and mingling with the ire of the patriot, Tell resolved on compliance, secretly determining, should his child fall a sacrifice, that the governor's life should be forfeited. The bow was strained to its utmost, the arrow flew, and cleaving in twain the apple, touched not a hair of the infant. "It was for thee, if I had been so unfortunate as to have killed my child," said Tell to Gesler, on his asking him why he carried a second arrow under his coat. For this boldness Tell was loaded with irons, and, by the governor himself, conveyed in a boat towards the castle of Kussnach: a storm, however, arose, while they were yet on the lake of Uri, and the prisoner being renowned for his skill in navigation, was allowed his liberty by Gessler, if he would undertake to put them safe ashore. This Tell effected, and snatching up a bow and arrow, hastily leaped out of the boat, ran up into the mountains, and concealed himself behind a bush, at a narrow part, where he knew the governor must pass, he shot the object of his hatred, (which is by far the worst part of Tell's history), and flying to his brother conspirators, joined them in their attempt to drive the other Austrian governors from their country. This attempt was successful in its result—the emperor was induced to pronounce Switzerland free, and Tell's name became the most illustrious in its annals.

The remains of the hero were consigned to a tomb close by the house he was born in.

I. J. B. TURNER.

SONNET.

MORNING.

Morn's rosy light breaks o'er yon eastern hill,

And faintly mingles with the twilight grey;

The shepherd through the valley bends his way,

Waking soft echo with his carol shrill:

Printing with tim'rous step the dewy lawn,

Light from her couch of fern the lev'ret springs;

And the high-soaring lark his matin sings, Primeval songster; while the dappl'd fawn,

In antic gambols through the forest bounds;

And hark the loud blast of the huntsman's horn,

On the fresh breezes of the morning borne, O'er the tall cliff and cavern'd rock resounds;

While his fleet hounds their sylvan chase pursue,

And from the tangling thickets brush the dew.



SIR JOHN MOORE'S MONUMENT.

Could the result of British interference in the affairs of the Peninsula have been foreseen, it is probable that much valuable blood and treasure would have been spared. True it is, that some check was necessary to Napoleon's attempt at universal dominion, but Spanish patriotism would most likely, in the end, have prevailed without foreign interposition.

Had the attempt to establish a free constitution been successful—had any progress been made in affording liberty of conscience and in enlightening the minds of the ignorant and superstitious, however we might lament the brave men who fell in the contest, we should not grudge any sacrifice for the attainment of so valuable an object.

But when we see, after so much expense of blood and treasure, the ancient despotism restored, the barbarous Inquisition again established, sitting as an incubus* on the minds of men, and rendering ineffectual every attempt to shake off its numbing influence, then it is we exclaim, when recollecting our efforts, *cui bono?*†

Among the many British worthies who fought and bled for ungrateful Spain, no name stands more conspicuous than that of Sir John Moore, who fell at Elvina, near Corunna, and lies interred on the fatal spot. Over his remains a monument of elegant construction has been erected, which by a Spanish inscription commemorates the bravery and the virtues of the hero.

Sir John Moore was the son of Dr. Moore,

* An oppressive weight ; vulgarly called the nightmare.

† "To what good" will they tend !

a celebrated physician and miscellaneous writer, and was born at Glasgow, November 13, 1761.

Being designed for the military profession, he received his education principally on the Continent, and in 1776, by the interest of the Duke of Hamilton, received a pair of colours in the 51st regiment of infantry, then at Minorca.

The gradations by which he rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, it is not necessary to mention. He distinguished himself greatly at the siege of Calvi, in Corsica, in 1794, where he received his first wound, in storming the Martello fort. On the recall of Sir Charles Stuart, who commanded the troops in that island, he hastily returned to England.

His next appointment was that of brigadier-general in the West Indies, where he was attached to a brigade of foreign troops. The commander in chief on this station was Sir Ralph Abercrombie, who afterwards fell gloriously in the arms of victory, on the plains of Egypt.

Under this officer he served in the hazardous expedition against St. Lucie, on which occasion he conducted himself with such steadiness and gallantry, that on the capitulation of the island, Sir Ralph bestowed on him the command and government of it, accompanied with the most gratifying compliments on his conduct.

But the climate of the West Indies was by no means favourable to him. Two successive attacks of the yellow fever compelled him to return to Europe, and he again served with Sir Ralph Abercrombie in Ireland. In this difficult situation, with a disorganized army, and acting against

rebellious fellow-subjects, General Moore conducted himself so as to insure universal approbation.

In the disastrous expedition to Holland, in 1799, General Moore, who had been raised to the rank of major-general, was severely wounded. Soon after he accompanied Sir Ralph Abercrombie to Egypt, when he had the chief command of the disembarkation of the troops previously to the attempt on Alexandria. On his return to England at the peace, he received the honour of knighthood and the order of the Bath.

Napoleon having, by force and fraud, seated his brother Joseph on the throne of Spain, Sir John Moore was sent into that country with a considerable army, to assist the Spaniards in expelling the usurper.

On his arrival at Salamanca, (Nov. 13, 1809, he found no preparation for his reception, and for the accommodation of his forces, nor even the least appearance of Spanish co-operation, although he had been officially informed that he would be supported by sixty or seventy thousand men.

It will not be necessary here to describe all the operations of the campaign; suffice it to observe, that the Spanish generals, by fighting in detail, instead of uniting their forces with their British allies, were successively defeated, and Sir John learnt that, unsupported, he was likely to be opposed to an overwhelming superiority of numbers, under the command of the emperor himself.

The situation of the British troops was now deplorable: provisions were with difficulty procured at all, and there was never a sufficient supply. The Spanish drivers of their ammunition, baggage, and provision waggons, frequently abandoned them during the night, and none but native drivers could make the bullocks and mules advance. They were consequently obliged to destroy much of their stores, to prevent their falling into the hands of the French.

A retreat, under these distressing circumstances, was inevitable. Sir John wrote to Sir Samuel Hood, at Vigo, to send round the transports to Corunna, the nearest port from whence the troops could embark. The hardships encountered in this retreat, from the haste with which it was made, the want of provisions, the inclemency of the weather, and the harassing attacks of the enemy, are almost incredible, and fill the mind with abhorrence for the dreadful trade of war.

On the 11th of January, 1810, the army reached Corunna, with the loss of all their provisions and baggage. What then must have been their disappointment, on finding

the transports not arrived, while the enemy were in great force in their rear?

An action being inevitable, Sir John Moore made the best possible disposition of his troops: he visited all the outposts, and explained to his general officers his plans; but while thus actively engaged, a cannon-ball struck him on the shoulder, and inflicted a mortal wound. The French were, however, repulsed.

In the midst of this furious encounter, the transports entered the harbour, and under the direction of General Hope, (Sir David Baird, the second in command, having been wounded in the engagement,) the troops were safely embarked, after having paid the last duties to their lamented commander.

Sir John Moore was highly popular in the army, chiefly on account of his gentle, unassuming manners, though he was by no means deficient in that firmness so necessary in his station.

The character given of him by Lord Castlereagh in the House of Commons, will properly close this article:—"He possessed, in an eminent degree, every valuable quality that could dignify the man, and enhance the superiority of the soldier, giving, in the evidence of his past life, the best assurance of what might have been expected in future, had he lived, from his zeal, intrepidity, and talents."

ON AUTUMN.

Autumn is come! Autumn is arrived! The glorious setting of the year—the last season of beauty. Around us are fast falling the withered leaves of the trees. The light of the sun sheds a more kindly influence on our heads, more mellow and less fierce. All seems like the ripe vigour of man sinking swiftly into the imbecility and hoar frost of old age.

How wisely has the Creator of this magnificent universe ordained all things! How wisely has he adapted the most minute to the use and pleasure of his creatures! How many important lessons may be learned from things apparently trivial and of little concern! Not content with giving us the information of the highest philosophy, and the advice of a most affectionate parent, he has filled this lovely world with perpetual example. What industry may not be learned from the ant or bee? What fidelity from the dog? What conjugal affection from the dove? In short, what might not be learned, were but mankind studious to learn?

The four seasons of the year are in an especial manner adapted for our instruction.

Spring is the infancy of life : smiles and tears, both transient and light, divide it. Beauty and innocence reign together.

Summer is manhood, and the noblest time on earth. Burnt with the strong passions Nature implants in us, we flourish or we fade as we stem or give way to them. While at one time shines the sun of happiness strong upon us, at another bursts the thunder storm, mighty in its desolating power.

Autumn is the middle age of man : the age that shines in fullest honors ; which towards its end prepares us for the last scene—the scene that closes hope and life.

Now Winter comes—and all is blank, and bleak, and desolate. It is the close. Life has now but few pleasures, while it has many cares. Its finish comes—the play is ended—the year is fled—and we are now no more.

UNE ENNUYEE.

EPITAPH

ON A TOMBSTONE IN PADDINGTON
CHURCH-YARD.

Bounds the warm tide of youth along thy veins ?

Swells thy aspiring mind with bold designs,
Of high accomplishments and lasting praise ?
Then, traveller, pause awhile ; this humble stone

Shall speak thee admonition eloquent.

The strength of manhood flourished in the frame

Of him who moulders here beneath thy feet.

Deep admiration of the works of God,
With contemplation, patient and profound,
Had now matured his intellectual powers ;
His hand, and heart, in confidence were raised

To give existence to his teeming thoughts,
When forth the inevitable fiat came,
And hurl'd him to the grave. Dark are the ways

Of Providence, by man inscrutable :

Oh, ponder this in lowliness of soul,

And with a holy fear pass on—Farewell.

THE ECHO'S REPLY.

BY AN OLD AUTHOR.

What's a good conscience, Echo, canst say ? Aye.

Say, then, and what 'tis, manifest. A feast.
Where is't ? i' th' understanding wholly ?

O lie.

Is it then, Echo, in my breast ? My rest.
Rest ! is't from pain or sin, say, whether ?
Either.

If both, 'tis heaven on earth, a saint's bliss.

Yes.

Is 't in our own or other's powers ? Ours.

O, then, a jewel 'tis, rich and bright. Right.

Then tell me, how shall I come by it ?

Buy it.

If gold will do it, gold I'll provide. O wide.*

If gold will not, what else will do it ? Do it.

Is 't not enough that I believe well ?

Live well.

Does 't not consist in good affections ?

Actions.

To get it, are good works the best way ?

Aye.

How long must this be my endeavour ?

Ever.

No. 10.—NATURAL HISTORY.

THE LYNX.

The name of a very fierce beast of prey, called in English the *ounce*, and by many Latin authors the *lupus cervarius*, or the deer-wolf, from its loving to feed on deer. This animal, in the Linnæan system, is a species of *felis*, or cat, with a short tail, black at the end, and ears tufted with long black hairs.

Pliny seems to distinguish the lynx from the *lupus cervarius*, but there seems not the least reason for it. The principal colours of this creature are a whitish and a purplish yellow, variegated with numerous very beautiful round spots like eyes, in the manner of the *leopard* ; these are usually black : sometimes it is seen also of a plain black colour on the back, and full of black spots, and grey on the belly, and inner part of the legs, with the like spots on the back and sides, but larger, of a somewhat paler colour, and fewer in number.

The hairs of this creature, as well such as appeared reddish as those which were grey, when nicely examined, are all found to be truly of three colours in each single hair ; the middle part being of a reddish tawny, the bottom grey, and the top white ; but those which compose the black spots are only of two colours, there being no white at their ends.

This creature's eyes are extremely bright and vivid, and shew plainly that it has a very piercing sight. Its ears are like those of a cat, but have this peculiarity, which distinguishes the creature from all the animals of the same class, that they have a fine pencil of black hairs growing out at

* Either our "Old Author" has misreported the reply of Madam Echo, or that loquacious lady talks marvellous Fleetstreet !—*Editor*.

their extremities, very smooth and of a deep black, like velvet, and two fingers long. Its tongue is rough, like that of the lion. The lynx is found wild in Italy and Germany, but the greater number are in Asia, and these are much finer coloured than the European. They all differ considerably from one another, at times, in the number and disposition of their spots. The greater number is found in the north of Europe, Asia, and America, whence the furs, which are valuable for their softness and warmth, are annually imported.

W. E. C.

GLEANINGS.

SPRATS AND WHITE BAIT.

Mr. Yarrell has recently shown that the sprat is not the young of the herring and pilchard, as has been generally supposed. One of the most material differences is, that the vertebræ in the sprat are forty-eight, while in the herring there are fifty-six in number. The same gentleman has also proved that white bait are not the young of the shad or mother of herrings, but that they are a perfectly distinct species.

I. J. B. TURNER.

SWEDISH AND DANISH WATCHMEN.

The watchmen of Stockholm, like their brethren of Copenhagen, cry the hour most lustily, and sing anthems almost all night, to the no little annoyance of foreigners, who have been accustomed to confine their devotions to the day. These important personages of the night perambulate the town with a curious weapon like a pitchfork, each side of the fork having a spring barb, used in securing a running thief by the leg. The use of it requires some skill and practice, and constitutes no inconsiderable part of the valuable art and mystery of thief-catching.

FEMALE VALOUR AND LONGEVITY.

There is a tomb erected in Brighton churchyard to the memory of a female, named Hassell. The tablet bears the following inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of Phoebe Hassell, born September 1, 1713. She served for many years as a private soldier in the 5th regiment of foot, in different parts of Europe, and in 1755, fought under the Duke of Cumberland in the battle of Fontenoy, where she received a bayonet-wound in her arm; her long life, which commenced in the reign of Queen Anne, induced his late majesty,

George the 4th, to grant her a pension. She died at Brighton, where she had long resided, December 12, 1823, aged 108 years.

THE RETORT.

"I'll list for a soldier," cries Robin to Sue,
 "To avoid your eternal disputes."
 "You'll list for a soldier?—ay, do, Robin, do;
 In the mean time, I'll raise fresh recruits."

EPITAPH BY BEN JONSON.

Underneath this stone doth lie,
 As much virtue as could die;
 Which when alive did vigour give,
 To as much beauty as could live.

In the fifth century, a dreadful conflagration broke out at Constantinople, which nearly destroyed that city. The library, which contained 120,000 volumes, was reduced to ashes, and with it the poem of Homer, written in letters of gold on the gut of a serpent, one hundred and twenty feet in length.

SPANISH PROVERBS

Are remarkably impressive. One of them is—that if earth were all paper, the trees all pens, the sea all ink, and the fishes all writers, they would not be sufficient to describe the bad qualities of a wicked woman.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Received and accepted with thanks the communications of C. J. Jun., W. E. C., T. C., W. H., F. A. Ford, William Woolstone, Camberwell,—whose promised sketches we shall receive with any thing rather than an unfavourable feeling—and, J. A. Mobbs. Mr. I. J. B. Turner will find at our Publisher's a reply to his extremely uncivil letter.—Books to be reviewed in our work should be sent to the Publisher as early as possible; as we make up so much in advance. Reviews of "Corn Law Rhymes" and "Knowledge for the People" are already given out for Nos. 1 and 2 of Volume 2.

London: printed and published by Sears, 29, Charterhouse Square; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; Steill, Paternoster-row; Strange, Paternoster-row; and may be had of all Booksellers.

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